MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL

MAY 2009
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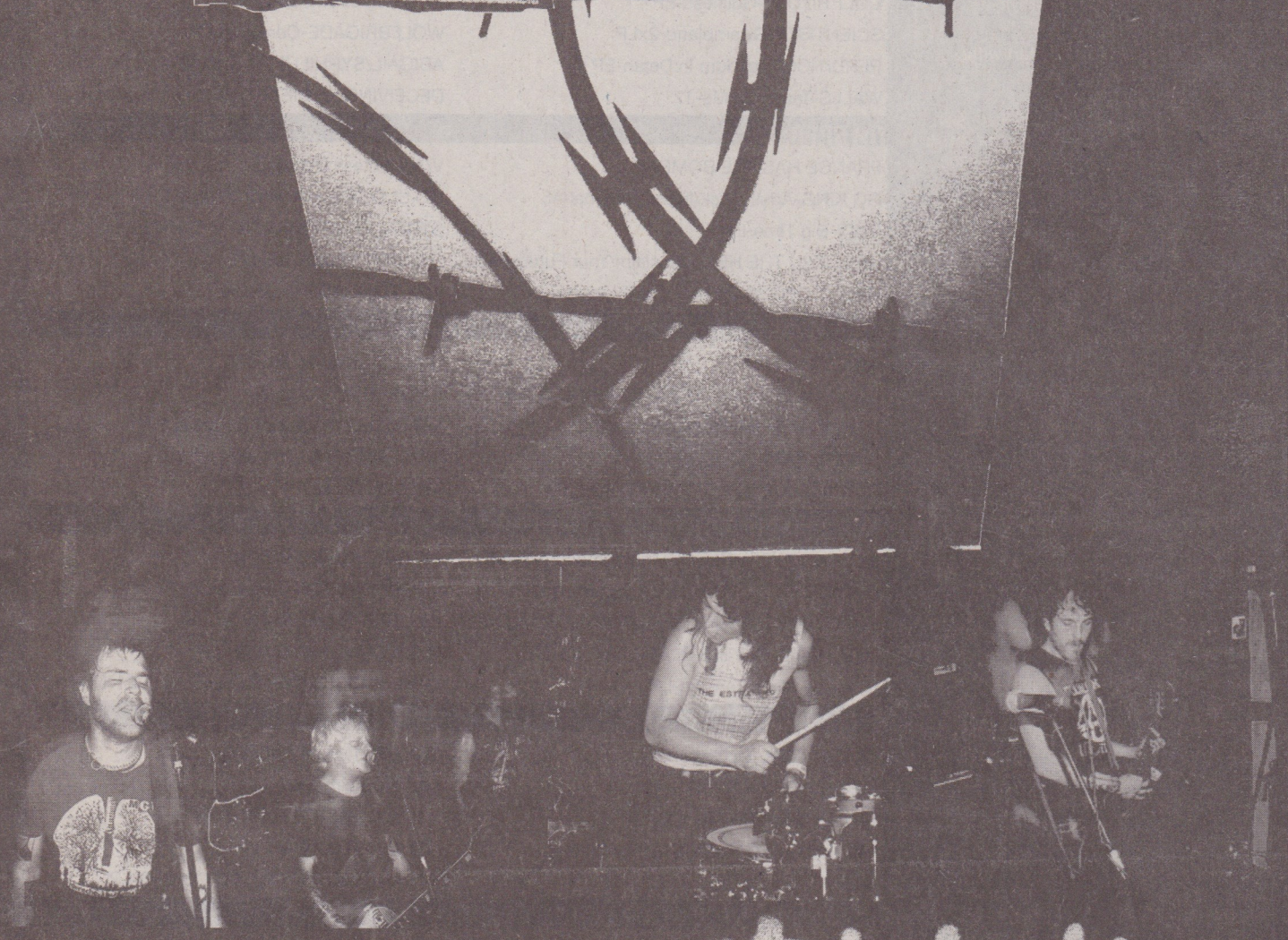

PLUS: NEVER HEALED / MASONICS /
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CONDOMINIUM / GERM ATTAK /
PETTICOATS /
PASSION KILLERS /
AND PLENTY MORE

CRIMINAL DAMAGE

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

DIANE ANASTASIO

- CULT RITUAL-Guiltless-EP
- GG KING-Adult Rock/In the Terminal-45
- YOUNGER LOVERS-LP
- LA URSS-Producto-LP
- RUDI-Big Time-EP
- 2-KOMPONENTZ-Stuff It-EP
- THE MOST-Minimum R&B-EP
- THE ZIPS-Take Me Down-EP
- SCIENTISTS-Swampland-2xLP
- O VOIDS-LP

JUSTIN BRIGGS

- CREATURES/DOWNPRESSER-split EP
- CULT RITUAL-Guiltless-EP
- SCIENTISTS-Swampland-2xLP
- PERDITION-Freedom In Death-EP
- WALLS-Tread On Me-12"
- V/A-Nagoya City Hard Core-CD
- LA URSS-Producto-LP
- WOLFBRIGADE-Comalive-LP
- ABIGAIL/SYPHILITIC VAGINAS-split LP
- DECEIVING SOCIETY-Detonation Cruster-CD

TIM BROOKS

- FRANCE HAS THE BOMB-45
- GG KING-Adult Rock/In the Terminal-45
- RUDI-Big Time-EP
- WHOLE IN THE HEAD-Reclaim Your Future-EP
- BURNT CROSS-What Hope Tomorrow-EP
- V/A-Shiftless Decay-LP
- NO SLOGAN-Aversion Therapy-LP
- STRANGE BOYS-And Girls Club-LP
- GOLDEN TRIANGLE-12"
- WOLFBRIGADE-Comalive-LP

ROBERT COLLINS

- ABADDON-LP
- GIANT HAYSTACKS/YOUNG OFFENDERS-split LP
- DAYLIGHT ROBBERY-Red Tape-EP
- SHORTLIVED-LP
- DIRTY CHINESE THIEVES-12"
- WALLS-Tread On Me-12"
- LA URSS-Producto-LP
- NO SLOGAN-Aversion Therapy-LP
- WOLFBRIGADE-Comalive-LP
- MY DISCO-live

PAUL CURRAN & ARIEL AWESOME

- BEYOND THE IMPLODE-This Atmosphere-EP
- BURNT CROSS-What Hope Tomorrow-EP
- GIANT HAYSTACKS/YOUNG OFFENDERS-split LP
- HERE COMES A BIG BLACK CLOUD–EP
- KYLESA-Static Tension-LP
- MOB-CD / PAINTBOX-45
- PANSY DIVISION-That's So Gay-CD
- LA URSS-Producto-LP
- THE YOUNGER LOVERS-LP
- DIRTY MARQUEE/YEAR ONE/FUGITIVE KIND-live

LAYLA GIBBON

- CULT RITUAL-Guiltless-EP
- MUTATING MELTDOWN-45
- WALLS-Tread On Me-12"
- GG KING-Adult Rock/In the Terminal-45
- WEAVE!-LP
- THE BRATS-Lost Tapes-LP
- LA URSS-Producto-LP
- 2-KOMPONENTZ-Stuff It-EP
- YOUNGER LOVERS-LP
- STRANGE BOYS-LP / KID CONGO-LP

BOB GOLDIE

- VACANT STATE-Statement Of Confusion-EP
- BLACK RANDY-Pass the Dust I Think I'm Bowie-2xLP
- NO SLOGAN-Aversion Therapy-LP
- THE ERGS!-That's It...Bye-LP
- AMOEBAS-Gimme A Fix/No Emotion-45
- CULT RITUAL-Guiltless-EP
- ROSES ARE RED-Can't Understand/Your Love-45
- THE ZIPS-Take Me Down-EP
- DAYLIGHT ROBBERY-Red Tape-EP
- STRANGE BOYS-And Girls Club-LP

KENNY KAOS

- LOST CONTROLS-American Action-EP
- HAPPY BURGER-Pizza All Around-EP
- RADIO FACES-Party At the Bushwick Hotel-LP
- KEPI GHOULIE-2xLP
- NO BUNNY-Give It To Me/Motörhead With Me-45
- GG KING-Adult Rock/In the Terminal-45
- THE ZIPS-Take Me Down-EP
- JOHNNY THROTTLE-Stukas Über Shoreditch-EP
- GRUPO SUB-1-Rebelde Wave-EP
- AMOEBAS-Gimme A Fix/No Emotion-45

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Let us know which issue to start with!

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See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

CAROLYN KEDDY

- FRANCE HAS THE BOMB-45
- STRANGE BOYS-LP & EP
- GIANT HAYSTACKS/YOUNG OFFENDERS-split LP
- KID CONGO & THE PINK MONKEY BIRDS-LP
- MUTATING MELTDOWN-45
- PILLOW TALK-Down Town Unga Wunga-EP
- LOST CONTROLS-EP / BEYOND THE IMPLODE-EP
- SCIENTISTS-2xLP / BLACK RANDY-2xLP
- ZERO BOYS-live
- *Love Story* & *TV Party: Heavy Metal Episode* DVDs

RAY LUJAN

- GORDON GANO'S ARMY-LP
- STAND OUT RIOT-Carnival Militia-CD
- HOW DARE YOU-Comfort Road-CD
- THE ERGS!-That's It...Bye-LP / WEAVE!-LP
- TERRIOR BUTE-Realm Dwellers-CD
- THE LANTERNS-CD / HITCHHIKERS-CD
- LIVING DEAD LIGHTS-CD
- CHINESE TELEPHONES-DEMOCRACY-CD
- JOHNNY THROTTLE-Stukas Über Shoreditch-EP
- BLACKOUT BRIGADE-Death and Dishonesty-CD

MARK MURRMANN

- AMOEBAS-Gimme A Fix/No Emotion-45
- RUDI-Big Time-EP
- GG KING-Adult Rock/In the Terminal-45
- THE BRATS-Lost Tapes-LP
- GOLDEN TRIANGLE-12"
- THE ZIPS-Take Me Down-EP
- BEYOND THE IMPLODE-This Atmosphere-EP
- V/A-Shiftless Decay-LP
- BLACK RANDY-Pass the Dust I Think I'm Bowie-2xLP
- ROSES ARE RED-45/SCIENTISTS-Swampland-2xLP

BRUCE ROEHRS

- 2-KOMPONENTZ-Stuff It-EP
- ANTISEEN/BRODYS MILITIA-split-EP
- VACANT STATE-Statement Of Confusion-EP
- ABIGAIL/SYPHILITIC VAGINAS-split LP
- BURNT CROSS-What Hope Tomorrow-EP
- KLASSE KRIMINALE-Riot! Are You Ready?-LP
- BONECRUSHER-Our Nation's Burning-10"
- ABADDON-LP / WOLFBRIGADE-Comalive-LP
- AVO-LP / V/A-Drink, Fight, Fuck Vol. 3-CD
- BUZZCRUSHER-CD

FRED SCHRUNK

- LANDLORD-Lifters-LP
- BLACK RANDY-Pass the Dust I Think I'm Bowie-2xLP
- DAYLIGHT ROBBERY-Red Tape-EP
- GG KING-Adult Rock/In the Terminal-45
- YOUNGER LOVERS-LP
- WALLS-Tread On Me-12"
- GIANT HAYSTACKS/YOUNG OFFENDERS-split LP
- MUTATING MELTDOWN-Fantasy-EP
- HERE COMES A BIG BLACK CLOUD–EP
- NO MA'AM-live / LENGUAS LARGAS-live

CISSIE SCURLOCK

- WALLS-Tread On Me-12"
- CULT RITUAL-Guiltless-EP
- 2-KOMPONENTZ-Stuff It-EP
- PERDITION-Freedom In Death-EP
- LA URSS-Producto-LP
- NO SLOGAN-Aversion Therapy-LP
- DAYLIGHT ROBBERY-Red Tape-EP
- GIANT HAYSTACKS/YOUNG OFFENDERS-split LP
- YOUNGER LOVERS-LP
- SCIENTISTS-Swampland-2xLP / THE BRATS-LP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

- BURNT CROSS-What Hope Tomorrow-EP
- BRISTLES-No Future In the Past-LP
- WHOLE IN THE HEAD-Reclaim Your Future-EP
- CULT RITUAL-Guiltless-EP
- PERDITION-Freedom In Death-EP
- VACANT STATE-Statement Of Confusion-EP
- NO SLOGAN-Aversion Therapy-LP
- WOLFBRIGADE-Comalive-LP
- LA URSS-Producto-LP
- YOUNGER LOVERS-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Evil Minded* #3
- *Modern Hate Vibe* #2
- *Noise Reduction* #1
- *Revolutionary Women Stencils* #1
- *Shotgun Seamstress* #3
- *Rocktober* #46
- *Major Malfunction* #7
- *Standard Issue* #666
- *Three Records* #2
- *Z-Gun* #3

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES...

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. I Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimènen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11, Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine, Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestinè, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl, Vrah.

#252/May '04. Fucked Up, Firestarter, Inepsy, Laukaus, Great Clearing Off, Radio Reelers, Extreme Noise Records, 46 Short, The State, John The Baker, Free Verse, Chrystaei Branchaw photos.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Voetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, 1 Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kämvapén Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, *Baboon of Sickness* zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Bifly Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, API² Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, *Trust* fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Part One, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (*Arrow* zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Part Two, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, *We're Gonna Fight* zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. *MRR* 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para: La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kykklooppien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Scasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#307/December '08. SOLD OUT!!! Sorry...

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas, Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

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Dear *MRR* readers...
Below you'll find a list of distros in Europe and elsewhere. We've been doing our best to cover as much territory outside of the USA as we can, but we still need your help in establishing contacts with like-minded punx who are interested in carrying *MRR*. We're providing this list to you in order to let you know where you can currently get your monthly fix of *MRR*, but we're always looking for more help; so if you do a distro, would be interested in selling *MRR* at shows, or just want to go in with a crew of friends to get a cheaper post rate—go to www.maximumrocknroll.com for details! Please note that several of the distributors below are now offering subscription services. If you're not sure, just ask! Thanks again for all your support.

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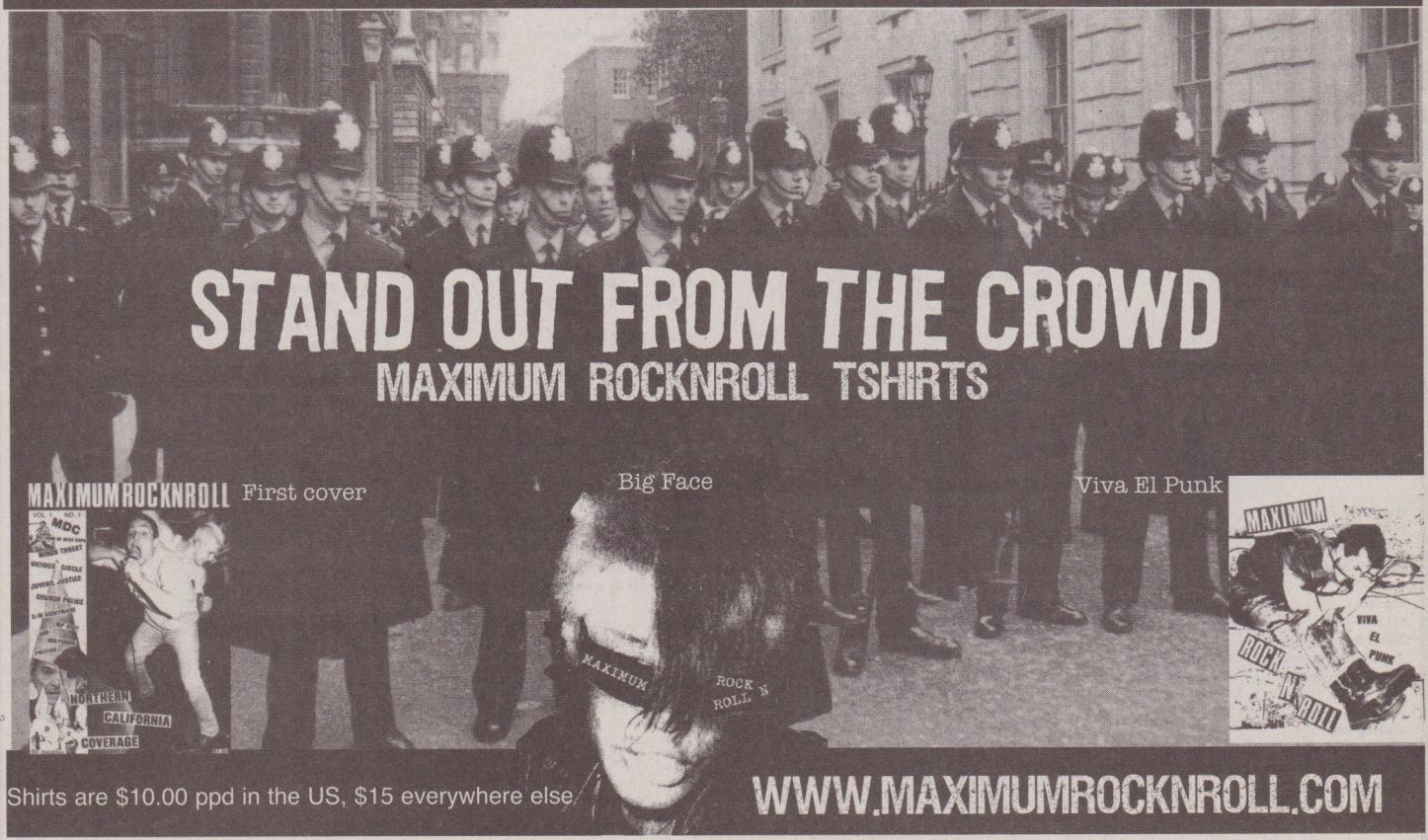

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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

MRR—
I was told by a friend of mine that you guys had an article in your zine that stated Ian Mackaye was going to reunite Minor Threat for a benefit. Is this true?
—Dave

Yes, Minor Threat are playing a show at Brace Belden's house next week, where Graham Booth will be selling off the MRR record collection. Please come.
—Layla

MRR—
Fat Bob from Hard Skin's contribution to *MRR*, "Why Crusties Should Bathe," was the most idiotic thing I've read in a long while. If his intent was to be funny and sarcastic that is one thing, but he still could have been funny and witty. It was anything but that.

First off, Dirt is not a crust band—if you're going to use a band to get your point across get the right fucking genre, asshole! Crusties aren't junkies, you worthless slop! I'm a fucking D-beat crasher fucking crustie lover to the core! I shower at least every other day, hold a job, hate most hippies, and don't do heroin. Get with the times and quit stereotyping people, you dumb fuck! The people you describe in your pathetic rant are not crusties, they are wasteoid scum punks that act like that, and I hate them too. But I hate stupid skinheads like Fat Bob even more so!

While we are on the point of skins, Fat Bob goes out of his way to disrespect Burnt Ramen, saying, "you can see any crustie scumbag at any hellhole Burnt Ramen show." This seems funny to me being that Burnt Ramen is a venue that mostly caters to hardcore and old school type punk. On top of that, it is a second home to skinheads and skinhead bands. Skinhead crews like 510 Skins, which includes a great friend of mine, are part of the Ramen family. *Real* skinheads that live in *real* tough places like the Richmond Bay, places Fat Bob would shit his fat pants if he where ever to step foot—away from his pampered little flat in England! At least I can separate the good skins from the bad ones. Fat Bob is stuck in some ignorant "lalaland" where he doesn't even know what the hell he is talking about, but will spew out the shit anyway; not knowing the difference between good and bad crusties.

I suggest Fat Bob rethink what he says in the future, if his pee-brained skinhead can even do such a thing. He looks like a fat English brat with his stupid suspenders on, smiling all stupid like waiting to suck the Queen's ass. Fuck Hard Skin. You should change your bands named to Tard Skin! And definitely, *fuck you* Fat Bob!
—Juanarchy

German police are compiling a Stasi-style "scent bank" database of potentially violent crusty protesters against global capitalism, according to reports.

An article in the Guardian, reports that federal prosecutors confirmed German media reports of the polizei B.O. files yesterday. Reportedly, the German feds are worried about known troublemakers creating havoc at next month's G8 summit meeting. A seven-mile wire fence has been erected around the Heiligendamm venue, and dawn raids have been carried out across Germany in order to collect smell records from possible G8-bashers.
"This has happened to several suspects," according to a spokesman for the feds.

Previous G8 conferences in other nations have often been targets for violent protest, with cheesed-off anti-capitalism campaigners making every effort to disrupt the onward march of the global economy as directed by the world's eight heftiest nations.

As pop-star Midge Ure told the BBC before the 2005 summit at Gleneagles: "G8 is synonymous with crusties turning up and putting in the windows at McDonald's."

With a high proportion of hardcore G8 opponents being from sections of the community who espouse a less-intensive personal hygiene regime, the remorselessly efficient German plods could be onto a winner here. Minging miscreants could be easily picked out from amidst well-scrubbed Teutonic protest marchers by sniffer dogs which had previously sampled the anarchist aroma files. Those with a clean sheet (or pants) would have nothing to fear.

But many in Germany have expressed outrage at the government's nihilist-niff files. Such methods were apparently the trademark of the dreaded East German Stasi secret police, back in the days of Communist rule east of the iron curtain. Police pong-forensics could raise privacy concerns. Forget about Big Brother watching you, now he's sniffing through your underwear drawer.

According to the Guardian, "scientists looking to expand the use of smell banks say it is possible to determine someone's age, their sex and any illnesses they might have through traces of their body odor".

The paper describes the tactics as "chilling espionage techniques". This could, in fact, be fair enough.

The crackdown seems especially unfair with current restrictions on taking liquids onto planes preventing new arrivals in the Bundesrepublik from freshening up before running the gauntlet of the border police stench check.

Worrying times, these. All in all, probably best to get hold of some solid soap if you're headed to Germany in the coming months.
(www.theregister.co.uk/2007/05/23/pong_polizei_big_brother_bo_brouhaha)

MRR—
The health issue rocked. Excellent from start to finish. It was an added bonus that it was the Top 10 issue too. I like the idea of theme issues every once in awhile.
Thanks,
—Murk

MRR—
As my last request before I die, I would like you to print this letter. I think that I have asshole cancer. By that, I mean cancer of the asshole. I was wiping my ass this morning, and there's a bump down there. I'm pretty sure it's cancer.

Before I meet that Middle Eastern, communist, Jew named Jesus in heaven (read: become worm food), I would like to ask all shitty bands and labels to stop releasing horrible music. I know all of your egos are too big to believe that I'm talking about you, so I've made a list of reasons why you shouldn't release that next record. Maybe logic can overpower your need for attention.

10 reasons to not release a record:
1. You will lose money.
2. Pressing plants are only slightly more fun to deal with than loan sharks.
3. Someone is going to complain about their "cut" of the money, when the record never makes a dime.
4. Even if you press a small amount, the records will take up space in your closet for years.
5. Your band will break up approximately 23

days after the records arrive from the pressing plant.
6. Everyone in "the scene" will contact you for a free copy.
7. Half of the checks you receive for records will bounce, and you will eat the bank fees.
8. Every label in the world will try to trade their releases that aren't selling for your records that aren't selling.
9. After you fail to sell any decent amount of records, you will go around begging distribution companies to carry your records, which means they will store your records in their big closet with releases from other labels that aren't selling until they finally unload them ten years from now, and you've forgotten about the money and moved on. Ever wondered why you still find records from the '90s on distribution lists? Hint: they aren't being repressed. That shit has been collecting dust for years!
10. The 50 records that you sell will require 50 hours of time spent in line at the Post Office, which is the smelly cousin of the DMV.

The Desperate Bicycles once ended a song with the line "It was easy, it was cheap, go and do it." Maybe it was true back then, but today, that statement is total bullshit. How many Desperate Bicycle records are still available from the band today? Zero. Times have changed.

Another moment couldn't be spared before I sent this letter. Mutant Pop has already reissued records. Can you imagine how big this guy's balls must be? First, to release those records years ago took a pair, and then he repressed them and not just the Dillinger Four record! Those balls must be the size of coconuts. Porn might be a better career choice.
—Buzz Donothing
buzz_donothing@yahoo.com

Why do anything, it's all going in the landfill in the end.

Dear MRR—
I've been reading *MRR* since '85 with a brief break in the early '90s, and have always bought it in record stores or occasionally at a show. Wherever I've lived over the years, I'd always find a record store that carried the mag with the idea that if the shop was selling at least one copy a month, they'd keep stocking it or maybe up their draw so that some kid who'd never read *MRR* might pick it up instead of the other crap inevitably surrounding it on the rack.

So here we are in the present and the neighborhood record store I've been going to closed down two years back, and the place I was going in another town is struggling and no longer carries periodicals. I know that this is a familiar story, but I wanted to mention it because it is such a drag that real-life record stores where we interact with people face-to-face continue to fade out (at least in this part of the country). Or I'm just too far "behind the times" to appreciate what folks love about doing everything online.

I hope everyone's doing okay during these shitty times, and I look forward to receiving my *MRR* subscription.
Thanks and keep an eye on:
—Squirrel Gilbert
Ferndale, MI

Yeah, it's a definite drag that independent record stores are unable to sustain themselves, and it's something that has affected the magazine significantly. Speaking as someone who recently lost all of my MP3s due to my external hard drive eating shit, I just don't understand why people would rather have an MP3 than a physical 7". Kids these days! Etc etc. Anyway, if you know of somewhere that should be selling MRR—a kid who sells records at shows, a skate store that all the punx hang out at, your local DIY show space, the independent record, comic and book stores that are still standing—let us know! You can call or email our distro coordinator Diane (distro@maximumrocknroll.com), we are always looking for new distro people, and places that are interested in selling the magazine.

Dear MRR—
I was disappointed to read Layla's response to Fernando Mosh's letter in the April issue regarding the First Offense "emo kids" ad. While it might be debatable if the ad is homophobic on its face (although I don't think that "girl-pants wearing" is particularly subtle), the assertion that "I don't even get how you got to the conclusion you did—that disparaging 'emos' is equivalent to gay-bashing" is, frankly, baffling. In Mexico, as well as in Chile and other Latin American countries, there has been ongoing violence against "emos" that can be construed in no other way than as gay-bashing: macho young men, some of them identified as punks and skins, attacking other kids—shouting homophobic slurs—because they wear eyeliner, have long hair, and are effeminate. Gay-rights activists in Queretaro took up the cause and staged marches through the city, not to defend some "mall-rat tween soundtrack," but to defend the right to look and act in ways that don't conform to gender norms without facing violence.

Every major mainstream media outlet ran a story on this phenomenon over the last year. If the mainstream media can so easily identify the homophobia that underpins this kind of violence, why is it so inconceivable to Layla?
—Christy
New York City

My response was written at 3am the night before we went to print, but that's no excuse for not actually investigating before writing an ignorant, incoherent rant. I honestly had no idea what the deal was with the emo riots, and wrote a knee-jerk-reaction styled response to a subject I clearly knew little about, of which I am now extremely ashamed. A clear example of the Western privilege; my ability (and choice) to decide what to pay attention to, if anything. I want to offer my sincere apologies to Fernando, and to any other kid who has been dealing with shit like this or anyone that I may have offended with my ignorance.
—Layla

Dear MRR—
I have a suggestion 'bout the thinning of the zine—total bummer, but maybe do what *Short Fast & Loud* did with issue #20 [7" x 7"]. I think it would be the perfect size for *MRR* and still have the page count!! It'll be more functional with that size. Just don't shrink the print—the size in *Short Fast & Loud* is perfect. Please don't do a cardstock cover—it'll be like the Gilman book, a piece of shite (sorry). Why didn't you use the book printer that AK Press uses? Their books are well put together. Oh well, next time.
See ya!
—Jim

We lowered the page count because of a post office postage price increase, and in order to prevent us from having to raise the cover price. It was a difficult decision, but the magazine has gained and lost pages throughout its existence, and right now, with yet another post office rate increase approaching, and the economy in the shitter, we need to do all we can to keep MRR financially secure… The Gilman book was printed by our friends at 1984 printing, it was their first ever book project, and while not a piece of shite as you stated, it's a fact that the binding didn't quite work out. It looks punk though!
—Layla

Dear MRR—
MRR? Doesn't that sound like something a cow/tiger hybrid would say?

I wish you would put more USA scene reports in your zine. People: you and your local zines and scenes—send scene reports to *MRR*. Don't forget to report the sighting of any cow/tiger hybrids.

MRR did a movie issue and only mentioned feature-length movies. Why not mention shorts? One movie I heard of (but never saw) is *Christ the Movie* by Crass, or something like that. Another new movie making the rounds is *The Lollipop Generation*. My friend saw it and liked it. It has been said that the first punk rock movie is *The Blank Generation* by Amos Poe. Any idea if that is true? I like the idea of movies with "generation" in the title.
Yours,
—Arnie X

I heard rumors about The Lollipop Generation *when GB Jones and Bruce LaBruce first started making it in '92. Super psyched it actually got released, and can't wait to see it. You should check out both film-maker's other movies as well, lots of teenage delinquency, queer zombies, Nazis and a yo-yo gang… As to what was the first punk movie, I am sure that's as complex, or simple a question as who the first punk band was.*
—Layla

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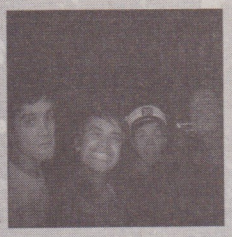

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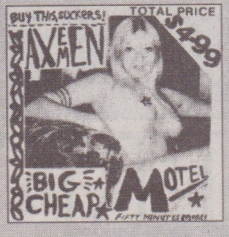

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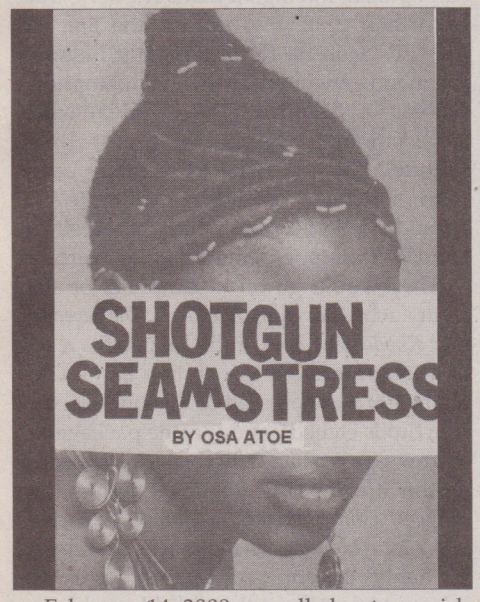


February 14, 2009 was all about my girlfriend not being able to get the weekend off from work to come visit me, so I ended up at an anti-Valentine's Day dance party at the Girl Cave with my homegirls instead. The dance party was a benefit for Girls Rock! DC and when we got there, it was pretty packed and some raw-ass reggaeton was moving bodies on the dance floor. I showed up with my friend Bea, who was in town from Oakland, and her old college friend, Griffin. A tiny group of black queers, rolling only three deep but feeling a million strong.

I was hyped up that night and ready to have a blast, no matter what. But as soon as we walked in there, Bea started grumbling about how white the party was. It reminded her of her days at Oberlin College in Ohio. Now, Bea's not a punk, but she's no mainstreamer either—she's all decked out in a million bright colors acting all crazy. She's one of the most critical minds I know. She's a dancer. She wants to make music but she's got some kind of block that I hope she gets over someday. She is so much fun and we are in absolute friend love with each other. People like her make the world a livable place for people like me.

So Bea is trippin' about being surrounded by whitey and I understand why, to some extent. DC is a majority black city. Why do all these little worlds and scenes have to be so segregated? On the other hand, to a large extent I've made my peace with all of this racial business. I am a woman, I play music and I support other women and girls who play music. I know that a Girls Rock! DC benefit house party is exactly where I belong—even if I do wish, at the same time, that there were more brown faces right there with me in that sweaty living room.

The night wore on, we danced and danced and I started working the crowd, walking up to the few random black people at the party and introducing myself. I met a girl with dreads named Ebony, who's a DJ and who looked really gay (although I could be wrong); a cute shy boy named John with some dope glasses on that had a white and black checkerboard pattern on the sides; and a true gem of a girl named Zachari, who ended up dancing with me, Bea and Griffin for the rest of the night. She was so cool! She knew how to vogue! It was only my second time seeing someone vogue in real life. (And if you think I'm talking about Madonna's total rip-off dance moves from the '90s, yr a damn fool.)

After the party, we went to Ben's Chili Bowl—the oldest Black business in DC—and ate some chili cheese fries. Total gut bomb. I shoved fries covered in nacho cheese sauce into my mouth while I listened to Zachari talk about her favorite books by Octavia Butler and her upcoming trip to Brazil. Who was this cool girl, and how did we find her? We all exchanged numbers and promised to get in touch soon.

On the rare occasions that I meet other black folks who I have a lot in common with because we're queer, feminist, punk, artists/musicians, or all of the above, I get so excited! It's definitely not something I can take for granted. In the past, I've put way too many expectations on the beginnings of these friendships, but I've learned not to do that anymore. I know that nothing's perfect and I've learned over time to just wait and see how things turn out. Life isn't that formulaic. You can never say, "Well this person has a, b and c characteristics and I have them too and so we're going to be great friends."

At the same time, maybe you understand what it's like to embody certain identities that seem incongruent—identities that very few other people embody. In most people's minds, being black and being punk don't really match up. Adding queerness to the mix can make life even more challenging, if not also more fabulous. Socially, you're in a tough spot. Ultimately, my interests—particularly my love of punk rock and feminism—led me to the scenes and social circles I am in today. Unfortunately, pursuing my interests means that I have to deal with being isolated on the basis of race.

In the end, I've chosen to follow my passions, and I know I owe a lot to punk rock. It's the only arena in which people actually appreciate the kind of art and music I know how to make. At the same time, being isolated in a white scene, being The Only One so often, is a huge sacrifice on my part, and on the part of every brown kid who is isolated in small punk scenes in the towns they live in. Being constantly outnumbered—especially in communities where white people freely discuss their own oppressions based on class, gender, size or sexuality—is in itself oppressive.

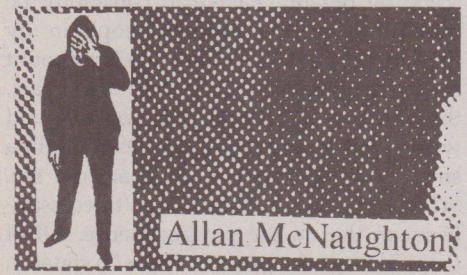
For me, being a Black Punk is about constantly trying to achieve balance, socially and otherwise. Because punk is a white scene by default, I have to constantly be mindful of including brown people in my life, since it's not something that I can count on to happen naturally. Over the years, through moving around, going on tour, and writing letters and zines, I've slowly built a small body of punks of color around me. When I say "around me," I don't necessarily mean that in the physical sense. All of them live spread out over these 50 states (a couple are in Canada and Europe, even!) but it's a community to me, nevertheless.

As amazing and fulfilling as my experience has been, the unfairness of it all still gets to me. My friend Jacob from Michigan called me up last night. He's seven years younger than me and asks me for advice a lot. He's just starting off with his art and his

music and he's looking for a good place to move where his interests would be nurtured. He's torn. Jacob is a beautiful black talented punk rock feminist fag who would love to take advantage of the cheap rent and young art kid communities in a place like Portland, except he's so afraid of being racially isolated there. He's been in similar situations before, and has no desire to go back. He's thinking about New York, on the other hand, because it is more racially diverse, but the cost of living there will break your back. Also, I'm not sure if the same DIY, riot girl-inspired scene exists in NYC the way it does in Portland. If Jacob were a white kid, I'd say, "Move to Portland! It'll be perfect for you." But it won't be perfect for Jacob. It sucks that he has this one extra thing to consider. It's unfortunate that at times, it feels like we have to decide which of our identities to prioritize.

In the last few years, I've become stubbornly opposed to making such a decision. I'm not choosing which side of myself to prioritize and I'm not about to give anything up. I am black, I am queer, I am a feminist, I am a DIY punk, I am a musician, and I am all of those things all of the time. Furthermore, I will look underneath every rock, searching for people who are like me, who make me feel normal, at peace and at home.

After my recent move from Portland to DC, a friend, a fellow black queer punk wrote me, "With you and a couple other folks gone, Portland has started to feel super white again and I feel like I stand out now more than ever..." When you're a black punk in an overwhelmingly white scene, that's how much just one or two people can change your entire reality. The upside to that is when you find those one or two people, your connections run deep and you treasure them. You treat them like gold.



Housewife Up Your Fucking Arse Music (You're Ontae Plums)

Once again, I open this column with news of a trip to Scotland. This trip was much more brief, and featured no snow but a lot more hospital visits, punctuated by only one visit to a Public House. The chosen venue was a bar/restaurant/music venue, called Stereo, in the center of Glasgow. While navigating to the bar on that cold Scottish night, we saw more than our fair share of the native fauna of Saturday night Glasgow: packs of drunken Sengas in high heels, mini-skirts, and tank tops, protected from the cold only by fortifying draughts of Bacardi Breezers and Vodka Red Bulls.

We'd arranged to meet Jer for a quick drink that turned into a sort of Old Home Week for early '90s Glasgow Music Collective types. Ran into Stef, the drummer for my old band Glue, for the first time in probably fifteen years. He looks exactly the same, except now he's got three kids and teaches high school Chemistry. I also saw my replacement in that same band for the first time in just as long. Hubby now plays some amazing flamenco-influenced finger picking solo acoustic guitar. He can be found on Myspace under the name RM Hubbert. It's worth checking out, if not exactly punk.

Naturally enough, running into these folk caused me to reminisce about what was going on around the time I originally knew them. I've probably harped on about it before, but I believe that Glasgow in the late-'80s to early-'90s had one of the most interesting, exciting and unique music scenes around. I'm not vain enough to include my own band in that: the city at that time produced many bands in various styles.

There was a particular batch of groups that were loosely associated with Jer's Gruff Wit record label that I think have really stood the test of time and deserve more attention than they have thus far received. This includes The Stretchheads, Dawson, Badgewearer and Whirling Pig Dervish. None of these bands existed in a vacuum—they all shared a common thread, betraying the disparate influences of post-punk in general (including The Ex, The Fall, The Fire Engines, the Minutemen and the noisier end of the C86 spectrum, such as the Ron Johnson bands), Captain Beefheart, dub reggae, and maybe some American punk and hardcore.

The Stretchheads was the noisiest, most brutal racket going: As fast as any hardcore band, but a million times more inventive and exciting than the sped-up thrash metal that passed for hardcore in the UK at the time. Lumbering, propulsive basslines from the perpetually Ramones t-shirt and ski mask-clad bassist, hyperspastic drums and distorted, squalling guitar were all topped off by the most intimidating front man I've ever seen sing for a band.

P6 had (has) the demeanor and build of a professional wrestler, and was known to insult and assault the audience. He once screamed a song inches from some poor chap's face while pinning him to the ground. His saliva mixed with the guy's tears as the guy probably wondered why this was happening to him. After all, he'd only wanted to come out and take in a bit of live music, right?

As far as I can tell, though, it was all in fun. Off stage, P6 could be a very charming, soft-spoken, intelligent man. The song titles from their first vinyl release, the *Bros Are Pish* EP (Moksha Records), aptly illustrate the mood generated by their claustrophobic noise: "Confront," "Headache," "Everything's Going To Break In A Minute," "Worry." The EP actually opens with a "cover" of Kylie Minogue's "I Should Be So Lucky," which heralded the band's future pop culture-baiting exercises.

They would go on to lampoon, or steal from such sources as *Star Trek*, *The Sweeney*, and *Rhoda*. The title of the EP itself is a stab at a long-forgotten British boy band. Only about 100 were pressed of this one-sided 7" (the flip is etched), and it came packaged in a brown paper bag. The tracks all appeared on the Stretchheads' debut LP though, *Five Fingers, Four Thingers, a Thumb, a Facelift, and a New Identity*. The joke was that they'd probably become so famous after the release of the album that they'd need a new identity to avoid all their fans—or they'd possibly do so badly they'd have to avoid people they owed money to.

Not long after this album, they had a change in membership: drummer Richie left to concentrate on playing in the Stretchies' sister-band, Dawson, and Jason took his place. Jason once told me he learned to play drums by playing along to *Double Nickels On The Dime* on headphones. I mused that it might have been easier to start with the Ramones or something, before attempting to mimic George Hurley—but he brushed that aside. Youthful power violence fans amongst our readership might be familiar with Jason's work in the excellent Shank, but it's his stellar stewardship in the drum stool of the Stretchheads that I will forever remember him for—not an easy slot to fill by any means.

They signed to noise rock label Blast First! (which previously seemed to exist only as a UK label for US acts like Sonic Youth and Big Black), and continued to release a few more EPs and 12"s, and one more LP, *Pish In Your Sleazebag*. The later stuff was rich with sonic experimentation: dub-style production and the use of samples became commonplace. The Blast First! releases are fairly easy to find. For the purer

version of the band's earlier vision, you'll have to try to track down their first 12", but with only 1,000 pressed and a re-issue pretty much ruled out by the excessive demands of the copyright holder, it might prove a bit difficult. The original drummer, Richie, and singer P6 are playing music again in the form of the confrontational metal band DeSalvo—worth seeking for anyone interested in the metal side of things, or brutal music in general.

Due to the get "everything they recorded in one handy package" treatment of bands these days, however, are The Stretchheads' more serious, political DIY buddies, Dawson (the band featured Jer, mentioned above, on guitar and vocals, as well as label-running duties). Less deliberately brutal than the Stretchies, Dawson (a power trio at their core) aligned more closely with the Bogshed/Big Flame/The Ex danceable political post-punk mast. Dawson was master of the short sharp shock, saying more in haiku stanzas than most Crass imitators managed in a double-LP.

Intense and deliberate, Jer chiseled at his Japanese Fender tele like he was chipping shards of chords out of granite. Despite the often stark and political nature of their music and words, it wasn't all serious and po-faced: bassist Ali Begbie was the perfect comedic foil, with his disco bass rhythms and wacky dance moves. Their first 7", the *Romping Egos* EP, was a sharply honed broadside against macho and sexist attitudes, but in a very matter-of-fact way. It was one of the first times I'd seen something like that not come off as preachy or condescending. Three LPs round out Dawson's discography. They shared the Stretchheads' love for bizarre titles, so good luck finding *Barf Market: You're Ontae Plums, How To Follow So Others Will Willingly Lead (Oh My Godley And Cream Cheese)*, and the comparatively traditionally titled *Terminal Island*. There are some CDs kicking about with one or two albums on them, but like I said, I believe there should be a discography re-issue on CD in the not-too-distant future.

Badgewearer's first record, the *This Bag Is Not A Toy* EP, was described (in this very magazine, no less) as "The Minutemen meets The Ex," and that's a fairly apt description. Of all the Gruff Wit bands, Badgewearer had the pop sensibilities. Of course, they'd try to fit a whole album's worth of perfectly good pop melodies into one song. "Buspass Conspiracy," from that EP, is as fine a slice of lo fi BritPop as was ever consigned to vinyl. Their first album, *FTQ* (short for Fuck The Queen, an anti-royal statement that, in the West of Scotland, would doubtless rankle Protestant loyalists), boasted a shirtless bodybuilder on the cover, but contained fourteen tracks of bass-driven fIREHOSE/Beefheart post-punk—underlining singer Davy Rankin's poignant, cutting, and sometimes hilarious take on working class life. I seem to remember there being a rumor that they spent quite a bit of cash recording this album for Alternative Tentacles before being told that AT didn't want them after all. Luckily Gruff Wit bailed them out, because this is a forgotten gem of an LP. Who knows, if AT hadn't passed on them, maybe they'd be Scotland's answer to Nomeansno?

After this record they changed singers, and this changed the character of the band for me—although more recent listens to the post-Rankin material has shown it to be much better than I first thought.

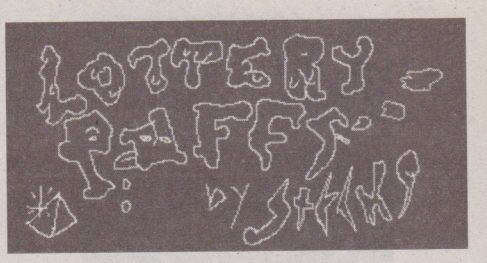
The weirdest of an admittedly weird bunch, Whirling Pig Dervish, appeared more than anything else to be a gang: a gang of diminutive hash-heads, sure, but a gang nonetheless. They combined elements of all the bands above, plus a few more, but played with a shambolic sense of humor. They seemed to exist, more than anything else, to make each other laugh, and anything musical that came out of it was a mere by-product. Still, they managed to put out a few decent recordings. Their first cassette release is somewhere around this house, but what's on it is lost to the mists of my memory.

Their first vinyl release was the *Full Feather Lovesuit* EP, which was great, and showed how together they could be when they wanted to. It was tight, direct and focused. After that, they set about recoding an LP, and somehow they lost all that drive. I think it took about five years to finally come out. Still, *Three Small One Tall* was worth the wait—even if only for the surprisingly loyal Lee Scratch Perry cover.

These bands constitute only a few of the brighter stars in a scene that produced more than its fair share. I could dedicate many more columns to bands like the Yummy Fur, Long Fin Killie, Sedition, Ex Cathedra, Disaffect, Nyah Fearties, Lung Leg, etc. I could expand the scope to include Scottish bands from outside Glasgow, like the Dog Faced Hermans, Archbishop Kebab, and The Cateran, or to like-minded southerners like Gag, Sedgwick, Jackdaw With Crowbar, The Keatons, Dandelion Adventure... actually, I could go on forever, but I'll stop there for now.

Time permitting, I'll add some sound files when I put this column on the web, so you can hear what some of this stuff is all about. In the meantime, scour the dollar bins, eBay, and YouTube. You never know what you might find.

PO Box 22971, Oakland, CA 94609. www.allanmcnaughton.com and sporadically bricksandmortar79.blogspot.com. Cheers!



Growing Up and Moving Away, by Society of Friends (625 Records), is an album that continuously lacks free space in the clutter of my living quarters. Old paper bags, clothes airing out until the odor disappears, comic books and other miscellaneous refuse create layers of objects to which I identify. An importance of detail: piles of slogans, names, and images distort the perception of identity. Identity becomes possession.

Sniping Pigz, by Plutocracy. *Solar Bridge*, by Emeralds. Workin' on a system of grids.

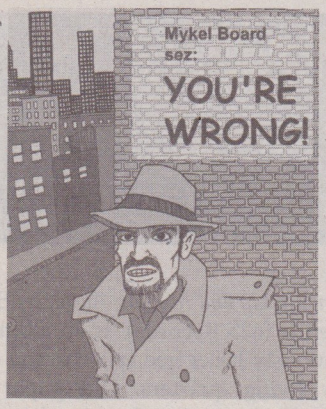
Trains, trucks, and dinner tables are bolted to a staircase in a hidden part of the city. The ghost of a deer is painted in the middle of the street. A brewery mists the air with hops. Cassette tapes record the sound of trains nearby. I missed an impromptu gig on the roof of a decorative iron shop near there. I couldn't begin to imagine such a private area teeming with drunken and spoiled attendees.

"Highly unsuccessful and entirely unemployable." A friend and I were watching *Chariots of the Gods*, a documentary on the pseudo-science theory of ancient astronauts. The introduction featured a secluded tribe that worshipped the WWII fighter planes that landed there. The tribe worshipped totems of the fighter planes, and formed runways in order for the Gods to land and return. While we watched, we ate eggplant with peanut sauce.

Replication is easy. Unnecessary duplication replaces the formation of original ideas or creation. A punk fight breaks out. I watch it happen. A crowded gig in a practice space is cleared out by a brawl. A young man's leg is almost broken by another young man with a pompadour. The wounded man had a normal haircut. A store across the street was selling salvia. Salvia is stupid.

Hair is stupid too. Frank Zappa once said something about hair not being where it is at. I agree with him. Although, Zappa

has been defeated by the logo or brand of his name being his signature goatee and mustache. Not only are hair and salvia stupid, but so is offending people for no reason. What happened to PMA? Recent things: *Cold Heat* comics, cartoons, and working on Punk Fight



"I feel very old sometimes... I carry on and would not like to die before having emptied a few more buckets of shit on the heads of my fellow men." - Gustave Flaubert

"You talkin' to me?"

I stand at the far end of a row of urinals. The farthest end: Urinal Number Eight. Away from the prying eyes and ears of the other full bladders. The only other person in this row is way over there at Number Two: Far enough.

A glorious river of the evening's beers floods out of me. As the liquid joyously pours out, a tiny fart nestles itself just inside my back door. A little stomach jerk and it's out.

Pfffft!

Slightly louder than I expect, but not a jet engine.

"You talkin' to me?" asks the guy at number two.

Wise guy. I pretend I don't hear him, but it wrecks the ecstasy of the moment—the joy of simultaneity, the beauteous bliss of synchronous urethral and rectal expulsion. Pffft! Gone in the wisecrack of a jerk at the other end of the porcelain street.

Experienced at making lemonade from a life full of lemons, I pick up the spoiled moment and roll it into a ball. Then, I press in the edges and shape it. Sculpting with my thumbs and forefingers, I whittle this spoiled moment into a metaphor. It's life, sex, politics. It's getting what you want. Then spoiling it, easy as piss. We won that election. President Obama. Just saying that gives me a thrill. President Obama. President Obama. Obama. Obamarama. Obamamamamamama. The sound slips through my lips like a fart at a urinal. It would be so easy to sit back and wait for my bailout.

It ain't gonna happen. It's a big country. A big new government. And I gotta log of shit to throw.

Cut to the senate: Imagine there's a senator. (It's easy if you try.) Now imagine his views are so outrageous that you wonder how even Americans could be evil enough to elect such a guy.

Examples? Make "illegal immigrants" pay a fine for their illegality. Yep, force the bottom-rung, hard-working poor to pay for coming to the US. Like this guy's grandparents *didn't* pay, I bet, like mine didn't pay—or yours either.

Annie Moore, the first Irish immigrant through Ellis Island: they gave her a ten dollar gold piece and said Good Luck! Welcome to America. But Mexicans? Well, they're not white, so I guess they don't count.

But there's more with this guy. Consider the two kinds of immigrants: the big majority, who work, pay taxes, contribute to the economy—and the tiny minority, who steal, scam welfare, use resources. Imagine punishing one group. Which would you pick?

This senator picks the working immigrants! He wants to terrorize The Employers. Make 'em pay stiff penalties for the evil deed of giving people jobs. Fines will encourage the bosses to fire the peons. Put more people on the streets. Penniless. Collecting welfare—or stealing—instead of paying taxes. Does this guy have stock in jail-building companies, or what?

There's more with him.

If you go to the grocery store, and not to dumpster dive for your food, you've been paying more than ever for it. In places in Africa, and Asia, people can't pay. They then suffer a food deficiency disease called *starvation*.

In Central Africa, a young man has left the countryside to look for work in the city. There is nothing. He has no money. Slowly his stomach distends. His belly button looks like it's going to push itself out of his skin. Somehow, he panhandles enough money for a loaf of bread—enough for a loaf of bread yesterday. Today, the price has gone up. It's harder to get bread. Nobody grows wheat these days. Land that could be used for wheat is used for corn. But not corn this guy, or anybody can eat. Corn that is grown to be burned.

Yeah, stuff stuffed inside your car and burned. Biofuels. Instead of growing what people can eat, farmers grow food for your gas tank. And this senator *loves* it. He wants more. Fuck carrots! They're too hard to grow, and what can you do with 'em except eat 'em? Now, biofuel! We can just burn that up. Then buy more. Yeah, it makes as much pollution as gasoline, but it's renewable. Okay, it causes starvation, but that's a small price to pay for the comfort of driving. Right?

How 'bout raising the federal gas tax so people will just drive less? Fewer fuels of all kinds!

"No gas tax hike," says this guy. SUV owners applaud.

"Okay," you tell me. "But senators are schmucks. That's a given. Just because Obama is president doesn't mean everyone is a good guy."

Hang on to your hairpiece, buckaroos. The senator I'm talking about is *Al Franken*!! Yeah, that liberal guy from Minneapolis. Check his website: www.alfranken.com. It's all there, under issues. Immigration. Biofuels. The whole kit and caboodle.

So what the fuck do I care? It doesn't have anything to do with the hair on my balls or the way I've recently been shitting what looks like Mazola oil. (True! It's the weirdest thing. The toilet water looks like a lava lamp after I take a dump... er... a spritz.)

Mental Scene shift: I think the reason *MRR* doesn't get any mail about me is that I don't talk about punk rock. The letter writers seem to be continuing the time honored punk rock tradition where That Guy in Des Moines who charges too much for postage is more important than that dead people litter the Sahara Desert because Americans put corn in their SUVs.

Such is the triviality of punk rock in the twenty-first century.

In the seventies, when punk rock began, Gerald Ford was president. Then, too, it was trivial. It was CBGB's-local, fun, a music—and a clothing—style. Nothing more.

In the '80s, hardcore burst out like a fartful of Mazola oil. There were two reasons: His name was Ronald Reagan and hers Margaret Thatcher. The bad guys were in control. The Dead Kennedys stopped singing playfully about the dangers of Jerry Brown.

"We've got a much bigger problem now," said Biafra.

And so we got Reagan Youth, and a ton of angry, fun, wild, political punk bands from Agnostic Front through Conflict to Nausea to Warzone.

So what now? We have a lousy economy, but Barack Obama is president. Democrats control the Congress and the Senate. South America is electing pinkos left and right. Only Israel can manage to vote for a fascist when it has the chance. Oy vey!

What's left, but to do what liberals do the best: eat our own. Go back to complaining

about Jerry Brown's denim jackets or Al Franken's stand on immigration. When you win a war, who do you fight? The people on *your* side, that's who.

It'll still take me a while to get on Obama's ass. Even though he's Perked up The White House Faith-Based Office instead of closing it.

Sent more troops to Afghanistan.

Had Hillary rattle her saber against North Korea.

And it's only *February*!!

But, I'm gonna leave him alone for now. The magnificence of his Negritude still overwhelms these other considerations. Instead, I'll lower my sights. Aim for the balls.

Al Franken wants to fine "illegal" immigrants? Bang!

Hillary refuses to talk human rights in China? Bang!

You? The biggest bang of all.

What're you gonna do until the next Bush? Until the next Iraq? Until the next market crash? How are you gonna stay punk when there's nothing to punk against? I already know. I know you.
You're gonna get soft.

First, you're gonna powder your own economic acne. Gee, I hope I can get back that job as a bagger at A&P.

You hope Obama's stimulus package will work well enough to pay for your iPod replacement battery. You'll put on a tie and smile at Kmart customers.

Yeah, I'm talking to you.

You'll be there, begging mom and dad not to take you out of SF State. You'll promise to wash dishes, anything, just to stay in school, because there are no jobs out there and that's the whole point of school, isn't it?

Using the technical language that has developed over years of punk rockdom, I salute you with that most punk rock of phrases, Fuck You!

You're hopeless, more worried about your Mypace photo than that just-fired Mexican. You stand right in the middle of that row of urinals, making it difficult for me at the edge.

I'm going to edge past you. I want to talk to your little sisters and brothers, the 10-year-olds who watch you with disgust. They're the ones who see your punkitude drain into the porcelain when you move back with mom because the punk house fell apart.

They're the ones who'll have heard what you've been talking about during the punk times, and who'll wonder what you meant.

"Rise above."

They won't get it, as they watch you sink below.

They're the ones who'll pick up that guitar you abandoned and start figuring out chords. Yeah, I'd love to stand next to them at the urinal, but I don't need to. Those 10-year-olds? They'll know what to do all by their selves. And you'd better watch your back.

Yeah, I'm talking to you.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god @mykel board.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to email comment on the column.]

—> When Cool Things Happen by Bad People Dept.: Bill Gates, one of the world's most disgustingly wealthy people, impressed me for the first time. He released a cloud of mosquitoes at a technology conference in California.

"Malaria is spread by mosquitoes. I brought some here," he said. "There is no reason only poor people should be infected."

In reality, the mosquitoes were malaria-free, but the tactic was punk rock. Get those fuckers to feel the sting of life—and death—in the hotlands! Ten punk points, Bill.

—> Death Be Not Proud Dept.: I'm writing this in the middle of February 2009. Already two notables have kicked off. It does not bode well for the rest of the year. At my age, I could be entering the watch list!

Actually, BILL LANDIS died in December 2008. But I only heard about it this year.

For those who don't know, Bill was the founder of *The Sleazoid Express*, the first newsletter of scum cinema. He liked the sleazy horror, the bizarre, and the camp. Although he was a difficult person in real life, he was a pioneer in print. If it weren't for him, the movie world would be much different now. You wouldn't be able to find DVDs of *Cannibal Holocaust* and *I Spit on Your Grave*. There would be no *Grindhouse* or *Scream I, II* or *III*, if there were no Bill Landis.

LUX INTERIOR, singer for The Cramps, died on February 4, the fiftieth anniversary of Buddy Holly's death. The Cramps were maybe the world's first psychobilly band. (If you don't count Hasil Atkins.) I saw them at CBGB's in 1976—and several times since—including a great show at SaltLäger in Copenhagen. Yeah, there would've been a GG Allin without a Lux Interior. But would there be a Reverend Horton Heat? I don't think so.

Uh oh! I just heard about PAUL HARVEY. He's number three!

—> I Thought it Sucked From the Git-Go Dept.: Remember when every corner threatened to have a Starbucks? I even had a plan to map out Manhattan with a green square on those few blocks without one.

Well, buckaroos, those days are gone. Hundreds of the corporate sludge factories have given up the ghost. Even better, a recent review in *Consumer Reports* ranked Eight O'Clock Coffee as the best-tasting coffee. Starbucks, which costs a fuck of a lot more, didn't even get an honorable mention.

—> Rare Victory For the Good Guy Dept.: The Senate voted for part of the economic recovery bill that deals with giving money for school building construction. It said that tax funds used for school construction and rehabilitation may not be diverted to religious institutions. Religious Right groups complained that the bill was "hostile to religion."

I say, I hope so!

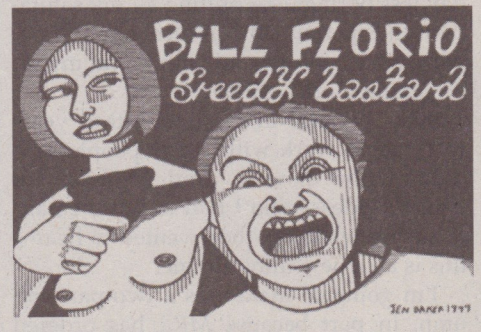
—> I think it was Tolstoy who wrote "Without God all things are permitted." He meant it as a criticism. I only wish it were true. Life would be a fuck of a lot more fun.

Still Christians, Muslims and Jews use this argument to say that if people didn't have the threat of God's punishment, they would not act in a moral way. God keeps people moral, they say.

Science Illustrated (July/August 2008) says they're wrong. It reports that Yale researchers have found that pre-God-aware babies can still judge right from wrong, good from evil.

The researchers created a puppet show where one puppet tries to climb a hill and another either helps it, or holds it back. When they gave babies a chance to choose one puppet to hold, 93 percent chose the helper over the hinderer. The babies were all under 10-months-old. God need not apply.

—> The Obvious Dept.: So far, *MRR* has had no mail referring to my "rape" at the hands of Jello Biafra, Noam Chomsky and Oprah Winfrey. I can't believe the 15-year-old readers (an oxymoron?) of *MRR* had enough sense of humor to realize the April Fool's joke. It was one, of course.



Because Obama has made a call for hon-

esty and openness in the corporate world, I suggest revising the current corporate dictionary of terms used to make people feel stupid, and call a spade a spade. Hmm, well, perhaps I should choose my words a little more wisely than that.

Anyhow, when you work at a large company with a lot of people, there is a certain language spoken, because basically, you can't start screaming at each other when the amount of people in that room gets so big that no one even knows your name—not to mention what you're getting upset about. So everyone speaks in code, so you know when you're in trouble, you're a fuckup, and I want to tell you this. But in case the email is passed to human resources, there is no way to perceive the condescension or malice involved.

Basically, it's a passive aggressive nightmare. But in any case, it's the reality of working for a large company—and it's something you have to live with, because you can make it work for you as much as it may work against you. I generally like to make sure that people like me before I run into a scene where I have to let them know they fucked everything else, and I tend to like to use my own terms instead of whatever everyone else uses. I feel it's a bit more cheerful, and shows that I made the effort to make up some words to tell them off instead of the bland way anyone else would have. It's what the schmucks would call a "Win/Win," and what I would call a "non-denominational holiday present." They make everyone happy!

I've been working at a big place for a little over a year now, and while I feel very good about where I am working, and that everything possible is being done to curb the whole corporate-feel whist not letting things break down into folks like me crazy gluing people's appendages to their desks, I feel the best way to sort of be part of the system without being the system is to just make your own stupid replacement phrases, and I've decided to document them.

Originally, I looked for a quicker, less intrusive way to make writing emails all day less boring, like putting all my salutations in Esperanto. But as I feel more comfy with those I correspond with, I find myself becoming more creative.

Also, because in the past fifteen years I've had to work with either people who didn't know how to send an email, or Angry Brides—who I had to write emails to saying whatever they wanted to hear—this is all a new thing for me.

I'm going to make this a two-part column, in part because *MRR* has ordered that all funny columns be cliffhangers to increase newsstand sales, partly because I'm already late sending this (and the excuse that it was 4,000 words and needed editing would sound good) and also because I'll probably come up with more between now and next month, letting me procrastinate further.

Here is the official *Bill Florio Business Thesaurus* part one. Some of these are replacements for the lame terms corporate folks use, some of them I just made up and use anyway. All of them confuse people who I don't email every day, so I suggest you wean folks into it. And sometimes they'll be cool enough to come back with better ones in return.

Action Item = Fan Task

This usually refers to something you'd better do in the next day or so, or else something's going to hit the fan. If you get it done on time, you can call it Fan Task Tick, meaning you ticked it off your list. I think you get the idea that I generally do most folks' work, and thus can get away with making fun of their stupid corp-speak all the time.

"Add this as a Fan Task on our weekly agenda, since it's due by COB Wednesday." (Sometimes I put "Cornonthe…" instead of COB, meaning close of business, which where I work seems to mean 11 pm.)

As Discussed = Cubicled

Usually folks put this in there to point out that whatever is being referred to has not been completely documented and finalized, and if you weren't listening, you should ask before someone looks stupid. Anyhow, it sounds contrived and somewhat condescending to imply that no one ever listens, no matter how little it's used.

"After what we cubicled together, I think the following steps will lead us toward not having someone cry on Friday afternoon."

Bandwidth = Hangover Status/ Forth Cup of Coffee – FcoC

This usually refers to whether you're fast or slow at learning or understanding things. It's also condescending—unless you're referring to your own lack of bandwidth.

"I know it's Monday, and being 3,000 miles away I can't measure your hangover status, but I thought I'd remind you about this while we still have time."

Best Practices = B-tip

This usually means that whatever you've been doing is totally fucking things up. It's really hard to tell people that they're totally unorganized, inappropriate or irritating without them noticing, but I feel successful if I can tell them this and get a thank you in return. If they don't respond, I can pretty much guess I made them feel dumb, and I'll have to pay for this with more irritation in the future.

"Let me give you a B-tip, if you want to get a quick answer, please don't send an email to the list serve called "National Office"—it emails everyone who works in the office and is best served when you set say, the kitchen on fire."

Bring to the Table/offer up = Pot Luck

Pot luck sounds better because it means it's quite OK to just bring a six-pack and some extra napkins rather than some casserole no one would ever fucking eat except to be polite.

"I'd like us all to pot luck this at our meeting Tuesday, so we have a project plan that is more appealing than *Confessions of a Shopaholic*.

Drive = Cab Drive

This usually means that if you're in charge of this, we expect you won't screw it up. If I say, "cab drive," it makes it a little less critical, as long as it gets the same end result quicker.

"Lets get Irving to cab drive this, since everyone else ate the rancid crab salad for lunch today."

Elevator Pitch = Spiel

The length of time it takes to pitch someone while traveling in an elevator. Whatever, there's no excuse for this term, it's like touch-base—steer clear.

Video Phone or Plobsolescence

This refers to planning something for so long that by the time it's ready to sell to the public, it's already become obsolete and forgotten. Basically, I use these when people are taking too long to make a decision.

"I realize the wording of this report is critical, but considering it contains a graph with the number 2009 on it, lets not video phone it into 2010."

Florioism

This is something I've named after myself. Basically, it can be my own sort of malapropism, where I pretend to hear something else just to make a joke, or jump back to a previous topic to make a joke and then continue with that topic because upon making the dumb joke I thought of something to add that we already finalized ten minutes ago. People get annoyed when I do this while eating at a pizzeria—I don't know how people allow me to sit in on meetings.

I don't have an example since I suspect this is all over my performance reviews.

See you next time!

bill@candids.com

MIND CONTENT LESS MENT

WITH CHUCK BARRELS

Hello readers, and welcome to my column. I've been recruited into the cult of *MRR* to discuss records and bands that may be overlooked by the general scope of this prestigious publication—meaning bands that aren't of the hardcore variety and might not even be punk, depending on some interpretations of the word. Also, following in the esteemed footsteps of scribes such as Mitch Cardwell and Icki Murrmann, I will help cover the latest happenings in the garage punk "scene" as well.

And as you and I know both (hopefully) already know, these genre tags are mere formality. One person's garage rock is another person's punk rock, and so on. We're just talking about music here, you and me. I'm listening to SUICIDAL TENDENCIES *How Will I Laugh Tomorrow…* as I write this—in case that helps our reader-writer bond along somehow.

Anyway, as for the stuff we're going to cover, many of these records may be limited editions that are long out-of-print by the time this column sees press. I'll try to not let that happen by dropping the dime on some upcoming releases, as well as stuff that is already at hand. There are a lot of record-buying options out there these days, and I understand the trepidation in buying new releases when the bins seem to be clogged with so much pap. I have about 1,000 mediocre records sitting on shelves behind me right now (along with a thousand or so great ones), so I feel your pain. I'm here to help.

There is always one good remedy for the New Record Buying Blues: Buy some old shit! Or at least re-issues of great old records! And your options are bountiful this month, my friends, bountiful indeed. Let's start with the record that's about to bump this classic SUICIDAL platter off the turntable as we speak: the deluxe 2xLP re-issue of *Pass The Dust, I Think I'm Bowie* by BLACK RANDY AND THE METROSQUAD, on Vinyl Countdown Records—a label that has done quality (if wimpy) re-issues in the past (MARBLES, THE WIND, etc.).

I have to tell you, no expenses were spared with the packaging: thick vinyl, beefy gatefold sleeves, printed inner jackets with liners notes, vintage pics and fliers, lyrics—you name it. "I Slept in an Arcade," "I Wanna Be a Nark," "Idi Amin." All the classics, the entire LP and both singles in their entirety, plus some classic prank phone calls from Randy himself. A bit pricey, but the smartest money you're gonna lay down all year, jack. (www.vinyl-countdownrecords.com)

I'm supergeek-fanboy excited right now for these great 7" re-issues from the Sing Sing Records label. They've unleashed the first three singles in what will hopefully be a long-running series. The three: ROSES ARE RED *Can't Understand* 7", RUDI *Big Time* 7" and THE ZIPS *Take Me Down* 7". You may notice some of these from KBD-type comps past. All three of them are top notch '77-'79 punk rock-slash-powerpop.

You should already know RUDI. THE ZIPS are understated Scottish punks from '79, and ROSES ARE RED hail from '78 and feature members of THE VIBRATORS. All three of these releases are affordable, well worth your time and look fantastic. The sleeves are well done, with inserts, fold-outs, great printing, everything you'd want. And it's good to see Sing Sing doing on American shores what 1977 Records is doing in Japan, except without the shitty sleeve repros and horror import prices, and with the willingness to re-press these things should demand prompt it. Bravo gentlemen, bravo. Look out for their second batch of records real soon, with singles from JETZ, DE CYLINDERS and another RUDI platter. (www.singsingrecords.com)

In a fit of segue antics I feel the need to hip you to the upcoming In the Red Archives project, a re-issue label combining the power of ITR honcho Larry Hardy and jack-of-all-trades Mike Sniper (Blank Dogs, Radio Heartbeat Records, the Captured Tracks label, Academy Records hustler, etc.). Rumor has it the first release is going to be a HOMOSEXUALS 2xLP, comprising a "best of" from all their recorded output and side projects, with deluxe packaging and perhaps an accompanying 7" repro. I've heard talk of re-reissuing THE CONSUMERS *All My Friends Are Dead* LP as well, with additional packaging and such. No real confirmed dates on any of this, but keep your ears open.

So, In the Red Records, we need to talk about them and some actual new releases. This is obviously the pre-eminent garage-punk label of the past ten years or more, and showing no signs of slowing down. The hottest release of 2009 so far is undeniably THE HUNCHES swan song LP *Exit Dreams*, a harrowing emotional journey filled with melancholia, guitar electricity, broken necks, wistful remembrances of childhoods now gone, swimmin' holes, punk-fucking-rock and roll, with a slight blues touch.

Chris Gunn's guitar speaks volumes, and while it's sad to see a band so dialed-in going out, you have to respect that they left on top. Try and catch one of their last few shows on the West Coast this spring and please buy this record at all costs. ITR will be continuing their domination of your turntable with their upcoming slate of releases, including new LPs from THEE OHSEES, THE INTELLIGENCE and BLANK DOGS. (www.intheredrecords.com)

Speaking of BLANK DOGS, the flagship act of the recent surge of one-man home recording bands and lo-fi weird-popsters (which some have also tagged as "Myspace mystery bands" and "loft-pop," but we're just splitting hairs now… remember, it's all just music at the end of the day), Mr. Blank Dog himself has started his own label, called Captured Tracks, and has released about 23 records on the imprint already…I'm kidding. Sort of.

Leading off with 12" EPs from BLANK DOGS (a four-track record titled *Seconds*, which I'm really enjoying) and LA's DUM DUM GIRLS (buzzing lo-fi girl antics), which are on the streets right now, and following that deuce-pack with singles, more 12" EPS and cassettes (!) from REPAIRS (Australian tape hiss), WOODS (NYC lo-fi neo-folk), BRILLIANT COLORS (SF part-time punks), THE MAYFAIR SET (BLANK DOGS plus DUM DUM GIRLS equals "sad hits"), GARY WAR (vague keys/tapes psych), THE BITTERS (Canadian Cave Pop with a connection to FUCKED UP), BLESSURE GRAVE (dark post-punk moves from Sand Diego), THE BEETS (NYC's newest sensations), which should all be available by the time this column sees press.

This guy moves quickly—but only the cassette releases should be ultra-limited, so you have some time to do your shopping. I can't say I'm in love with all of these bands, but I am quite enamored with more than a few, and anyone should find something to like in this roster that really defies any genre pigeonholing. It's a diverse array of groups to dig into and a really exciting beginning for a new label. I'd recommend checking out more than a few (or all, they are selling them in packaged bundles as well as on their own) of these groups and records—it's what those kids over at the TERMBO are digging these days. (myspace.com/capturedtracks)

Discussing the above label and bands prompts me to also talk about Sacred Bones Records, another NYC label that has

impressed the record-collecting populace immensely in the past year with their lavish special edition records. We're talking records with incredible silk-screens, velvet slipcovers, wax seals, bonus 7"s and CDs, handmade box sets—you name it. Delicious stuff.

They've kicked off the new year with a slate of singles, from artists such as the aforementioned GARY WAR, MAX ELLIOT (Wisconsonian acid-folk), THE PINK NOISE (Canadian sci-fi punk) and SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY (more Sand Diegan post-punkers), all of them coming in regular and special edition flavors for discerning buyers. Again, not everyone's going to like them all, but the records are high quality, and more often than not, each batch of records is a real winner. Check around the websites and see which ones you think you'd dig. Or I can just tell you, but that wouldn't be any fun for you. (www.sacredbonesrecords.com)

While I'm out shopping at my local record emporium, people often ask me, "Hey Chuck, who do you think is going to be a breakout artist this year?" My pick to click this year: JEFFREY NOVAK. Young Jeff has been toiling away on the garage-punk circuit for years now, starting as a savage one-man band that tried to out-Reatard THE REATARDS, moving on to the family affair scuzz-punkers THE RAT TRAPS, then refining his sound for the power-pop-with-a-side-of-glam-punk CHEAP TIME (a band that still appears to be active)—but I think his finest moment yet is his recently released LP *After the Ball*, which he pressed on his own Sonic Assault imprint.

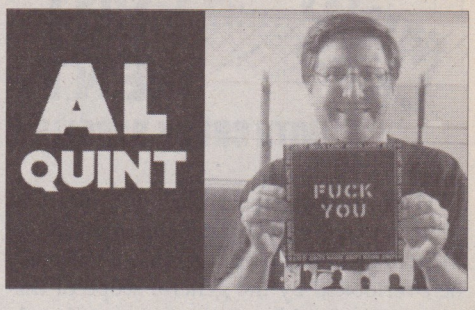
He takes his CHEAP TIME influences even further into left field as the LP brims with slices of weird psychedelic-pop with an odd UK-like feel. People have dropped ROY WOOD and KEVIN AYERS comparisons, and after a long night I was even thinking RAY DAVIES and ALEX CHILTON and even SYD BARRETT, but that's just the tip of the 'berg. Lots of piano and the VU influence runs deeper than the artwork parody as well (paging JOHN CALE...). Check out some discerning mailorders and buy or die, as it's limited to 500 copies for now. There's also a single out on JAY REATARD's newly revived Shattered Records imprint, which sounds more distinctly KINKS-like. This kid has got a ton of talent and only seems to be getting better (and weirder) with age, so get on board now. What's that? In the Red has signed him for his second LP already? See, I told you so... (myspace.com/jeffreydavidnovak)

If there are three things I love, they're pizza, cheeseburgers and GG Allin. Yes, I am a cliché. The fine gents over at Douchemaster Records have taken care of me nice-like with their two latest platters. There's the GG KING *Adult Rock* 7", which isn't as scum-punk as you'd think, but it's still punk enough, featuring members of the CARBONAS (a band I've heard rumor are now defunct) and everyone's favorite moustache hanger GENTLEMAN JESSE: two tracks of high-energy punk rock that any fan of the Southern punk renaissance should appreciate. HAPPY BURGER is from France and sing songs about American foodstuffs. I know, sounds like a lame novelty record—but there's actually some substance to *The Ballad of Ray Kroc*, in a jangly, garage-punk way. I shit you not. Fans of the lower-fi early days of BLACK LIPS and current hit-machines like NOBUNNY should take note. (www.douchemasterrecords.com)

I would feel I was shortchanging you if I didn't at least mention the latest installment in the 7" compilation series, *The World's Lousy With Ideas*, brought to you by the nice young lady who runs Almost Ready Records. Volume 7 is the all-Australian edition, culling tracks from UV RACE (charmingly inept snot-punk with *MRR*'s very own DX on the skins), SUPER WILD HORSES (Slits-y girl-led post-punk), STRAIGHT ARROWS (raw sixties-style punk) and everyone's favorite EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING, with an exclusive and awesome track. There are 1,000 copies split between the US and Down Under, with the usual myriad cover variations. Get one while they last! (www.almostreadyrecords.com)

I gotta run, but I'll briefly mention a couple other things worth giving a look before I head out. THE FRESH AND ONLYS 7" on Chuffed Records is beautiful West Coast pop that any fan of THEE OHSEES or SIC ALPS will drool over, and I could use a bib right now myself. There are only 300 copies, yikes! (myspace.com/chuffedrecords)

The group known only as SPIDER, featuring at least one-third of THE SPITS, have self-released a new 12" compiling their long OOP HozAc Records single with three new cuts. Try your local internet distro for a copy—and while you're there, look for some straggling copies of *Puget Power* Vol. 6 on the back-from-the-dead Regal Select label, brandishing cuts from SPIDER, THE INTELLIGENCE, AFCGT (two-thirds of the A-FRAMES joining forces with CLIMX GOLDEN TWINS) and THE PYRAMIDS (also known as LOVE TAN). No website for these folks, strictly old school. All I can say is, if you see copies, pounce on them. See you next time, and rest in peace Lux Interior.



So I finally broke down and gave in to the Great Satan, i.e., I purchased an iPod. I'd been determined that any MP3 player I owned *not* be an iPod. That was before my iRiver and Creative Zen Vision players both shat the bed, after about after about a year and a half each. I imagine that dropping the Creative one several times didn't help matters, but the meltdown came when it rebooted, deleted all my playlists and would no longer sync with my computer. There were 12,000 songs on there, too. And they don't even make that model anymore. So I said fuck it, I'll be another hopefully happy Apple customer. And, so far, I have to say I'm very pleased with it.

Of course, I'm spending way too much time putting music on the player and, along with helping out my 13-year-old nephew Josh with his English homework (I mentioned how I was helping him out in my last column), it delayed the completion of this installment. By the way, my job would have been much easier if Josh had actually *read* some of the material he needed to complete his essay.

One of his next assignments is to write a review of a CD he likes—vinyl wasn't even mentioned, sadly enough, and the kid has probably never even played a record. My sister asked if I'd be able to help him out with that. Well, sure, I'd be happy to, but there are some issues. First of all, the album has to be "classroom friendly," i.e. no cussin' or other objectionable stuff. Well Josh's musical taste runs from hip-hop like 50 Cent and a bunch of two-bit (as opposed to four-bit) acts that I'm not as familiar with. Classic generation gap stuff—those goddamn kids!

He also likes what passes for mainstream rock—swill like Nickelback. He was playing some of it for me, and it made me realize that I'd failed in all those attempts to get him into punk rock. Loading up his iPod with Poison Idea, Die Kreuzen and Discharge had been a fruitless pursuit. He wasn't even interested in checking out classic hip-hop like Public Enemy. Maybe his 8-year-old brother, Koby, who is a lot more inquisitive and curious about things than

his brother, would be more receptive to Uncle Al's musical taste. But it's going to be a *real* challenge to find something "clean" enough for Josh to use in his class—and something that I can endure listening to for an hour or so. Its also been a challenge trying to get him to even tell me what one of his favorite albums is. I think the concept of an album is alien to him: The majority of his music collection consists of scattered tracks on his iPod.

With those observations out of the way, it's time for another column where I catch up on some reviews. My choice for single of the month is *Raw Ore*, by PAINTBOX. I can guaran-goddamn-tee you're not going to hear a 7" like this the rest of the year. I doubt many people have heard a song quite like "Iron Ore." It's one of those compositions where you go, "What the *fuck*??" the first few times. In fact, it might be every time. Over the course of six minutes, there's an *a capella* intro, leading into a catchy hard rock song that's punctuated by the late, *great* Chelsea's melodic trill. Add to that the female backing vocals harmonizing (?) with Mune's gravel growl, and the then thrashed-out conclusion with a wailing sax solo. Somehow, it all works, and the main tune gets its way into your brain.

On the flip, there's a tribute of sorts to Poison Idea, "Thorn In My Side (Plastic Pump)." It's a medley of a couple of their songs that starts off with a jazzy vamp and some whistling before getting down to the pillage. Then there's the piss-take cover of Slade's "Cum On Feel The Noize," which has another quite memorable and unique vocal performance and sputtering guitar solo before basically falling apart. As I said before, "What the *fuck*??"

There's also a CD singles collection called *Relicts* that shows this band's eclecticism and their combination of mesmerizing brutality and quirkiness—the former being the defining (and deafening) characteristic. These guys write epic compositions. Chelsea was one hell of a string-mangler, and his lead work is jaw-dropping. Trumpets? Harmonicas? Bongos? They're all here, but the icing on the cake is that guitar playing. He even throws in some Spanish guitar on "The Door." The chorus for "Cry Of The Sheeps" is bouncing through my consciousness while writing this. They append the studio stuff with some bootleg-quality live material. People have spoken in hushed tones about Paintbox's live brilliance, but you don't really get a full feel for that here—just a bit of a letdown on an otherwise exemplary collection (HG Fact, www.interq.or.jp/japan/hgfact).

As long as I'm writing about new HG Fact releases, the same package brought a compilation of singles from Portland, Ore., band THE ESTRANGED. They had one of my favorite albums in '08 (*Static Thoughts*), and I managed to see them play around four songs last summer. They would have played more, but they and their touring mates RED DONS were very late for a show and each had to play truncated sets. Anyway, some stellar sounds here: melodic but forceful, with a tip of the cap to early Cure, New Order and Siouxsie (really!), at least in terms of the bass and guitar sound. People also tend to compare this band to the Wipers—which seems to be the band to name-check these days—and I can hear that a bit in the semi-somber nature of the music, and in the guitar tone, to an extent, but it's only one element. Make no mistake, this is still punk rock, but with intriguing twists and songs that stick in your head.

Another killer this month is a self-titled 7" by FASHION. They're Australian blokes who in England and sound like they're from Cleveland—you following me here? What I mean by Cleveland is it's the raw 'n' rough hardcore punk sound created by the likes of the Inmates and 9 Shocks Terror. Throw in a dollop of early Poison Idea, too. You're getting something loud and fast and ready to come unhinged, but still managing to hold together: a flurry of speed, razor-sharp guitar and ranting vocals from the man who calls himself "Fingers." Fashion provide a reminder that hardcore, at its best, was never meant to be too soothing or polished-sounding. (Yibbidda Yibbida, www.myspace.com/fashionablestunners)

AVO are Aussies who still live on that continent. They haven't been heard from in a bit, and *Domestic Violence Kept The Neighbourhood Quiet* is their first release on 12" format. On the back cover, you see four older visages staring back. Well, only two of 'em make eye contact, and it only takes a second to realize that the music is equally unsmiling, or pissed-off. Ranting vocals and fast, bruising thrash done with crackerjack efficiency. "Gearheads Suck" does go for more of a medium trot. The lyrics fall into the DGAF (Don't Give A Fuck) category, as in they don't like *anyone*. And, yeah, they use a bit of dubious language at times and they cover Vile's "5 to 10." It'll get a rise out of some folks, so be forewarned. Nothing new under the hardcore sun here, just bile, and what's wrong with that? (Even Worse Records: www.geocities.com/evenworserecords or Kangaroo Records: www.geocities.com/tysonkangaroo)

I've said it before (probably) but VIOLENT ARREST is one of the best hardcore bands in the UK Senior Division. Hell, they give *most* bands a run for their money. Their double 7" *Criminal Record* (which has been out a while, but fuck it) conveys brutalizing force with a classic US sound—a little Boston (not the band, the hardcore scene) here, a little Poison Idea there ("Barren"), and even some rousing street punk ("Suicide Squad"). It's all in the delivery: loud production that leaps out of the speakers with everything pushed to the front. Steve sounds like an older Springa with an English accent, and the instrumentation—particularly Baz's guitar, is spot-on. It's worth the energy to get up and keep switching over the records. (Grave Mistake: www.gravemistakerecords.com or No Way, www.nowayrecords.com)

Back in the good(?) 'ol USA are a couple of bands with the same sort of hardcore rambunctiousness. Kansas City's BLACK MARK has the old-school visual look for their *Wrecked* 7" EP with a block letter logo (Helvetica font?) and a xeroxed image. although it's a nice quality cover. Inside, the mood/feel of the music matches the packaging. It's direct, to the point, and not a lot of esoteric discussion or music that moves beyond its no bullshit framework. Being that they're from KC, maybe the frustration comes from how lousy the Chiefs and Royals have been in recent years. Or maybe not—but *something*'s got a bug up their asses, and it's an effective musical/verbal expression. (Hardware, PO Box 1646, 49006 Osnabruck, GERMANY, www.hardware-records.com)

Then there's the second 7" EP, *Cattle Cannot Choose*, from NJ band WORMEATERS. I've neglected my job with this band, with their demo and first 7" falling through the (review) cracks. So it's time to catch up, and this is an old-school hardcore gem. The growly vocals are kind of ridiculous (imagine John Brannon with a lower voice!), but they've got a way with powerchords. "Dutch Roulette" has some rather unsettling lyrical matter, being about, um, forced gay sex while incarcerated, and being concerned about ending up with some sort of malady—hopefully not based on a true incident. "Rule Without Consent" takes on the decaying economic situation. Their theme song "Wormeaters" brings a chuckle, a twist on the self-pitying childhood song *"Nobody loves you, everybody hates you, might as well go eat worms."* This is the kind of music you need to hear when you're in a bad mood—a way to release those angry thoughts and preferential to consuming those worms. (American Waste, 332 Felton Ave., Fl. 1, Highland Park, NJ 08904, www.myspace.com/americanwastere-

cords)

Florida band CONTROL DE ESTADO serves up some rapid-fire hardcore imbued with speed and rawness on their second, self-titled. Alonso has a murderous, barking cadence, with lyrics in both English and Spanish that take on prejudice, colonialism and globalization. Something to think about while the bass-led breakdown of "Myth Grand Narrative" makes you want to wreck people—in a fun way, of course—and there's some serious guitar flay on that song, as well. Potent rage. (IFB: 4447 St. Clair Ave., Ft. Myers, FL 33902, www.ifbrecords.com)

There's a new split 7" EP from SIN ORDEN and CONDENADA. Sin Orden's latest material maintains the ripping thrash that they've always plied. With "Impeach Bush," it's one final blast at the ex-prez, done with malicious precision. Slashing instrumentation complemented by Carlos's rabid ranting. Condenada is still something of an uneven proposition. "Promise Of Destruction," riding a melodic crest, is one of their better songs, but the paddle-thrash tendencies on the remaining pair of tracks diminish the power a bit. Kudos for the cardboard, screened cover. (Amor Sin Fronteras, PO Box 803251, Chicago, IL 60680, sin_orden@yahoo.com)

Finally, I can't neglect the latest album by Sweden's VICTIMS, *Killer*. This has been out for a while, but Deathwish has put out a US pressing for eager, soon-to-be-damaged American ears. Pared to a power trio for this recording, with vocalist Johan Eriksson handling the bass duties as well, it's an unstoppable onslaught of Swedish hardcore mayhem. Johan's hellacious scream is the first thing you hear. The second is a tidal wave of sonic viciousness. Victims has the right mix of driving, Swede-core crust and fired-up rock 'n' roll. It's a nod to Lemmy and company for "Fade Away," for instance. Meanwhile, "Holy Shit!" is a catchy punk blast. Four albums in and Victims definitely knows what they're doing by now. Brutal. (www.deathwishinc.com)

Al Quint, PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903 (This could be changing... stay tuned), suburbanvoice@earthlink.net. Sonic Overload radio: sonicoverload.moocowrecords.com
SV blog: subvox.blogspot.com

PS: Queen's song "Sheer Heart Attack" recently popped up on my (now-deceased) Creative player and is a legitimate ripper. It was actually composed in '73 but didn't show up until *News Of The World* in '77: a pure speed bomb with guitar, bass and some lead vocals from drummer Roger Taylor. A completely over-the-top song—really!

As the economic crisis deepens around me, I have more time to ruminate on the crisis of modern capitalism—especially because I have joined the ranks of the "underemployed." Because I am an independent contractor (I remodel old houses), my work is tied to the housing industry, which is presently in a great deal of turmoil. I'm glad I'm not into building new homes, as that side of the business is a complete wreck. But work has been slower and there has been a lot of time off between jobs. I find this a mixed blessing. Although I miss the income, I have also had a lot of time to complete projects that I was always too busy to finish. Others are not so lucky I suppose—but then again, I didn't take a lot of big risks or live beyond my means, as this business has always been boom and bust.

There has been some talk of a "virtuous recession." This usually comes from management types, who assert that a downturn forces companies to cut excess staff, reduce costs, focus on their core business and innovate. For individuals, it's usually pitched as paying down debt, working harder, or retraining and learning new skills to remain competitive.

Another idea being advanced is that we are currently in a "reset" towards a world with less debt and leverage. This is an idea I can get behind. In fact, even though it means my own personal economic situation is suffering, I am somewhat in favor of a very harsh economic crisis. In the '90s and early '00s, there was a boom in conspicuous consumption and consumerism unparalleled in history. It's not too surprising that, after years of excess, it came time to pay the piper.

To my mind, there are some other virtues to the economic crisis—such as a renewed emphasis on self-reliance and sustainability, rather than continued rampant consumerism. Last issue I mentioned the really hard times faced by the '30s generation. War and depression affected that group in ways we can only imagine. While I don't think we want to necessarily emulate every attribute of those times, having a more realistic and sustainable approach to our lifestyle and economy might be a good start.

Some academics and commentators have advanced the idea of a "reset." Their general idea is that cheap credit and easy money created a series of bubbles, which are in the process of bursting. The idea at this point is that instead of creating another speculative bubble society, we should invest in a new economy based on renewable energy, sustainability and better urban and environmental planning. Given the vested interests behind the status quo, I doubt that such an idea will be taken up on the national level, except in the realm of window dressing and lip service. However, at the local and individual levels, such a grassroots movement is already well advanced. All those SUVs and McMansions didn't buy people the happiness they thought they would get—and now foreclosure and a tanked 401k have exposed the hollow nature of life they were sold.

The corporations and the rich in this country have pretty much had everything they've asked for or could want for the last eight years. Now that we have "change" in Washington, they are getting an even better deal than anyone could have imagined. I would highly recommend the work of Canadian journalist Naomi Klein. Her best-seller, *Disaster Capitalism*, is a thought-provoking exposé on how powerful interests use a crisis to advance their agenda. In our current situation, the banks and big business are bilking the taxpayer for trillions to cover their gross mismanagement. This is constantly sold to us with the kind of "shock doctrine" Ms. Klein has studied in her work.

We are told that if we don't pony up to bail out these horrifically mismanaged companies, the whole economy will go down the drain over the next century. As I discussed last month, with more and more people being part of an "ownership society," linking their own interests to those of corporate America, you get a population that feels as if these corporations and the elite hold it hostage. Given the level of control these organizations have over the political system, the hostage metaphor seems even more relevant.

BusinessWeek recently ran a chart the showed how much was spent on lobbying by corporations that received massive federal bailouts. Not surprisingly, the more each corporation spent, the more they got from the government.

Right-wingers often talk about government being used in a "socialist" way to redistribute wealth. Well in fact, under the current system, they are quite right. We have a corporate socialist government that is redistributing wealth from middle and

working classes to the elite. And lets not forget that all this money has to be borrowed or printed. I personally feel that there will be many more bankruptcies and failures before this current cycle is done. The bailouts are only prolonging the problem. Let them fail and pay the price for their mistakes. I also feel that the massive amount of money being printed by the government will lead to some very high inflation in the not-too-distant future. All of this leads many commentators to believe that widespread social unrest is in the cards in many parts of the world. This is something I talked about last month and I think some radical social unrest is in order. I'd like to see some heads roll for the mess things are in—rather than more people being rewarded for environmental and economic devastation.

We talked a few months ago about the vinyl record bubble and the effect of the economic downturn on record prices. As I thought, some top shelf rippers and torpedo bonzers have been selling at record prices despite continued news of layoffs and falling stock markets. It should come as no surprise that killer records are still very sought-after and shitty records still suck.

I didn't submit a year-end top ten for 2008. I was really busy for much of 2008 with projects outside of hardcore. In fact, I didn't even pick up a lot of 2008 releases until reading about them in the year-end issue of *MRR*. While I enjoyed many records released in 2008 and certainly filled a few boxes with new records in the past year, none of them could compete with 2007's *Vi Ar Eliten*, by Totalitar.

"Lefty" Hooligan • What's Left?

I hadn't planned to write a column this month.

I like to lie low in March. This is anarchy time in the Bay Area, with the Anarchist Book Fair and BASTARD Conference both happening in the middle of the month. I've called the latter masturbatory self-indulgence, and the former an ineffectual lifestyle zoo. Other remarks I've made in conjunction with these criticisms have elicited long-winded letters from the circle A pro-snitch brigade that took up way too much space in this magazine awhile back. These days, I feel it's the better part of valor not to stir things up.

That said, I must wholeheartedly praise the actions of the Modesto Anarcho Crew who physically drove out the Maoist Revolutionary Communist Party from the March 14-15, 2009 Anarchist Book Fair. They've also laid down a class-based challenge to the anarchist movement that's simply brilliant. To quote Crudo of MAC:

I also fail to see how calling ourselves a crew is alienating to other people. Realistically at this point, many of us have no interest in trying to justify our actions to a movement that continues to disappoint and alienate us from it. Our homes become foreclosed on and you fix bikes. We lose hours and jobs and you try and get us to read zines about steampunk. We try and articulate our ideas and break out of activism and are called out for "alienating" people. We take action and are scolded.

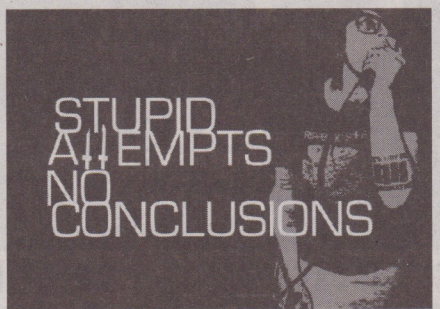
It seems that the unwanted children of capital just can't win under anarchism's rules. That's fine, we play by our own.

"the left has labeled us hooligans - we intend to be much worse."

It's column deadline, too late for my usual lengthy exposition, so I might have more to say about these things in the future. For now, let me just tell MAC, the next time you all are in San Francisco (and provided you aren't straightedge), I'll buy your drinks at the bar. I suggest the Toronado for the brews, but it's your choice.

Now, if only local anarchists would step it up with regard to Bay Area's National Anarchists…

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia @mac.com.



What Makes a 9-Year-Old Start Fires?

"You can sing any song you want / but you're still the same / I can't think of anything that makes me more upset / People talk all this rhetoric." -Hüsker Dü, "The Real World"

I'm at work. I'm always at work this winter. I work with foster kids with no foster parents. Like, when they are taken away from their parents but have nowhere to go, social services here in Newfoundland will rent them out a house and hire a staff.

I'm in the last hour of a graveyard shift. It's 7:45 in the morning. A 9-year-old is sitting on the couch, glaring at a TV. His hands are around his neck, choking himself. He is turning purple. I'm pretending I don't notice.

"So do you want your eggs boiled hard or runny?"

He stops choking himself and rubs his throat.

"I said I'm not eating anything."

"Dude, you gotta eat something before school."

"I'm not going to fucking school."

"Sure you are."

"No, I am fucking not!"

The amount of sleep I caught amounted to a two-hour nap on this kid's couch last night. I'm trying to be all level and shit—like be nice and just try to get him fed and not escalate the situation—because I know from reading the report of his last night's behavior that he started one of the recliners on fire with a lamp bulb. Smart kid. He's pissed, but not really at us, I don't think. Angry, 9-year-old-destructive pissed.

I put his eggs out on the table.

"They're boiled hard." I tell him. "Just how you like 'em."

"I'm not going to fucking school!"

I'm getting fucked annoyed but I feel shitty about it. I'm worried that I'm annoyed because it's my duty as the graveyard worker to get him ready for school, and I think I'm afraid that the day-worker will come in and think I am bad at my job, as if a 9-year-old too fucking fed up with his life to go to school would be seen as a fault on either of our parts. His or mine, I mean. But maybe I'm annoyed because I slept next to nothing and my teeth are started to grind together. It comes out before I catch it. I tell him, "Well, dude, you don't have a choice, do you?"

It's 7:45 in the morning. This is my job. I'm telling a semi-suicidal 9-year-old he doesn't have any choices.

Right now, it's the end of February. A year ago, I was rowing a pretty similar-feeling boat. I spent a half-week holed up in a secret fancy hotel in Vancouver, wrapping up a stint of jury duty and

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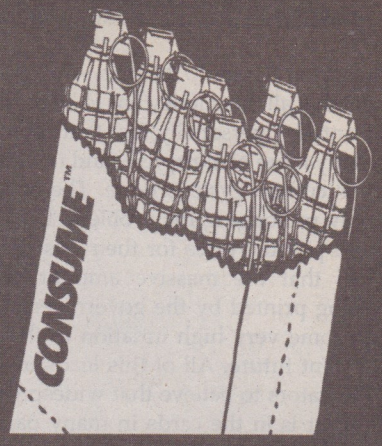

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sequestered for three days. That was weird. I got my summons as I was in the middle of looking for a job that didn't involve riding a bike. It was for a month-long trial, paid $70 a day, and started immediately after this little tour I was doing. Perfect, except, you know, it was jury duty. Well, whatever, I'd try out.

How did they get your name? Everyone wondered. I turned red, cringed, was embarrassed. Voter registry, I admitted. I swear, it was just once—a referendum about the Olympics. I voted "no," my side lost, I was disappointed, I did nothing later except I think that MASS GRAVE show I attended at that infoshop that one time was a "No Olympics on Stolen Land" fundraiser.

Despite doubts that I would even get picked, I did, based entirely on my appearance. No questions asked. First juror. Fuck. What had embarked as a weird, funny job that I thought would be hilarious to try to get, turned out to be simultaneously incredibly boring and morally overwhelming employment I just couldn't stop showing up to one day, like all those other crappy jobs. I couldn't quit because a sheriff would show up at my house and a warrant would go out for my arrest. But maybe if I stuck it out, I could expose police corruption and racial profiling and blow the whole bullshit justice fucking system open, you know? Yeah?! Fuck yeah!

But, as it turned out, the rest of my jury were also concerned about these things, and we talked about them a bunch and tried to pick out the biases and bullshit in this big clusterfuck trial, a go-between of the racist-slanted prosecution and the classist/fucked-up-about-mental-health defense. I sat beside this Irish man. He and I wanted to rip down the arrogant police chief, this smug, condescending monstrous lady. We were going to tear her from her self-righteous throne of asshole-ism. We were going to expose the utter incompetency of the whole fucking police state. We would find her prime suspect not guilty, we'd embarrass her, we, the people, would have her tarred and feathered.

But in the end, we didn't have a lot of choices, we just got to say "guilty" or "not guilty," and in the end, we sent a man to jail for 17 years because, we were convinced, he was guilty—he did the crime, a crime I couldn't even call bullshit. I couldn't say the crime was a tool of the man, meant to protect the rich. Because he was cutting open the throats of homeless people, see? And if there's anyone I think should be removed from society, it's assholes who prey on the helpless, disabled and vulnerable, cold and hungry. But there were a lot of assholes out there preying on the helpless: the fucking city of Vancouver and its cops and the real estate developers. And how does this one dude going to jail help this situation again?

It's 7:45 in the morning, I'm telling a nine-year-old he has to go to school. On one hand, there are some perks about school: a break from a kid's home life, and elementary schools these days seem like a day camp with rotating fun activities. And he's genuinely reading/writing smart and does well when he's not punching his friends. But overall, school fucking sucks: I hated it, you hated it. And here I am, in charge of making some poor kid go.

I'm making him go to school because that's my job. I'm making him go to school because there's no alternative. I believe in a child's capacity for self-teaching, but not this kid. Sorry. I've seen him stay home and it only involves Disney's Family Channel. Yeah, sure, I believe the school system should be torn down and kids should be allowed to learn in a casual, open-minded environment outside of a classroom setting, wherein their individual talents and passions should be nurtured and explored—but that isn't available. Some college girls and I and some retired nurses parent this kid in eight-hour rotating shifts. His mom's parenting privileges were just rolled back a notch on account of a missing $37 she lost or whatever out of her kids' clothing fund that I signed off to her during one of her visits. We had report it as unaccounted for, 'cuz otherwise one of us would get fired for stealing.

When I got this job, I was like, yeah, sign me up. Subconsciously, I probably thought I would open some minds on account of my progressive and alternative worldview. I'd open some minds. Turns out, everyone is concerned that school sucks, that a 9-year-old wakes up so angry he wants to choke himself, but nobody can provide an alternative. My hands are tied. All I can do is make him eggs and juice for breakfast, because I know he likes them and vitamins and protein are good for everyone. But his life is the same and I'm some asshole telling him to go to school.

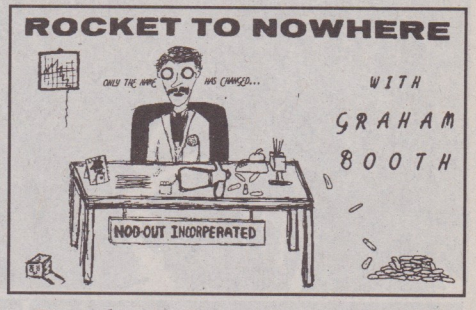
Quit? I can't, the evening worker is going to quit next week anyway, the burning recliners were the last straw for her and that'll already freak him out. Plus, I know some days he will be happy and we'll go to the mall and he'll point out all the sharks for me at the pet store and be shocked when he overhears someone in the food-court using the eff-word.

"Dude," I say, "you use that word all the time when you're angry."

"Yeah, but not in a mall."

But I'm glad, I'm fucking stoked he's not throwing around fuck while we're here, while I'm buying him a hot dog from some crappy mall food stand. But it's shitty that I'm stoked. I'm worried it's because the girl in the New York Fries kiosk thinks I'm his mom. I'm saying to him, "Do you want anything else, sweetie?" and the girl is trying to make sense of my YOUTH OF TODAY shirt and looking at my dumb hand tattoos and I don't want him to swear around her, around anyone, because I don't want her to think I'm a bad mom. As if that matters. As if a 9-year-old too fucking fed up with his life to watch his language should be seen as a fault on either of our parts.

julsgeneric@hotmail.com



First thing's first, lets get something straight: LAST MONTH'S COLUMN WAS A BIG FAT APRIL FOOLS' JOKE! I gotta imagine at least some of y'all fell for it, but I'm happy (and, er, sad?!) to report that *MRR* currently has no plans to start liquidating the collection. I repeat, *MAXIMUM ROCK 'N' ROLL* IS NOT SELLING THE RECORD COLLECTION. So stop it with all the emails already!

This month has been pretty uneventful, aside from a couple of shocking real-world finds. You know, the kind of find that *doesn't* happen on the internet. Nowadays most people do the majority of their record buying on the internet, but some of us old timers still like knocking some pavement and getting our hands dirty. All it takes is one sick find to keep me coming back for more.

First up was one of my more memorable thrift store finds. I have a circuit of maybe seven or eight thrift stores within driving distance of my work, and I often hit one or two on my lunch breaks. Even if I go every day of the week, it's hard to see everything. I usually stagger the days so I'm not always going to Store A on Monday, Store B on Tuesday, etc. You never know when a new box of LPs is gonna turn up, and I'd hate to be stuck in the shadow of my competition every week.

You figure out pretty fast which stores have turnover and which stores haven't gotten a new record in six months. I am the first to admit that looking at the same cruddy records week after week gets old fast—especially when there are *a lot* of records to go through. I put my time in where it seems worthwhile. I will also say that I've pulled totally inexplicable, mind-blowing records out of what seems like the exact same pile of thrift store records that was sitting there two months ago. This is what keeps me going through the same 1000 MANTOVANI and ANDY WILLIAMS records week after week.

Which brings me to this month. I was having the very same dilemma I have at every thrift store: Should I keep going through this dreck? I recognized pretty much every record in the first five or six bins from my last visit. Total waste of time! I literally thought to myself "Time to leave, my twenty minutes would be better spent getting a sandwich." I paused for a moment, grabbed the car keys in my pocket and almost walked out the door. But I was past the halfway point. There weren't *that* many more records. I pressed on through six more stacks of OAK RIDGE BOYS and show tunes.

And what do you know? There, halfway through the very last bin, a homeless man brandishing an American flag peered up at me through some loose shrink-wrap. There's a memorable LP cover if there ever was one: THE LEWD *American Wino* LP (Sanoblast). Still sealed in original shrink-wrap! Yoink! And things were back to normal in a flash, as the FIRESTONE CHRISTMAS and LAWRENCE WELK albums filled-out the rest of the bin.

How can you explain something like that? One Amazing Record appears seemingly out of nowhere amongst the exact same crapola that's been collecting dust for months. Did it come in with a big collection that I missed? Did some person drop off one awesome record? We will never know. Who even cares? I got a Sealed LEWD LP for 99 cents!

Y'all know THE LEWD by now, right? Early Seattle punks had the infamous *Kill Yourself* 7" EP before they moved down to San Francisco to record their *American Wino* LP, and also appeared on the Subterranean Sampler *SF Underground 2* 7" with their hit "Mobile Home." I've always preferred the LP to the one-time megabucks 7" EP, especially for the A-side Studio tracks, and OLGA DE VOLGA provides one of the best ever US Girl Punk Anthems "Magnetic Heart," which she later recorded with her group VS. (VERSUS). Blog it brah.

Actually, I found another amazing record at a thrift store in January under similar "What the hell is this doing in here" circumstances. This was a UK synth/new wave compilation called *SUBTLE HINTS* from 1983 on the Sane label. Y'all might not care for the synth comp (tho it's one of the better UK DIY new wave comps), but you'd definitely like one of the other releases on the label. Sane Records was totally awesome. Somehow people were sending them tons of demo tapes back in the early '80s, and they decided to put out a series of compilation LPs with some of the better and more interesting tracks. So I think there are two new wave comps (I forgot what the other one is), a good New Wave of British Heavy Metal (NWOBHM) comp, but the real cracker is the '84 UK Street Punk Killer *ON THE STREETS* with a super early OI POLLOI track, and total killers CRIMINAL JUSTICE and DEVOID. It took me a few years to finally nab a copy, but they're still out there, and it's still relatively cheap when you do find it.

So the other mindblower for the month was at a garage sale just this past weekend. It was actually the sixth garage sale we hit on Saturday, pretty late, around 2 p.m. It was one of those sales where they have tons of blankets on pavement and everything is strewn all over the place and looks like absolute trash. Most of it basically was trash, but there were some '70s rock mags here and there. Off to the side there was a small cardboard box sitting on a table. There looked to be papers in it. I thought maybe it was 45s, but the box wasn't square, and things like this *always* turn out to be a box of greeting cards or promo CDs or random pamphlets. But I had to check.

Turns out there were 7" singles in sleeves. I could tell from the few sticking up that it was new wave gear like Elvis Costello, etc. I rifled through with the quickness and started amassing a small pile. Both MISSION OF BURMA singles, the rest of the early Boston Ace of Hearts Records discography, 100 FLOWERS, GARY VALENTINE (Powerpop), SUBURBAN LAWNS... My heart skipped a beat when I spotted a white label KAOS *Alcoholiday* 7" EP. The other shocker was BLACK FLAG's double-sided *TV PARTY* 7" promo. In all, I ended up with 35 singles, and as we made our way to pay for the goods, I scanned the driveway one last time. I found an old DEVO badge, and then the icing on the cake: a huge SEX PISTOLS *Never Mind the Bollocks* poster. Not bad for twenty bucks! I wonder what I missed at 8 a.m.?!

And since it came up, I want to give props to one of my all-time faves, the KAOS 7" EP. Better known as the *Product of a Sick Mind* EP, it came out as a 12" and a promo 7". The 7" was supposedly limited to 200 copies. A fraction of those came with a cool xerox picture sleeve. I wouldn't pay too much for an "original" sleeve, unless it comes from a trusted source. Luckily, Bacchus Archives also re-issued it back in 2000, so you can get it cheap. Anyway, this has that quintessential Late-'70s LA Punk Rock-n-Roll Guitar Sound that melts my ears. All three songs are total classics, yet it never seems to get the recognition of their counterparts on Dangerhouse and Slash. Both KAOS and the first FLESH EATERS *Disintegration Nation* 7" EP are way slept on. It's a miracle that you can still sometimes find the White Label Original FLESH EATERS 7" for under $100.

Blah. That's enough for this month. Oh. Unlike last month, I promise you everything in this month's column is 100 percent true. Hugs for now!

You can't blame Dick Cheney for being annoyed at Barack Obama. Obama is closing Guantánamo. He's ordering the CIA to interrogate prisoners according to the rules written in the Army Field Manual, which doesn't allow torture. He's even phasing out such classic *Bushian* phrases as "enemy combatant" and "war on terror."

But the dark prince of neo-conservatism should calm down. Obama's inaugural address may have promised to "reject as false the choice between our safety and our ideals," but—in all the ways that matter—he's keeping Bush's policies in place.

Closing Gitmo, reported *The New York Times*, was merely "a move that seemed intended to symbolically separate the new administration from Bush detention policies. But in a much anticipated court filing, the Justice Department argued that the president has the authority to detain terrorism suspects there without criminal charges, much as the Bush administration had asserted. It provided a broad definition of those who can be held, which was not significantly different from the one used by the Bush administration."

What will happen to the 241 POWs still at Gitmo? They won't be called "enemy combatants" anymore, but most won't be going home. "The filing signaled that, as long as Guantánamo remains open, the new Administration will aggressively defend its ability to hold some detainees there," wrote the *Times*. Where will they go after that?

Welcome to Gitmo II—courtesy of Barack Obama.

Bagram—the US air base in Afghanistan where Bush imprisoned 600 people without charges—is being doubled in size in order to accommodate 200-plus detainees from Gitmo as well as future POWs from Obama's expanded war against Afghanistan. US military personnel have tortured countless victims there, some to death, in the camp's notorious "salt pit." "Even children have not been spared," according to Amnesty International.

Unless you count indefinite detention without due process as torture, Obama says his detainees won't be tortured. Mostly. Probably. Maybe. *The Washington Post* quotes an Administration insider as saying that the CIA will enjoy "more leeway" than the Army Field Manual allows, to "take into account the differences between battlefield interrogations and those aimed at eliciting intelligence about terrorist groups and their plans."

Extraordinary renditions, the *Times* reports in a different article, will continue under Obama. "In little-noticed confirmation testimony recently," said the paper, "Obama nominees endorsed continuing the CIA's program of transferring prisoners to other countries without legal rights, and indefinitely detaining terrorism suspects without trials even if they were arrested far from a war zone."

During the 2008 campaign, Obama's critics accused him of saying nothing, albeit beautifully. Now that we've gotten to know him a bit, it's time to refine that assessment: He's just a weasel—an eloquent weasel, but a weasel.

On March 9, Obama ordered federal agencies to suspend Bush's infamous "signing statements," sneaky documents issued after the signing of a bill that said the very same bill shouldn't be enforced. Signing statements, says the American Bar Association, use one-man dictatorial rule to negate the peoples' will as expressed by Congress, and are thus "contrary to the rule of law and our constitutional separation of powers."

"Yet two days later—literally—Obama signed a $410 billion spending bill and appended to it a signing statement claiming that he had the Constitutional authority to ignore several of its oversight provisions," wrote Glenn Greenwald of *Slate* magazine.

Greenwald regrets having to quote the vile Rich Lowry of the right-wing *National Review* magazine. So do I. But even the right is right sometimes:

"Barack Obama has perfected a three-step maneuver that could never even be attempted by a politician lacking his rhetorical skill or cool cynicism. First: Denounce your presidential predecessor for a given policy, energizing your party's base and capitalizing on his abiding unpopularity. Second: Pretend to have reversed that policy upon taking office with a symbolic act or high-profile statement. Third: Adopt a version of that same policy, knowing that it's the only way to govern responsibly or believing that doing otherwise is too difficult."

Unlike the word-count limit of this column, Obama's perfidy knows no limits. He's already become more dangerous to democracy and basic human rights than George W. Bush. Unlike Bush, he has no political opposition. Cheney may nitpick, but most Republicans are happy to see Bush's policies remain in place. Meanwhile, liberals remain loyal, silent, and tacitly pro-torture.

Welcome to Basement Screams vol. 2

This month, I defer to an expert in lo fi / shoestring-budget-style recordings—Don Zientara of Inner Ear studios. The fact that he was able to engineer great recordings by bands like the SLICKEE BOYS, BAD BRAINS, MINOR THREAT, et al. is basically the proof of concept for this whole column, because he often did so within very limited means, but with an excess of enthusiasm and ingenuity. I mean let's face it: MINOR THREAT's *Filler* is a better sounding record than GERMS' *GI*, whichever band/songs you prefer. One was produced on a 4-track with mics from Radio Shack, the other was produced by a B-list Rock Star[1] in a fancy Hollywood studio.

Originally, I e-mailed questions to Don, but he asked me to call him instead. Our conversation was pretty long so I've tried to trim it to the stuff most applicable to this column. A *huge* thanks to Don for taking the time out of his day to chat and recollect, and of course for engineering many of my all-time favorite records.

Thanks for reading, and remember: Most of your favorite records already sound this fucked.

CC: I guess If you just want to start with some background, how did you get into recording music, and ultimately the early punk bands from Washington DC?

DZ: I really started recording about ten or eleven. I got an old tape recorder, an old Webcore tape recorder, and it just fascinated me with the innards and everything like that. I had sort of taken guitar lessons at the time, and I wanted an electric guitar, and I eventually got a really cheap Kent electric guitar. I needed an amplifier for it, and I couldn't afford an amplifier, so I had friends who were electronic wizzes and they said, *Hey, you can use your tape recorder and use the amplifier in that for a guitar amp.*

They hooked it up and everything and it just amazed me how these guys with a soldering gun and some wire could just do amazing stuff in there. The early tape recorders had the microphones attached to a cord, and the cord was permanently attached into the tape recorder, there was no plugging it in. They said, *You know, we could make it so you can put a quarter-inch jack on this thing so you could take the microphone off.* This was like earth shattering to me—that you could do all of these things instead of buying something and using it the way it is. From there I recorded some music and things, some of my own, some of bands and things like that, but we're talking high school bands.

CC: What kind of music were you playing in high school?

DZ: Rock 'n' roll. Just pure rock 'n' roll. This was the '60s, so you know, BEATLES, Mercy Beat stuff, ZOMBIES, THE TROGGS, everything, you know? THE KINGSMEN, you know, you can't get any easier than that…

So anyway, I did that, and through high school and college I always had a tape recorder around one way or another—but we're talking about mono tape recorders and nothing too grand at all. I came here to DC and I was in a band here. I don't know if you're a musician yourself, but going in and out of bands is sort of like eating and drinking.

I was in a band at the time here and we needed to make a demo tape. I think I had a tape recorder but really not much more, so we used our PA for sort of a mixer, and

we needed another mixer for some of the instruments, so I bought one of these simple Shure mixers that just had volume controls on the thing and some cables and I forget what else. So after we made the demo tape I had all this stuff, and so I said to some friends of mine who were also in other bands, *Hey, if you ever need a tape or something I'll tape you.* This would be about '73/'74/'75.

[Talk moves to recording demos of ex-bandmates]

...It was recorded at AU Tavern here, and the band itself, I think was THE LOOK. So I recorded them and they were playing with another band of course, which happened to be THE SLICKEE BOYS. So Kim Kane came up and said, *Since you've got your tape recorder here, can you record us?* We're talking a stereo tape recorder at the time. I moved up from mono to stereo, which was everything on one channel and then the vocals on another channel. That was on a quarter-inch reel, seven-and-a-half *ips*. I think I had upgraded to two Shure mixers by that point. No tone controls yet—none whatsoever—and no pads on the preamps or anything like that. No lo-cut, no nothing. The SLICKEE BOYS really liked how it came out, and one of their supporters at the time was Skip Groff, of Yesterday and Today Records, who was quite forward-looking here in the music world of Washington. He was in touch a little bit with what was happening in the punk scene as it was starting here, so he suggested doing another recording with the SLICKEE BOYS. He was also in contact with the BAD BRAINS, who he sent over, and he and Martin[ii] Kane produced one thing, and then the BAD BRAINS came over and produced another thing, and that one was the *Black Dots* sessions.

[Talk turns to recording setups for early punk sessions]

Skip Groff was in touch with a lot of these people. Henry Rollins and Ian MacKaye were working at his store—lots of people worked at his store—so they came over and we did the TEEN IDLES, SOA, and MINOR THREAT, and it just snowballed from there into doing a lot of punk stuff. Eventually I got a 4-track—I think before I started the MINOR THREAT thing I had a 4-track. It's kind of hazy in terms of like tracks and stuff because the track count didn't necessarily increase the quality of output. I thought some of the stuff I did on stereo and 4-track was better than some of the stuff done on 8-track and 16-track, quite frankly.

Anyway, it all just went on from there. By that time with the 4-track I started building mixers myself, once again because I was involved with a lot of these eggheads who knew electronic stuff, in my youth. They taught me a lot of stuff: how to solder and put stuff together, read circuits and things like that.

I built a small 4-channel mixer. It was very hard getting mixers at the time. The home market for recording was non-existent. I think Teac made a 4-channel mixer and it was really rudimentary. Each channel had maybe a bass cut and a treble cut. There were no tone controls and effects sends were non-existent. You either had to go up and get the full-blown professional stuff, which was expensive, or else you had nothing, and you had to build it yourself.

[Talk of how the bands were configured during the recordings]

Most of the things were done with live recordings, and vocals usually done afterward, but some were done with vocals at the same time. Ian doing one of the MINOR THREAT vocals, he was standing out by the washer and dryer while they were playing. It was a matter of just getting the energy. If he had done it afterward he might not have had that same energy. When we did the BAD BRAINS stuff we had HR in the backyard just to isolate him, but he was literally on the grass bouncing around. We just strung together mic cables and headphone cables and had him sing out there.

Things were kept on a very, very, very tight budget, and a lot of times you could hear it in some of the recordings. Like I said, those Shure microphone mixers that I used for a long time, I had no pads on them and sometimes you would get overload, but you had no way of dealing with it. So what I would do, I would let it overload. The only way to pad it down was to pull the mic farther away, so you get these recordings with this tremendously pushy, brass sound, which just coincidently happened to match the music that was going on at the time. I mean this is pure serendipity.

You know, if I were doing California Rock, this wouldn't go over at all, they'd say, *Hey, this is distortion, what the heck are you doing here?* But with punk, it worked. Eventually I just built up more and more, I got the place here where I'm at, and you know more and more equipment, and more and more wires, better stuff.

[Talk moves to what sort of mics were used during early Inner Ear recordings]

DZ: I'll tell you, right up until about 1989, it was... The budgets for these records, a Shure SM 57 or SM 58 would have been a high-priced mic. I had Radio Shack mics that I would re-tool to have them balanced and have XLR connectors on them. Some were just totally no-name type things. I can't remember what kind of mics I was using for toms or snare at the time, but if I had 'em, I'd use 'em. They might have done a lot of things terribly, but they usually did one or two things pretty well. So I would match them to whatever they did well. If they had a strength, I would match them to it. I don't think I ever had a condenser mic until 1989. I still have them now, they're Neumann KM-84's. I think they were $300 a piece, and that was like, several record budgets. We were recording in the same mentality that the people were playing, and you just didn't spend lots of money.

I think it teaches you to use the strengths of each piece of equipment, which may take a while, but you can find... I'm looking at a setup right now in my office that's an old Tascam 4-track, and under it there's a DBX-163, which is one of those one-knob compressors that you can get for maybe $40 on eBay. Under that is a mixer that has five transformer balanced class-A pre-amps: a beautiful mixer that I had to rewire so it had individual outputs on it. The gain circuitry in there is fantastic. I got it at Goodwill for $25. The amplifier I'm using I got from a thrift store. I think it was about $20. The speakers I found in the trash, and matched them with some decent tweeters.

If you look around and keep your eyes open... You do have to read a little bit and know what's good and know what's bad, and how it will work. But it's not terribly difficult. You can save immense amounts of money.

[Talk turns to Don's frequent use of chorus pedals for recording guitars]

CC: "Did you use a chorus effect on a lot of the guitars you recorded, or was that the band's choice... some kind of local trend?"

DZ: No, that was me. I had an MXR stereo chorus—this yellow box—and I really loved the way it sounded. When MINOR THREAT started to record, they were not big into chorus at all, but what you could do was take a guitar and make it stereo, because it had the stereo output—and eventually they came around, because it really sounds pretty nice on some of the stuff. We used it on a bunch of other bands too, and I really liked it.

[1]Hopefully Joan Jett does not read *MRR*, because I have had a crush on her most of my life.

[2]Kim Kane.

So, there I am, in the warm tropical Florida weather, which is causing my testicles to Super Glue themselves to my fruit-of-the-loom briefs, when she pops the question.

"Mfffffmmm my pussmmmfffffm?" she mumbles.

I remove my penis from her mouth, which is poking through the zipper of the ladies stretch jeans I'd purchased on 14th Street, and ask her what she said, this time without her mouth full.

"Mfffffmm my pussmmmmmfffffffm?" she asks again.

I'm about to ask her yet again what she was saying, but them remembered The Dead Boys album, *Young, Loud, And Snotty* is blaring through the Archer stereo system of my Datsun 610 Station Wagon, "I Need Lunch" blasting away.

I reach over She-Who-Can-Not-Be-Named's beautiful brown hair and turn the fucking thing off.

"Munch my pussy, man," she says, as I can now hear her with her throat clear, and the Dead Boys, mute.

I'm stunned.

Here I am, with this beautiful woman in my newly purchased Datsun 610 Station Wagon, with only 150,000 miles on it, and this rocker chick, who has her own band and everything, wants me to perform oral sex on her.

I'm in heaven.

Finally, my new car was going to get broken in.

The seats would get that wet vagina smell I could place my large nose against anytime I felt lonely, horny, and traveling down I-95, where driving to the beat made time pass oh so quickly.

So I lift her sun-flowered dress, and quickly try to remove her brown furry underwear.

"Ouch," She-Who-Can-Not-Be-Named snaps at me.

With a small fist full of pubic hair, I tell She-Who-Can-Not-Be-Named I am sorry, and that I didn't realize she was naked beneath her dress, well, except for *that*.

She kind of giggles and forces my head ever so gently with her left hand down to her vagina.

It was seconds later when I threw up.

On her.

But let me back up a bit.

***

The University Of Floriduh both rocked for me, and also sucked harder than a Persian with a vacuum cleaner on a post-9/11 rug he is trying to clean for re-sale.

While I was barely keeping a "D" average, I was getting all the carnal knowledge I needed (or could handle), plus I was in the process of learning just how much alcohol my liver could stand before becoming toxic.

It was a charming, beautiful and innocent time in my life.

I was also the guitar player and lead songwriter in the state's only hardcore punk rock band, Roach Motel.

We played many venues, released various recordings on records, and our fans numbered in the tens. Plus, we did sort of have a Canine following: My bass player, Eric, liked to call them "our groupies."

I did too, until they'd piss on our legs at rehearsals.

"Bob," I'd yell at my lead singer, "your fucking dogs pissed on my jeans again."

Bob, who was a fierce diabetic, would stop drinking his Diet Pepsi and eating a candy bar to tell me that if perhaps I'd move around more, his dog wouldn't mistake me for a tree.

"But they piss on Eric, too," I'd explain, regarding my slug-like behavior from the excessive southern heat.

"Yeah, but he likes it," Bob would say, smiling.

Eric would just stand there with this stupid grin on his face and always mumble something about "bitches."

Whatever.

***

Anyway, one day we are asked to open for this hippie band with this chick lead singer. I think. Or we may are just there for the free beer.

No matter.

The point was, She-Who-Can-Not-Be-Named was the lead singer, and years later she'd become really famous and end up talking to David Letterman and everything.

And I keep thinking, "If only those poor guest seats knew…"

***

So, She-Who-Can-Not-Be-Named and I are talking between sets, and the next thing you know I'm making out with this beautiful brunette. And I mean beautiful: silky brown hair, skin as soft as a baby's, and a mouth with a full set of teeth—something very rare in Northern and Mid-Florida.

Anyway, as I'm squeezing her ripe melons behind her van, she tells me to stop playing with the fruit she'd purchased for her band at Pic 'n Save, and to pay some attention to her.

The next thing I know, we are in my new used Datsun and she's giving me a blow job.

Well, sort of.

She keeps sliding her head up and down the shaft of my finely cut Jewish Gem, but she won't use her hands to keep the rhythm going. I think about asking her why, but then remember that if She-Who-Can-Not-Be-Named does this to me, she's got to do it to her husband, and he wasn't complaining, so why should I?

Finally, she's squirming in her seat and asks if I'll go down on her. This is after I have to tell her not to talk with her mouth full.

And that's when *it* happened.

***

After realizing that her pubic hair was not some sort of new shaggy chick underwear, I realize that although her band may be "new wave," this girl is straight outta the commune.

Yo Berkeley.

But that didn't matter—I was about to break in my new used car with a new used lead singer.

As I throw the clump of pubic hair out the driver's side window of my Datusun 610 Station Wagon, as not to mess up my green shag carpeting, I make my way down to her pulsating womanhood with the help of her left hand upon my head.

But very soon I realize there is trouble in paradise.

When my nose gets about three inches from her vagina, *that* smell begins.

You know, the one you notice on overly hot days in New York City when the garbage men are on strike? Or the one your dumpster diving pals develop after visiting the bin behind Red Lobster when it's over a hundred degrees out?

Or that smell of your dog's breath after he eats his own poop?

That smell.

***

Suddenly, while still being forced down by She-Who-Can-Not-Be-Named, I find my arms flailing wildly. I try to take deep breaths, but that just makes me sicker. So I decide maybe *it is* just a smell, and that her vagina tastes like wine and roses.

As my tongue makes contact with what can only be described rotting Brillo, I feel little hard things begin to fill my mouth as I graze. It feels like sand.

But being the trooper I am, I search through all of the wild bush to find Charlie, who must be hiding in there somewhere. While managing *not* to breathe, I finally find

that wet crevice, and my tongue slides its way to that glorious opening where I'm hoping the roses aren't dead, and the wine isn't Thunderbird.

But when my tongue finds something that feels like a hard-shelled crustacean, and I feel it crawl from the back of my tongue to the inside of my right cheek, I do manage to hurl into the hippie's black hole.

"Oh my God," screams She-Who-Can-Not-Be-Named, as I bathe her vagina with used nachos and beer, "What the fuck are you doing?"

I try to tell her I don't feel so well, but end up puking even more into her lap.

As I do so, I notice her legs are held tightly together, so the vomit is pooling up in her lap.

Thinking quickly, like my superheroes Batman, Superman and Spiderman would do, I leap out the driver's side door in one motion and jump over my car to the passenger side, and in another move pull She-Who-Can-Not-Be-Named out of my car to safety.

Safety for my car.

While jumping over my car, of course I catch my penis on the car's antenna and rip open some skin, but that's *nothing* compared to what could have happened.

Vomit and pussy stained bucket seats.

The car would have been quarantined and eventually put to death.

And I just saved its life.

***

A few months later, She-Who-Can-Not-Be-Named and her band show back up in town and I go to their gig. While she sings from the stage, She-Who-Can-Not-Be-Named also glares at me.

After her fine set, I find myself alone with her in the women's room, where I'd followed her, planning to apologize.

"You can't come in here," she yells at me with one of the meanest voices I've ever heard.

"You're telling me," I mumble, and with that, make my way out of her life forever.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

myspace.com/helpgeorgetabb

I saw in the last issue there were a bunch of top tens, but no one asked me—so here are my top *four* albums put out in the last year or so: Whole Hog's *Debt To Rock N Roll*, Potatoe Famine's *Old Young & Pissed*, The Rydells' *Rock N Roll Is The Answer* and Disco Assault's *Ritilin Kid*. Awesome stuff.

Rock Revolution is a cool little game for your mobile phone. It's just like *Guitar Hero*, only you push buttons in rhythm on your phone to line up the notes with the songs. When you wear those things on your ears, it sounds *big*!!! It's great to play anywhere at any time. Like when you are out somewhere and someone keeps bothering you. Actually, I think I may enjoy this game more than *Guitar Hero* because I don't need a fake guitar. My *real* guitar is a big, white, heavy Peavey that will break your head in. Playing on those fake ones just doesn't feel "manly." Punk Rock!

Elebits: The Adventures of Kai & Zero is an awesome game for the Nintendo DS. Although it looks like a kid's game, it's very involved, has lots of neat puzzles, and is more addicting than crack, or *Lock's Quest*, which I've reviewed here before. In the game, you collect these little things called "Elebits," duh, and they give you magic powers. How I wish I had some of those in real life. Like being magnetic. Or flame throwing. Or freezing people. Or flying. Or healing yourself. Sigh.

Again, *Moon* for the Nintendo DS rocks my world. Oh, and I just downloaded the new *Grand Theft Auto IV* adventure to my Xbox360. I'll let you know how it is next month, but so far, it's sick funny!

The new CD *Scandinavian Meltdown*, which comes for free with *Carbon 14 Magazine*, rules. Besides The Hellacopters, who are awesome, this disc also features Sweatmaster, The Sewergrooves, The Nomads, Dollhouse and lots of other cool bands from that Viking country. The music mostly kicks really hard ass, and the zine itself is hysterical. Check it out!

Fox just sent me a bunch of Blue-Ray discs to review. All I can say is that *Raging Bull* looks fucking awesome in Hi Def. I can't wait for the prices of those big wall screens come down so I can make my living room/bedroom/ kitchen/closet into a movie theater!

Hard drugs are stupid and will kill you. Listen to the Punk Rock and kick holes in walls. It's a lot more fun and feels better!

Before anyone complains, the above story is humor, and the male penis can smell really bad as well. Wait...male penis? That would mean that girls have a penis, too. Rednecks, too. But they call theirs a "Pickup Truck."

Zine Implosion

I missed the boat on the print issue, but I'm going to try to make up for my lateness by pulling out some examples—old and new—of the reasons I think zines should be made at all, should revel in miscellany, or be disturbed and challenged by the publisher.

I loved the zine boom of the '90s. There was so much to take in that it was a little overwhelming. Of course, many zines then, like now, were awful. No one misses the millions of *HeartattaCk* and *MRR* clones that were sub par to say the least. Similarly, no one misses the generic anarchist journals that detailed why and how a random writer's brand of anarcho-syndicalism was a real keeper.

But some publications were staggering in impact, totally unasked for and unprepared for and written by deviants who asked for trouble. Pages were littered with dangerous content that was intriguing and subversive. These zines took the longest to put down because they were incomprehensible and daring and put information or ideas in your hands and head that didn't sit well.

The other kind of zines that encouraged extensive wrinkling, were the journals of miscellany: publications that extensively catalogued and reviewed underground oddities of all kinds. Some pored over other bizarre publications, some delved into out-of-print, rare records and films, others catalogued the exploits of cults, government death squads, or supposed conspiracies—all fascinating to anyone interested in the underground.

Easily one of the best zines from the bygone era described above is *Answer Me!*, by Jim and Debbie Goad. The Goads were a couple that needed an outlet to voice their all-encompassing hatred for life and people and thankfully they had the printing press at Jim Goad's day job to use for free. The zine isn't easily described as just a hateful publication—there's a fuck of a lot of humor there too. Jim and Debbie's celebration of violence towards humans and cheerleading of controversial, hated celebrities is truly hilarious.

Issue number two begins with a nine paragraph, threat-laden editorial by Jim Goad that describes the violence that will befall anyone who pisses him off. Following that is an interview with the Church of Satan's Anton LaVey, an article on Vietnamese gangs and reviews of Mexican murder exploitation magazines. There's also a staggeringly well-researched article on 100 mass murderers and serial killers, with pictures of killers and victims, quotes from killers, and a table of icons noting how the victims died, the body count,

whether or not children were killed... all told in grimly hilarious detail by the editors.

Not willing to let racial tension or controversy cool off during the height of the PC wars, the Goads interview both the Geto Boys and the KKK's David Duke as well. And determined not to let sexism take a back seat, the couple write two separate essays: "I Hate Women" and "I Hate Men." Degenerate behavior is encouraged and pornographers are rewarded too—*Screw* magazine's Al Goldstein is interviewed alongside THE MENTORS' El Duce. Much more is compiled in issue two, including a scathing editorial by Debbie, directed at the underground community that *Answer Me!* is sold to. All hate, all ways.

Issues of *Answer Me!* were filled to the brim, extensively researched, well laid out, and released roughly annually. Each issue added more controversy and content to challenge to the reader; issue three's back cover art depicted Adolph Hitler dying while nailed to the cross, surrounded by SS guardian angels. Whatever that means, I don't know—and don't think the Goads knew—I only know that they truly hoped to piss people off (this issue also contained an interview with a NAMBLA, or, notorious, organized pedophile outfit, spokesman and a prank call to Jack Kevorkian).

Issue four upped the ante further with cover art of a black-eyed and bruised waitress serving a huge hot dog with the word "Rape" spelled out in condiments. This issue was the undoing of the zine, as the Goads finally infuriated enough people that someone finally sued them, shutting them down for good. All I know of the Goads' lives since is that Jim did a stint in jail and put out a few books, and Debbie succumbed to cancer. Bitter ends for bitter writers.

Another challenging zine, the likes of which are simply no longer around, is Sam McPheeters' *Error*. *Error* contains some usual zine features, like interviews with some of McPheeters' cohorts from Kill Rock Stars and AMPS FOR CHRIST, but other interviews push the limits, particularly the piece on the legally troubled prank/performance artist Chris Burden. McPheeters' record reviews are annoying in the best way, avoiding much direct comment on the artist or music, only vaguely referencing the feeling it conveys in bizarre personal anecdotes. A personal favorite is this jibe at a particular band's aesthetic: "...it's a pretty bald life the listener has been made privy to, maybe the interior landscape of a Lady Foot Locker manager..." Records are reviewed in clumps as Sam finds ways to reference them in the unraveling stories or diatribes.

Book reviews are treated with no less satire, but more specification as Sam chooses some disturbing subject matter, one of the most curious being *The Turner Diaries*, something akin to the white power movement's *1984*, but with a happy ending (not for me and you, but for the white and stupid). Other books reviewed include an account written by Jeffrey Dahmer's father and yet another on the nauseating subject of female castration.

Contributions to *Error* were always excellent. The UNWOUND tour diary is as entertaining as Iggy Scam's (of *Scam* zine) article on hitching to California. *Error*'s success lies ultimately in Sam's hilarious writing, beautiful artwork, and pain in the fucking ass attitude that's evidenced completely by the huge, bulky size of the zine itself.

Both of the above zines are still floating around out there, even though they were published in the mid-'90s. Track them down for thrills and entertainment. For more modern tastes, the following zines backhand the internet generation by being stubbornly tangible, subversive and miscellaneous—and all of them are created by cool kids and are zines I've actually fucking touched: *Locker Room Hard-On*, *Mix Tapers Do It Better*, *Seven Inches To Freedom*, and *The Inevitable Teenage Overdose*.

Mix Tapers and *Seven Inches to Freedom* have been talked about in this column often and the two authors being my friends makes me biased in their favor, but the idea both of these zines share is to indulge heavily in music. *Mix Tapers* pushes the shared aesthetic of music and the effect it has on the individual, while *Seven Inches To Freedom* unearths punk and hardcore treasures that deserve a second look. Any and all of us have some records and bands that we believe are criminally overlooked—*Seven Inches To Freedom* provides the place to have your case heard and it looks great. Both of these zines have a lot of enthusiasm behind them.

The Inevitable Teenage Overdose is Zack's beautiful, fucked up mess of ideas that pour out of his head. This zine is strictly art, but is also completely challenging and engrossing in a way that no standard zine can be. The characters that Zack draws are alternately hideous, sleazy, hilarious, disgusting, pitiful, wretched, deadened—and they're laid against a landscape that is bleak and unforgiving. Some drawings are interwoven with words, some not, and others still have enduringly unsettling manifestos said in-character as a backdrop: those portrayed come off pathetic and easy to hate, but the portraits are fucking chilling in their accuracy. Zack has a great ability to pointedly identify the most culturally disgusting people on earth in all of their glory. This, in my mind, ranks among the best art counterculture has produced to date. Bother Zack to do more of these and his other zine, *Locker Room Hard-On*.

On a last, personal note, I hope the pendulum swings back and we experience another explosion of underground publications, and that the newer zines described above are just the beginning. The internet can only take you so far. It's worth the sweat and paper cuts. Get to work.

ENDNOTES:

1. *The Inevitable Teenage Overdose* and *Locker Room Hard-On* available from Zack: randomfit1982@yahoo.com. *Seven Inches To Freedom* available from Joe: hiszeroisgone@yahoo.com and *Mix Tapers* available from Karen: recycled_youth@hotmail.com.

I have a zine available, about horror/exploitation movies, called *Your Day Will Come*. You can get one from me: John Fahy / 15011 Lakeside View Drive / Apt. 2402 / Fort Myers, FL / 33919, or: fahy_john@hotmail.com.

Zines are kind of a pain in the ass and pretty thankless —especially in the financial department—so if you order from the people above, make sure you throw in a buck or two.

2. WE NEED TO TALK 7"s, DIVISIONS tapes, bootleg DVD-r's, and DIVISIONS 7"s available from me, five bucks ppd. See above contact info; www.humancrushrecordings.blogspot.com for music files and worship.

3. Currently playing: COLLAPSE 7", IRON LUNG/HATRED SURGE EP, WITCHY POO EP, *My War*, GOB splits and 7"s, WIPERS - *Youth Of America*, WALLS LP, TOWEL anthology, WORST CASE SCENARIO discography, STATIONS LP.

4. Reading Naomi Klein's *The Shock Doctrine*: a fucking devastating, infuriating book. See your future, written by tyrants, venture capitalists and torture enthusiasts.

ALL FOREIGN JUNK

The Straightjacket Nation tour of Southeast Asia—Indonesia, Malaysia and Singapore—was insane. I'll write a report in

Distort fanzine. This issue, I'd like to cover some of the stuff I was given to review in my column while I was there. Next issue I'll cover the rest, as the plane just landed and I'm writing this on zero sleep and zero time. Thanks to everyone who helped out with the tour, particularly to Talib. We had a killer time, and would strongly recommend to any hardcore / punk bands to tour there. It is one of the few areas on Earth where I imagine punk still has a social stigma and people seem to *need* fast, angry music.

Last issue I mentioned the fanzine *Annihilation*, from Jakarta. The new issue (#6) is out, and covers much the same territory of d-beat and raw punk and features interviews with NO FUCKER, SKELETON and so forth. There's an Irish scene report, which seems somewhat significant. The intro states, "Two weeks ago I got typhus and only sleepin' in my room, so I don't do anything." I guess this is what happens when you cross an Indonesian with typhus. Best line of the issue? NO FUCKER stating, "We love Kawakami. I wear his stainless steel guitar pick around my neck to keep him always close to my heart." Hail!

From Kuala Lumpur is spastic thrash band CRIME SCENE. They were one of the best live bands we played with on the tour: one vocalist a stumbling, doped-out mess, the other a hyperactive flailing psychopath, and behind them a tight band belting out high energy thrashcore that would have been at home on a Havoc records split 7" ten years ago. Their new cassette tape suffers from the same recording difficulties most bands in Southeast Asia have, but the energy still makes it through, so it comes highly recommended if you like fast musics.

GENERAL ENEMY is a Singaporian band we did not play with, but their CD, *Mass Distruction*, ended up in the review pile, courtesy of Hasib from BLINDED HUMANITY, who basically MCed the show we played there. It's a strange take on raw punk, sounding like the recording was done in a quiet room and the volume / "raw" was added in the mixing stage. Not highly recommended unless you have a DISCHANGE tattoo. Also on Hasib's label was the Singapore *Punk Holocaust* compilation CD, featuring MINUS ('90s anarcho crust, sounds like TOTAL CHAOS demos), BLINDED HUMANITY (the same, but more like SEVERED HEAD OF STATE and Swede-styled crust), HATRED JACKALS (unexpectedly more melodic / modern hardcore, even slightly youth crew) and DISTRUST (very Profane Existence-esque scummy crust).

Unrelated to the tour is the new issue of New Zealand's *Hear Nothing See Nothing Say Nothing* (#4). The zine covers primarily anarcho punk / politics, with a couple of useless band interviews, an extensive fanzine review section, a great comic that places punk within a historic trajectory extending back through the MC5 and the opera Rites Of Spring and way back to the Greek tragedies, and a series of writings that range from insightful to tedious.

And finally, the English cunts from FASHION have belted out a great new single of sleazy, ugly hardcore music. This band features a bunch of ex-Australian scum who tried to get closer to the Queen Mother and her reptilian kin, so its got a lot more in common with the Australian hardcore of now than the Brit pigs: think MASSTRAUMA (singer featured in that band), EXTORTION, etc. Great fuckin' record!

If you play music with a bit of grit and rawness to it, or if you write a fanzine that loosely covers the same sonic territory, and you *don't* live in the US, Japan or Sweden, get in touch. My address is DANIEL STEWART: PO BOX 239 NORTH CARLTON VICTORIA 3054 AUSTRALIA. If you'd like to email me, try distorttheworld@gmail.com. All hail South East Asian punk!

Listen: I think Iggy Pop is a piece of shit—and you do too.

Now, hold your horses and hear me out before you dismiss this as some misguided attempt at controversy, because it's anything but. It's actually the most agreeable subject I've presented (and of course, I'll tell you why, and of course—as always—you'll agree). From collaborations with shit guitar virtuoso Buckethead (a dubious title to be sure), to a song with Canadian pop "punks" Sum 41 (including a video), to an album named *Naughty Little Doggy*, time has not been kind, at least credibility wise, to the Stooge. But can I blame him?

Yes. The man, drug craters in his past aside, is perfectly capable of making decisions on his own. He seems like a nice guy, and I don't exactly hate him—can't, after all he's done for me—but I like him less and less every time he strolls across my mind. He made two solid post-Stooges albums, made a couple other passable ones, kept quiet and under the radar for a while, then in 1993 tanked. Completely. He could've retired in relative obscurity, making forays into the artistic or even just taking the easy route and touring off his old fame. But he didn't—he subjected you and me and the Listening Public to years and years of aural torture, and the man committed sonic suicide somewhere between quitting cocaine and 1993.

Aside from the examples I gave previously, check out the song (and video) for the Iggy Pop and Peaches duet, and remember that before the Stooges broke up again, they would invite fat olds up with them to dance onstage—some sick parody of the sixties they claim they destroyed. Jim Osterberg once told me, years and years ago, that my pretty face is goin' to hell—well it's there, pal, and it's sniffing the floor and licking the walls and looking at you, at your disgusting sinewy muscle-frame, and it don't like it one fucking bit. Why don't you take a bit of time off, and go visit Ron Asheton for a bit, eh, you prick?

Speaking of Stooges, or at least the bad ones, Mike Watt is another oldster who went from being (relatively) OK to being true trash. Fuck that skinny prick with his white funk bass-stylings: The guy is just a low-rent Les Claypool who is at best a low-rent human being. The Minutemen sucked, but at least they existed in the realm of punk. But with D. Boon's fiery crash, Mike Watt pissed all over his grave and formed fIREHOSE with some stalker fanboy, and fuck it—I don't know the rest of his history, except he calls himself the "Man with the van with the bass in his hand"—and that's so embarrassing and old guy I could spit. He whores himself out because he can't keep a band. He can talk about D. Boon and jack off into my mouth all he wants, but he aged as well as meat in the sun.

Speaking of males and mouths, who on earth is more obnoxious than Jello Biafra? If you can think of anyone, at all, ever, touch your tongue to your teeth and send the name to my brain, because I'm at a loss. I used to think he was great, when I was 11. That change the day I got him to sign a shirt when I met him (which is when I started disliking him: I had a Misfits patch on and he told me they sucked because they beat a guy up in 1982 in San Francisco—a real pertinent fact to an 11 year old twenty years later), but after that I began to detest him.

My dad got me a spoken word album of his, and it was schlocky, boring, Michael Moore-esque and frankly, offensive. Not in the content, but in the sticky liberal condescending delivery, and I could just imagine

his pathetic pantomimes. Dead Kennedys sucked after their third album (and kind of during), and his solo efforts (outside of the Witch Trials, which I almost like, but don't quote me on it) are laughable at best. All he does is make a political "funny rhyme" and go off from there, with some disgusting backing band or another.

He got his legs broken by *Maximum Rock'n'Roll* supporters (or so he says) in 1994, and now he says (as if to prove what an out of touch piece of shit he is) "If *Holiday in Cambodia* were released today, it would be banned by Maximum Rock'n'Roll for not sounding punk." That sentiment in mind, this month in the review crate I spied a Pansy Division: featuring Jello Biafra 7", which for the purposes of this column I listened to. It's of course the worst thing I've ever heard in my life (besides Jello Biafra and the Melvins, and Jello Biafra featuring Nomeansno).

I saw him backstage at the King Khan and BBQ Show gig at Great American (I'd skipped their set in favor of drinking their beer while my pal Mike fucked his girl mere feet away, but apparently he sang "Chemical Warfare" with them, changing the words to "Chemical Werewolf"—don't ask me why), and he was dressed like a 13 year old with a Hot Topic gift certificate, wearing red-and-black striped longsleeve underneath a dumb looking Roky Erickson shirt (Roky Erickson is also another old guy who no longer has "it"—but you can read about that particular itch in my next zine *Teenage Queer*). He was spouting off about politics to no one in particular, and I told him to shut it. He looked disappointed, defeated. He also once tried to hold Zane, from Needles, hand. His wife looks like Dog the Bounty Hunter's gal. His label puts out Propaghandi. Tie him to a stake and light a goddamn fire.

Here are some short ones: Pat Smear was in Nirvana and the Foo Fighters, so he can lick a dick and die. I won't even mention him re-forming the Germs, as I assume that is some kind of sick joke with us as the butt. Guitarist from Neon Christ (and I think later B'last for a hair second) now sings for Alice in Chains, so he can be stuck with pins and fed to the fucks who dig that dirt. Johnny Rotten joined PiL (whose "Metal Box" is just a canister. Frisbee shaped though it may be, it sure didn't fly too great when I threw it out of my bedroom window) and then became an obnoxious minor celebrity in England, appearing on shows with names like *Help! I'm a Celebrity!*

Speaking of Pistols and their no-future, Steve Jones has a radio show that panders to the lowest common denominator in Los Angeles, and is on an all-English expatriate now-living-in-LA "football" team. That lard lunk can barely hit a proper note, but I guess a soccer ball is bigger than a guitar neck.

So to make the long short, fuck 'em all, it's 2009 and there are no Iggy Pops and no Johnny Rottens—but dry your eyes, pal, look at what happened. Me, I'm giving up this punk shit in half a year to go back to college, study my tukush off, and become a lawyer. Until then, see you fucks at the BAR.

The War

On her first Christmas back home from Iraq, I helped my mother roll out dough for piecrusts. She was showing me how to roll it out, nice and even, when my stepdad popped the cork off a champagne bottle. She froze like a small deer: tense, with wide terrified eyes. She dropped the pin, put her hands to her face like an embarrassed child. I put my arms up in a panic to comfort her. So quick I didn't have time to process it, she yanked me into the pantry and shut the door.

I pulled the dangling string and lit up the tiny food closet. Surrounded by oatmeal boxes and cooking oil and every kind of canned vegetable imaginable, my mother stood there crying.

She looked up at me meekly, her face flushed wet, as she asked, "Is my makeup okay?" I took a napkin from its bulk box container and patted away her smeared mascara.

"Good as new," I said, touching her cheek with my palm, starting to choke up a little myself.

"I could stand to feel this way as long as I didn't have to do it in front of everybody. It's so embarrassing," she muttered as she leaned forward into my shoulder. I held her and stroked her hair the way she used to hold me when I was I child.

"We can stay in here as long as you need to momma." My voice broke at the end and I looked around for something to distract myself with as I kept stoking her hair.

"I mean, look at all this food! We could camp in here for weeks if you wanted… Crap, we forgot to bring a can opener though. You think anyone would notice if I reached out and got one out of the drawer?"

She rumbled a little, chuckling into my shoulder. She leaned back and used her apron to wipe the last tears away. "We'd better go out there before anyone notices," she said, as she smoothed her hair.

"No one expects this to be easy for you," because no one knew what to expect at all.

***

My mother is a small woman with quick eyes and delicate wrists. Only the faintest ring of her southern accent remains in her soft voice. She likes to show her military ID to people and giggle when their mouths drop open in disbelief. I wonder with them. How did this little soft-spoken woman—who never used to raise her voice or swear—how did she end up a lieutenant colonel in the Army? How did she end up a medic in the middle of a war?

She's defensive when I ask her outright. She says, "I knew what I was getting into. I knew there was a possibility things would end up like this. I went in with my eyes open, I want you to know that." I do. I know she made a choice—that she knew there were risks—but I still can't piece together what combination of events and sentiments brought us both here.

Her fiancé and first real love died in Vietnam. She only speaks of him in her far-away voice, as if he were a dream. "He was dark and tall. I loved him and he died." She carried it with her, through two subsequent marriages as a waitress and a single mother of two boys. She struggled, scraped up enough to put herself through nursing school, met married and divorced my much older father, and found herself in her forties with three children and no security—nothing to steady herself with.

She wanted to finish college, but couldn't find a way to pay for it. She lived in a rented house she couldn't afford, and let my brothers grow a crop of weed in the garage to help make ends meet. I was 11, and I could tell my mother was falling to pieces inch by inch. Chance and need and predisposition collided when she joined the army as a nurse and an officer. She said dreamed of saving the lives of other people's loved ones so that they might be spared her pain, so that they might not have their futures ripped from them.

Now, having been through war, my mother has dreams of a burning woman that she can't put out. She wakes up sobbing, and buries her face in the soft sheets of her queen-sized bed in her king-sized track home in the middle of quiet California farmland. The woman she dreams about was a real woman: a patient burned in a

bombing, who though full of morphine, screamed for hours until she died. A woman she could not save, whose pain she could not lessen.

Sometimes she wakes up at night to her own screams. Other times she can't sleep at all because of the burning tingle that shoots up her legs and arms from her last series of anti-anthrax shots. The VA doctors think it will get a little better over time, but the neuropathy caused by the drugs will probably be with her all her life. Sometimes she'll wake up sleepwalking, looking for the rifle that was at her bedside in Iraq. She says she has this sense in her dream that if she finds it she'll feel safe again, that only then can she really sleep.

When she first came back it was hard to talk politics with her. She was quick to jump to defend the war, to insist that it would be too much if all these people were dying for nothing. When she's feeling defensive you can almost hear the war drums rise in her voice. Borrowed words and sweeping sentiments used as armor. It was too much then to even consider that everything she had witnessed had been for nothing, had been a big sprawling mistake.

When she first came back she was also prone to hilarious, angry outbursts. We were in the mall trying to find some shoes that she felt comfortable wearing after a year in boots. There was a woman ahead of us in line berating the sales clerk and pitching a fit because they didn't have the color sandals she wanted. My mother turned a bright crimson before she yelled, "What the fuck is wrong with you? Be glad they have shoes here! Fuck, some people don't even have feet!" I gently pulled her backward out of the store, as the pale, shocked faces of the customers stared at us. The offending woman said, in a very small voice, "I'll take the red ones," and I burst out laughing.

She also took to saying really grumbling old man things, like: "War is fucking hell. All these people don't know how fucked up the world really is. They get to stay here and shop and pretend nobody is dying. Fucking assholes." Sometimes I can't believe how much more alike we are now. We can relate in ways I never thought we would. We both hate war and warmongers. We both can't stand the self-entitled decadence that is life in the US. We both despair that we can't see a way out, and that these wars rage on.

She used to be so optimistic, so cheerful—full of Hallmark sayings and faith in the world. Now that most of that is gone, I miss who my mother was, but enjoy the closeness our mutual despair has brought us. It might be the only pinprick of light in all of this.

After a months and months of painful adjustment, she has come into a little bit of peace. She works for a VA hospital doing outreach to homeless vets. She says having someone to relate to helps her as much as it helps them.

She has come to believe that the wars raging in Iraq and Afghanistan are unjustified, and the people who have died, did in fact die for nothing. But this has only strengthened her conviction that she has a duty to go and help as many people as she can make it through.

She was deployed again last week, first to a base here in the states, then, back again to Iraq or Afghanistan. Back to sewing young men and women back together again. And I'm preparing to help pull her back together again when she gets home.

Lostmissing: A Public Art Project—Continued...

Remember this project? A reminder: You know when you have a friend who you think will always be there—no matter what, at least you'll have that friendship, right? Lostmissing is a public art project about the loss of that relationship, a specific relationship for me—right now it's missing. I want to express myself in public space in a way that feels personal and more meaningful than a private expression, because I want to connect to other people and other Lostmissing stories. This project is a public expression of grief in order to feel hopeful again—it's about that random poster you see and you don't know what it means but your eyes get bright all the sudden.

Lostmissing #6

I didn't even feel that fear when I went to visit my father—actually I stayed so present and that was what was incredible—even with all that long-ago violence piled around me in the same rooms where it started, even with all those current-day attempts at suffocation I was still able to stand there sobbing and it felt so amazing because surviving childhood meant learning not to feel learning to hold it all in my body learning to look through them like I was looking at a wall; there's always a wall on the other side of two eyes a wall can be a destination. But there I was, sobbing and saying things I didn't even dream I would ever want to say, maybe didn't even dream I felt and still I was saying them because I felt them in that moment and he was going to die and I wanted to say everything.

You helped me to get to that place where I could stay present, even as they all stood around yelling or disappearing or yelling and disappearing. But then with you I didn't cry, I could sense that you didn't want to allow me the space we've created and it shut me down. Not like my father where I knew what I needed. That's why I was shaking, I was holding all this grief in my body—that distance like childhood it's where I went to survive but now when I go there it's like I didn't.

Lostmissing #7

There was a time when rage felt so powerful and intimate, right after I escaped those first 18 years, maybe. Rage at the world but I didn't necessarily have control over it maybe we shared that rage it was something that connected us. When you're really young, no one notices, they just stare down at you and say enjoy your childhood, enjoy it while you can! Finally I could make people notice. But that didn't last, a few years and my anger shifted to sadness and exhaustion it's so ironic that you stopped talking to me because I said: I feel totally confident about the longevity of our relationship and our trust and intimacy, but I never feel secure. I even said: You're the most important person in my life. Even if I didn't want a most important person in my life I was trying to say what I felt anyway. I thought you'd offer something simple like, *Thanks, I want you to feel more secure. Thanks, I want you to feel more secure. Thanks, I want you to feel more secure.* It sounds simple, right?

Instead you said you were a different person, a different person reacting the same way you did when you were a disastrous alcoholic, a different person I guess I was losing in those moments maybe already losing with your different allegiances I've always had friends in so many different ways but I think you wanted to get rid of me in order not to feel guilty about changing.

Maybe it's ironic that I'm talking about your anger and how you expressed it in ways that scared me, even while I'm talking about my inability to express anger. Sixteen years is a long time, a long time to lose just like that. I want to treasure everything you gave me, even as it turns to grief—does that mean I want to treasure grief? Of course

there's much to say about the gems tears create, even when they stay inside your eyes there's that soft sheen.

Wait—I did spit in someone's face once, in that angry way. It was a cop.

Back then I used to say that cops weren't human but of course they are and that's part of the problem. But where were you during that protest? Maybe you'd moved to Philadelphia. But actually I don't remember you from any of those protests back then when protests were the most important thing to me, didn't matter I wanted to make sure that I didn't think protests should be the center of everyone's lives. Or at least I was trying.

Ten years later we were at one of the anti-war protests and something happened: You got angry, you said you'd been marching all day and I'd just gotten there and I couldn't believe it, all of those years when I tried so diligently not to make you feel guilty about not attending the protests I worked so hard to create, all of those years and here you were giving me attitude and I remember I got upset and it was a rare moment of friction between us I mean a moment when I expressed it. But what did I say? I left you there and walked home, walked home with my bag that before you were carrying but then I decided not to go home and we ended up at the same place which was that squat on Market Street and maybe you apologized I think you apologized but I'm not sure if you knew why.

But the way memory works, then we're walking up Hyde Street after something in the East Bay, maybe you're walking me home but you want to go to this party—this party where you say you're not going to drink you're not going to drink because you've had enough you just want sex and I know why I'm remembering this walk home with the aftermath of that protest, not just because it's the same walk a different night but because it's another time when I got angry, I mean I got angry and showed it. I said I know you're lying to me it's not like I'm fucking clairvoyant just tell me the fucking truth, and you tried to defend yourself because we were there with someone else and I didn't even need to hear the stories of you tumbling to the ground in liquor delirium macho get-some blackout grab-for-it I always hated you that way.

It's funny how, maybe a year or two ago we were chatting and I was trying to remember why, even back when we met and we both went out drinking, we didn't go out drinking together, and you said it was because I couldn't deal with your aggression. You said even back then, 16 or 15, 14, 13, 12 years ago, when we would run into each other at bars I would say hi and then stay away. Maybe by reminding me of that you were trying to be accountable, accountable for the distance of a decade and more, maybe that's what you were trying to do without naming it, tell me the truth but shelter your feelings. A shelter I helped to create, even though it was everything I didn't believe in.

(Lostmissing numbers 8-11 are too visual to print without the images—to see them, you can go to my blog, nobodypasses.blogspot.com, or I can send them to you.)

Lostmissing #12

One day we have a friendship of 16 years a relationship a commitment a dream a hug a conversation, and the next day it's gone. Your commitment, your dream, your hug your conversation.

Or maybe it's not gone; you just won't call me back. I want to call you, but I'm not sure whether I want to talk to you. I want to call you, just so you'll say: I don't want to talk to you. And then I can ask: How dare you talk to me like that?

Maybe one of the things that scared you was that I said you were the most important person in my life, not just that I was still angry for those five years when you lied about everything but because I told you what you meant to me. Probably what I meant to you too and maybe that made it scarier. I still wake up and think of things to say when I finally see you, I want you to know how I'm feeling or at least the anger part. Probably you know the rest.

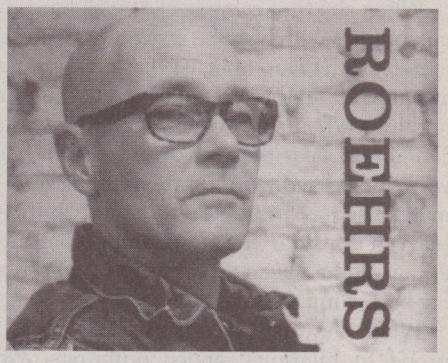
I wonder if I've let go too easily, moved all my sadness and overwhelm into this project that actually gives me hope, this project of writing to you but not to you, writing to the world and with the world and in the world and all over the world. Maybe that's what it means for me not to give up. It's like all of these gestures can hold me in the way that you won't. But I keep thinking about you.

I wonder what you're thinking now. I wonder what you would think if you read this, if that would change what you're thinking now. I wonder if this change would make a difference, a difference in the way you're thinking. I wonder if you care.

I know you care about what you're thinking. I wonder if you care too much about what you're thinking, and not enough about—okay, I might as well just say it: I wonder if you're thinking about me. If I want you to think about me. What I want you to think about me.

What you want. It always comes back there. I wonder how to get away, to get away from what you want. Maybe we need a confrontation. A confrontation you don't want. Maybe I'll call you right now. I'll call you right now and see what you're thinking.

If you want to participate in this Lostmissing project, feel free to put up these posters anywhere you desire, and send photos if you're driven—you can download all the posters via my blog, nobodypasses.blogspot.com, or I can also send you them. My latest book is a novel, *So Many Ways To Sleep Badly*, and yes I'm still sleeping badly! You can communicate with me via www.mattildabernsteinsycamore.com, which includes past *MRR* columns. Or you can write to me at 537 Jones Street, #3152, San Francisco, CA 94102.



Under Suspicion

Fuck! 2-KOMPONENTZ from the UK has continued their ten-year blitzkrieg on the senses of the hapless public. There is no stopping these insane DIY fucks. The new *Stuff It* EP contains some of the most volatile English punk released since the demise of Riot City or No Future Records. Every song is absolutely great! On side A you thrash through "Stuff It," "Punx Is Dead," and "Unprovoked Violent." Fucking brilliant! Side B is equally destructive. Your gonads are singed by "Uproar," "No Government" and "Same Old Story." Log on to 2-KOMPONENTZ web page and download 20 songs for free!

VACANT STATE has come trampling the border guards from Vancouver to Bellingham with little or no remorse! The new VACANT STATE EP is called *State Of Confusion*, and this chunk of vinyl comes out screaming a banshee wail on "Tight Grip." Fuck, that's raw! The next song "Bleak" is filled with similar chaos and young male rage! Excellent! Side B slows the mania down one small notch with "Give Up"—you might even tap your foot or sing along! We finish with the title cut "State Of Confusion," which has a mood swing arriving close to "Damaged" BLACK FLAG material. Fuck yes! This is a great record! Write to VACANT STATE for your copy of the *State Of Confusion* EP at: 638

Hawks Ave., Vancouver, BC, V6A 3J1, Canada, PH: 604-709-5697, markpalm604@hotmail.com.

BURNT CROSS has an outrageous punk-as-fuck four song EP available for you cretins! This well established English punk band with lots of releases under their belts scorches the goddamn planet with the new *What Hope Tomorrow?* EP on Tadpole Records. Both songs on side A are hard-as-nails gloom punk with lyrics that will make your ears wither. "Carcass Of Humanity" is not a "feel good" moment for you punks! "Burden Of Faith" will not make you skip down the lane to pick some flowers. The most severe hammer blow to your thin little skull comes next. Flip this brute force platter over and you get... "They Kill Dogs." This will be a song that is burned into your memory for many years! Fucking great! BURNT CROSS tidies up the dustbin with the last song "Reality Of Sacrifice." This is a very good EP! Order your BURNT CROSS *What Hope Tomorrow* EP from Tadpole Records c/o Darren, 6 Gardner St., Brighton, BN1 1UP, UK, spudutat@hotmail.com.

Fuck! WOLF BRIGADE has unleashed another relentless aural assault on you fucks! The new LP entitled *Comalive* is on the great Deranged Record label. On side A these punk/metal monsters crash through "In Adrenaline," "Ride For A Fall," the title track "Comalive," and the brilliant "Skulls Of Doom." This is fucking brutal shit! Side B eviscerates you with "Barren Dreams." You get great lyrics such as: "Climbing walls / With bleeding limbs / Keep falling down / Deep barren dreams." Holy crap! This is some dark material. The "Race Of Wrath" is a standout number! In "Web Of Lies" WOLF BRIGADE sings: "In your self made misery you revel in lies and hypocrisy / Betraying your own kind / Envy will be your demise." Very good! "Phoenix Rising" has a massive bass and guitar chug that gets you by the throat immediately! WOLF BRIGADE finishes you off with "The Die" and "Reality Lashes." Fuck! Every song on this LP kicks butt! This is a heavy punk/metal masterpiece!! Contact www.wolfbrigade.se or www.derangedrecords.com.

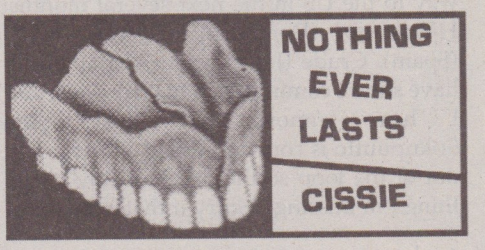
Hell yes! Australians have always known about aggressive rock 'n' roll! Skinhead/punk rock veterans AVO are back with a bang! The new LP on Even Worse/Kangaroo Records is entitled *Domestic Violence Kept The Neighbourhood Quiet*. These motherfuckers have been destroying pubs for a lot longer than most of the young sprats can remember. These crazy fucks deliver some high-octane skinhead rock 'n' roll with all the fury of men possessed by evil spirits. On side A these fucks slash through "No Compromise," "All My Friends Are Fucked," "A+ In Self Abuse," "Ice Ice Baby," "Shitlisted," "Tested Positive", and "Malignant." Fuck! These miscreants have established their terrain as one of the toughest bands that ever troubled the parents of Australian youth. AVO has disturbed the happy homes of safe little communities from Glasgow to New York City! Side B features more mean-spirited rough and tumble pub rock. We scramble through "Broken," "Crawl Like A Wreck," "Self Worth," "Steel Cap Dental Plan," "Gearheads Suck," "Set To Snap," and the grand finale "Fuck Hillsong, Shoot Meth." AVO is one of the last old-school Australian streetrock bands that can kick your ass into next week! Get this fucking record! Contact Even Worse Records or Kangaroo Records.

Fuck yes! KLASSE KRIMINALE kicks your ass! When you encounter a new LP of old material by a legendary SHARP Skin Italian band such as KLASSE KRIMINALE you always rejoice. It's time to celebrate for you skins and punks! Just as they demonstrated in Berlin in 2001 and 2009 when they opened for COCKSPARRER, KLASSE KRIMINALE is a force to be reckoned with!! The new *Riot! Are You Ready?* LP of classic songs re-recorded stomps a whole bunch of skinhead butt from start to finish. We get unhinged, fast Oi! anthems as well as slower skinhead rock sing-alongs. Side A opens with "Birra Donne & Ciminiere," and then then chugs along until we get to the title track "Riot! Are You Ready?," which has Emanuela singing the most ferocious female vocals committed to vinyl in the last decade! Every song on side A is a thoroughly stimulating skinhead rock masterpiece. You are partially satiated after side A. Wait until you hear the first song on side "AA"... KLASSE KRIMINALE crashes out of the gates with the brilliant new song "Anti Police Hooligan"—a fucking storming success! The full fisted guitars and the tight choruses push this shit way over the top!! The next song on the second side continues to hammer on you with "Mangia I Ricchi." This is great stuff! After a CLASH cover in Italian, KLASSE KRIMINALE obliterates the punks with "I Ragazzi Sono Innocenti." Great! Next you are treated to "Oi! Fatti Una Risata!" and three more. This is an excellent record! Order now from Joe Pogo Records, PO Box 281, E. Syracuse, NY 13057, www.joepogorecords.com

You lucky fucks get a fully packed compilation available right now from Zodiac Killer Records out of Wyoming! The *Drink, Fight, Fuck Volume Three* CD has 32 dirty rock and roll outfits tearing shit up! Some of the really manic examples of rock 'n' roll mayhem are offered by THE CANDY SNATCHERS with "Doin' Time" and ANTiSEEN covering the SEX PISTOL's "Belsen Was A Gas." Next you get Alan "The King" and his POLECAT BOOGIE REVIVAL cranking out "Barefoot At Lamar's" followed by HOOKED ON SOUTHERN SPEED romping through "Truckin' For Jesus." Yes sir! HELLSTOMPER fucks your shit up with "You're Gonna Kill That Girl." You also get the mighty BUZZCRUSHER playing "Scoring Dope From Bikers." This is a great song! This leads directly into a song by one of the leading lights of the southern scum rock contingent. BEFORE I HANG from Hattiesburg, Mississippi performs "Targets." Fucking great! BEFORE I HANG is national treasures! This CD is chock full of southern rock, scum rock, punk rock, and some straight ahead rock 'n' roll gems! Order this and the new BUZZCRUSHER CD from www.zodiackillerrecords.com

Good news for you skins and punks! The new 10" EP by BONECRUSHER entitled *Our Nations Burning* that we talked about last month is fucking out now! It includes the scorching title track "Our Nations Burning" and the equally stunning "Under Suspicion" on side A. This is a BONECRUSHER masterpiece—probably the best stuff they've done in years!! Side B continues the momentum with "Remember," a song about misspent youth and last but not least "Last Man Standing." This is another stellar release on unique silver and black color vinyl pressed by Pirates Press (www.piratespress.com). The stark cover art is adorned with the traditional BONECRUSHER skulls representing the troubled times that we're in. Look for a follow-up EP from BONECRUSHER soon! In the meantime get this new release now from Longshot Music: 980 Harrison St, San Francisco, CA 94107, www.myspace.com/longshotmusic

Until next month... See you fucks at the bar.



I may have falsely alarmed some folks last month with my talk of *MRR*'s financial woes. I mean, shit's not perfect around here but we have no intention of closing up shop

anytime in the near future. We just need to figure out more ways to compensate for the fact that shipping costs increase every year. For what it's worth, if it wasn't for SF's insane rent and the ridiculous hikes in shipping we'd be sailing smoothly… But to reiterate, we currently have no plans to stop production on the magazine.

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Some of you have probably already noticed that we've added several new columnists in the past few months. In just the last two issues Mark Murrmann and Chuck Barrels have been tag-teaming to cover similar terrain as the much missed "Let's Get Hurt" column, Chris Corry has been educatin' us about DIY recording techniques, and Ed Steck has offered his unique weirdness to the fold. This month, in addition to the fore-mentioned Chuck Barrels column, we have a new column by Osa Atoe of the zine *Shotgun Seamstress*, and I have good word that Justin Briggs will start writing a column about his hardcore punk obsessions with the next issue. Personally, I find it refreshing to have some new points of view in the magazine and suggest that everyone check out these new columns. They're all better than my drivel. Also, this month sees the return to the scene report section. Keep sending 'em in!

***

And on that note, I don't have much more to say this month. No raging discoveries on the music front. I've only made it out to one show, so not much to talk about with the local scene, and no one wants to read about what I ate for dinner or my favorite candy bar (peanut butter is involved, natch). So I'll keep it short and tell ya that Skitkids is coming back to the US in May (!!) and they're playing their first ever west coast dates. You'd be wise to check out their shows at Balazo and Hazmat if you live in the Bay Area, and if you don't, they're worth making a trek for—one of the best current bands, no matter what Martin S. has to say about their obsessive soloing. A bunch of other bands from distant lands are also making their way to the US in the next several months: Hjertestop (Denmark), Destino Final (Spain), Crude (Japan), and AI (Japan) all have shows coming up in the Bay Area, and I hear rumors that Kyklooppien Sukupuutto is coming in the fall!! Also, I'm out of the loop so there is probably something I'm missing…Sorry if that's the case.

***

Oh, and about that website…It's still being tweeked and perfected, but we will hopefully have it up and running by summer, dammit. It will be good, so keep checkin' in at www.maximumrocknroll.com.

Dear Diary! This month I watched underage drunk, Brace Belden, and his mutating face watching the Blank Dogs. I also got obsessed with the x_x 7"s, decided it was time to start a band, and had many conversations with different people about Women in Punk and Hardcore. In *all caps*. It's a dissertation subject! Your PHD on gender studies and chix in the pit'll write itself! Or maybe you can write about Riot Grrrl, no one has done that—hell that's just what the cultural studies field needs. Another thesis about gender 'n' punk that focuses on the first, and only all girl youth subculture, aka riot grrrl! Why start a band, or make a zine, when you can write a paper about girls that did that stuff already in the olden days?

The modern age is a tribute to the database, an epic list of things that happened, things that will never happen again, and things you missed out on because of the shitty town you were born in, the shitty year you were born in, and so forth, and so forth. What will people write papers about in the future? That awesome message board discussion about the girls of the late '70s Pittsburgh no wave scene, or maybe an analysis of the stage banter of the 50th gen. pizza-thrash-skateboard-hardcore revival? Either way I can't wait. What about the inevitable coffee table book of all the riot grrrl theses?

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Here are some bands I will be in very soon, plus several bands that I was in that were just late night long distance telephone conversations: The Teenage Tombs. The Terrible Turncoats. Douche and the Fucking Bags. Nervous Drivers. Fucking French Boyfriends. There are others. I made a list somewhere once. I am also working on a new issue of my fanzine, it's about women in music, all of our feelings and thoughts compiled in one place.

"Why is the rent always due on the same day, why is the clock always set to the wrong time, and all those other things that conspire against a good time?"

"Girls are the new boys, tag it on cop cars." How many hardcore bands are there that are all female? How many all-girl bands consider themselves to be hardcore bands, that are not considered hardcore by "the kids?"

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How come in *The Gender Revolts* Simon Reynolds asserts that the Raincoats are the only true "women's music" that came out of punk? Maybe he adds the Slits to that too. But really? What is women's music? Stuff that's ok for Michigan Women's Fest? Stuff that teenage girls actually wanna listen to? Let's get essentialist duuuuuuuude. Feel those feminine rhythms? That's those Women In Rock! The breakfast of champions. Championed by women rockers only. An exclusive number.

***

Top Ten Women in Rock
1-What Patti Smith has for breakfast
2-How Diamanda Galas feels about Henry Rollins
3-Supermodels wearing Bikini Kill t-shirts on party blogs.
4-All the lady bands that started after they watched Lizzie Borden's *Born in Flames*.
5-What We Do is Secret. SECRET!
6-That Go-Gos double live bootleg 7"
7-That discography Sharon Cheslow did of every woman in a band between '77 and '82 that exists somewhere on the internet that I cannot find now.
8-That time of the month.
9-Your little sister's street punk band
10-"Girls should rule all towns" Bikini Kill, 1991.

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Also!
Is the D-beat a feminine rhythm?
Does anyone even care?
Is Women in Rock the most redundant phrase? What is rock music at this point? Sheryl Crow? Joan Jett? A karaoke version of "Kids in America?"
Is there ever going to be a reissue of The Wrecks demo? What about Nog Watt?
Are we gonna drown in irony and the fear of looking stupid or getting ridiculed? Is that why people keep their mouths shut?

Either way, answers on a postcard.
"I Kept it in my bag / Won't let the authorities have it / Your hot rock / Radiation rock /Meteorite / Outta site!"
Huggy Bear.

Whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com
Layla at maximumrocknroll dot com

I AM ORIGINALLY FROM COLUMBUS OHIO - I GREW UP IN THE SUBURBS - I HAD AN OLDER BROTHER WHO WAS A SKATE BOARDER SO I STARTED LISTENING TO DEAD KENNEDYS, THE CURE, 7 SECONDS & LOVE & ROCKETS WHEN I WAS ABOUT 12 BUT NEVER REALLY GOT INVOLVED IN THE CULTURE - WHEN I WAS 14 OR 15 I STARTED GETTING INVOLVED IN ZINE CULTURE - IT WAS ABOUT 1990 & MY BROTHER & HIS FRIENDS STARTED PUTTING OUT A ZINE & LET ME BE PART OF IT - IT WAS CALLED "ROTTEN FRUIT" - THEY PUT OUT ABOUT 10 ISSUES WITHIN A COUPLE YEARS - IT WAS FUN BECAUSE I DIDNT HAVE TO WORK TOO HARD - I JUST CONTRIBUTED WHEN I WANTED TO - I WENT TO A FEW PUNK SHOWS WHEN I WAS ABOUT 16 OR 17 BUT IT WAS A FEW YEARS LATER THAT I STARTED GOING TO HOUSE SHOWS REGULARLY - ONCE I STARTED DATING A GUY WHO WAS BOOKING SHOWS THEN I REALLY GOT INVOLVED MYSELF IN SETTING UP SHOWS - ONE TIME MY BOYFRIEND WENT ON TOUR WITH HIS BAND & LEFT ME TO DEAL WITH THE SHOWS HE HAD SET UP SO I QUICKLY LEARNED HOW TO MAKE FLYERS & TURN ON A P.A. - THO I NEVER UNDERSTOOD MUCH MORE THAN JUST TURNING IT ON - I WAS VERY DRAWN TO THE COMMUNITY ASPECT OF THE PUNK SCENE & THE IDEA THAT ANYONE COULD BE INVOLVED - WHILE PUTTING TOGETHER SHOWS IN OHIO I MET RICHARD WHO CAME THRU WITH THE PRIMATE FREEDOM TOUR IN 1999 & I SAW HIM AGAIN SOON AFTER WITH CITIZEN FISH - HE SOLD ME SOME BOOKS & I DECIDED I REALLY LIKED HIM - WE XCHANGED ADDRESSES BUT NEVER WROTE - RIGHT BEFORE I MOVED OUT TO SF HE CAME THRU OHIO AGAIN WITH TRAGEDY & I DECIDED WE WOULD DEFINITELY BE FRIENDS - I HAD NO IDEA I WOULD FALL ALMOST INSTANTLY IN LOVE WITH HIM AS SOON AS I MOVED OUT TO S.F. - AROUND 2K1 - & THEN WE GOT MARRIED IN JULY 2K2 - SO FOR THE PAST 5 YRS WE HAVE BEEN RUNNING 1984 PRINTING IN OAKLAND WHICH HAS DEFINITELY BEEN THE GREATEST CHALLENGE OF MY LIFE SINCE I KNEW NOTHING ABOUT PRINTING BEFORE THIS - THROUGH A LOT OF TRIAL & ERROR & LONG NIGHTS I'VE LEARNED HOW TO CREATE A LOT OF REALLY EXCITING PROJECTS & ALMOST HAVE A SUCCESSFUL PRINTING BUSINESS.

AMY WATSON - 03/11/2K9 - 1984 OAKLAND CA

I DREW THIS PORTRAIT AT 1984 PRINTING IN OAKLAND WHERE I CONVINCED AMY TO TAKE A BREAK FOR A FEW MINUTES FROM WHAT SEEMS TO BE A 24 HOUR A DAY JOB - I MET AMY BACK IN 2K1 AT THE MRR HOUSE ON HER FIRST DAY IN SF & NOW HERE SHE IS RUNNING THIS AMAZING PRINTING COMPANY & MARRIED TO ANOTHER REALLY GREAT FRIEND OF MINE!! - AT 1984 THEY PRINT REALLY COOL STUFF & USE SOY BASED INKS & GREAT PAPER - CHECK THEIR WEBSITE!! - WWW.1984.COM - TO CONTACT FLY - NEW WEBSITE! - PEOPS.ORG - & NEW EMAIL ADDRESS - FLY@PEOPS.ORG - PLEASE PUT MRR IN THE SUBJECT SO I KNOW IT'S NOT SPAM - PEOP(LE)S #4 ZINE NOW AVAILABLE BUT IT IS VERY VERY LIMITED EDITION - PLEASE CHECK THE WEBSITE FOR DETAILS! - OTHER FLY ZINES AVAILABLE AT MICROCOSMPUBLISHING.COM

SWEDISH SPLATTER-GRIND LEGENDS

GENERAL SURGERY

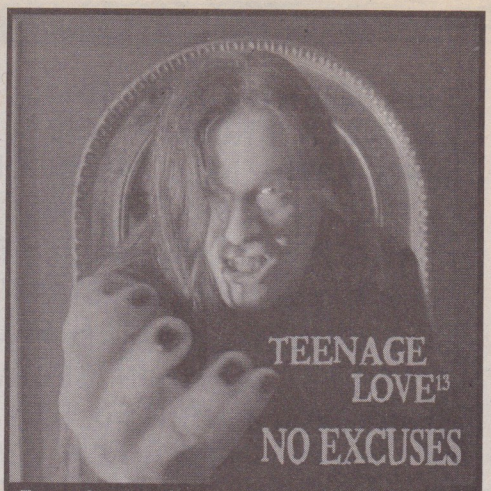
WEST COAST TOUR 2009

WITH! GHOUL

May 9th- Los Angeles Murderfest- Hollywood, CA - All Ages
May 10th- The PHiX- Phoenix, AZ - All Ages
May 11th- The Blue Lagoon- Santa Cruz, CA - 21 and up
May 12th- The DNA Lounge- San Francisco, CA- All Ages

WITH! ENGORGED / FUNEROT

May 13th- Satyricon- Portland, OR - All Ages
May 14th- Old School Pizzeria- Seattle, WA - All Ages



Every show is still one small irrational decision away from a new arrest.

- Wayne Bledsoe, Knoxville News-Sentinel

"They literally scared me the first time I saw them live. I'm pretty sure that was their intention. Rus Harper is Knoxville's answer to Iggy Pop."

- Rob Levering, The Funhouse

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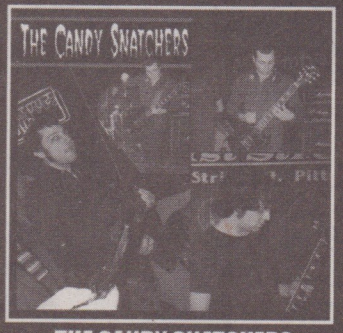

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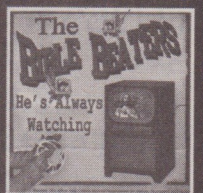

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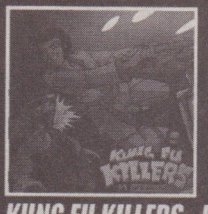

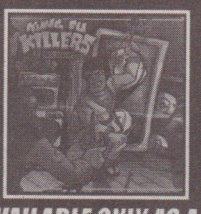

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NEWS

EL SALVADOR: VOTING IN REBEL TERRITORY

From an article by Marc Becker on upsidedownworld.org

Heading out from San Salvador to Chalatenango, the roads are covered with political propaganda from the ruling right-wing ARENA party. In the lead up to the March 15 presidential elections in this small Central American country, all of the utility posts have been painted in the party's colors of red, white, and blue. Presidential candidate Rodrigo Avila beams down from billboards with promises that he will rule with "*sabiduría*," with wisdom. Smaller banners promise a future of freedom and prosperity.

Once past the town of Chalatenango, however, the ARENA propaganda quickly disappears, replaced by the distinctive red graffiti of the leftist FMLN party and posters of their champion, journalist Mauricio Funes. By the time we arrive at Cambridge's sister city of San José de las Flores and Madison's sister city of Arcatao, not a single ARENA marker is to be seen anywhere.

We are deep in rebel territory, in the red zone of the 1980s where the Salvadoran military moved in with a brutal force, massacring local populations with the goal of subjugating and depopulating the zone. Here local farmers fought back, joining the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front to demand an end to economic exploitation and social exclusion. When the civilian refugees who had been forced out of the zone unilaterally decided to return in 1986, cities in North America joined them in sistering relations. After the 1992 peace accords, the FMLN became a legal political party but it was beaten repeatedly at the polls by the conservative and much better funded ARENA party.

Morning always comes early in the countryside, but on Sunday, March 15, it comes even earlier to Arcatao. Poll workers are to show up at 5 a.m. to begin their work, but by 4 a.m. FMLN militants are already present at the municipal building on the square in an attempt to head off any attempts at fraud. Although we are in the middle of the dry season, it rained hard the night before. The last couple of days had been hot, but rather than making the air muggy, it now felt fresh and cooler.

Polls are not supposed to open until 7 a.m., but local activists are so eager for the outcome of these historic elections that voting begins 15 minutes early. Buses and trucks roar up to the plaza and disgorge their passengers who quickly queue up to vote. Several voters are missing limbs that were blown off in the war. Memories of the conflict weight heavily on many in this area.

In El Salvador, rather than voting in schools or other public buildings, the election booths are placed outside right on the sidewalk in front of the municipal building. Every 450 voters warrant one booth. Arcatao's eligible voter population just rose above 1800, meaning that there are 5 polling stations, the last one with only 46 voters.

Each polling station has four workers (president, secretary, and two spokespeople) and four observers, with half from each party. The two observers are clearly labeled as to their party, but the poll workers are not allowed to carry party identifications, even though they are there in representation of their party. Nevertheless, most of the FMLN poll workers are wearing red. The eager president of the first table takes it to the furthest extreme; she is decked out in red down to her shoes and fingernails.

Some of the hardest core party activists, however, have absolutely no party markers. They are working with the municipal electoral board, and it is in their own best interests that the vote in Arcatao is counted accurately, fairly, and with absolutely no hint of fraud or impropriety. The election results here are a forgone conclusion. The FMLN workers are friendly and upbeat, while the ARENA activists are cold, distant, even sullen.

Table 4 has a long drawn out discussion, almost a fight, regarding whether voters have to mark their ballots in the privacy of the voting booths set up for this purpose, or whether they can mark them on the table in plain site of everyone present. The majority of FMLN voters seem content to vote openly right on the table; they had nothing to hide. Most ARENA voters, however, use the booth.

Leading up to the election there were incessant rumors that sweatshop workers would lose their jobs unless they took a cell phone picture of their ballot marked for ARENA. But here in Arcatao there are no sweatshops, and we do not see any voters taking pictures of their ballots.

The other persistent rumor is that Hondurans are crossing the border to vote for ARENA. From Arcatao, Honduras lies just on the other side of the mountains to the north. Driving into town signs warned against Hondurans trying to vote. Rumors circle around that the woman in pink over there is Honduran, but she hangs around long after casting her vote, hardly the profile of a partner in a criminal fraudulent process. The president of Table 2, an ARENA activist proudly decked out in white and blue, two of the party's tricolor, is also rumored to be a Honduran.

I ask a local resident whether they easily distinguish between Salvadoran and Hondurans, but across this porous border it is not so easy to tell. Apparently most of these alleged Hondurans are dual citizens, and in our reading of the electoral code nothing can prevent them from voting in El Salvador. To me, the anti-Honduras sentiment smacks of nativism.

Electoral observer missions are theoretically neutral, but whoever has observed of participated in such a mission is well aware of the fallacy of such assumptions. We keep our distance from local community leaders, all of whom are inevitably FMLN activists with whom we have been meeting over the course of the past two days. Our goal is to protect the integrity and legitimacy of our reporting, but I don't think the ruse fools anyone; everyone knows where our sympathies lie.

Part of our job as observers is to document irregularities in the voting process. Since this is a leftist stronghold, most of those violations are naturally the fault of local FMLN poll workers. All are so small that it hardly seems possible that they could in any way affect the election's outcome. Other violations are systemic and bear witness to one of the weakest electoral systems in Latin America. For example, the FMLN and ARENA decided on a voter-marking ink that is too light to see. Voters randomly mark any digit on their hands, even though a search of the election code states that the ink should go on the thumb.

The electoral code also stipulates that no political propaganda is supposed to be in the polling station, but outside on the plaza in one of the FMLN's most loyal strongholds, party propaganda is impossible to avoid. A FMLN flag waves over the plaza; FMLN graffiti is on the columns holding up the awning over the sidewalk; FMLN posters adorn the walls of the municipal buildings. FMLN markers are so prevalent and so ubiquitous that people seem to forget that they exist.

By 9:30, almost everyone has already voted. The polls do not close until 5 p.m., so the day slowly drags on, and the crowds that were present in the early morning slowly disperse. Only the poll workers, observers, a few straggler voters, and party diehards are left on the plaza. The sun slowly drifts across the sky. Poll workers move the voting stations into the street where they are under the shade of trees from the late afternoon sun. Someone drives a truck into the middle of the booths and blares a radio tuned to a pro-FMLN call-in talk show. No one seems to mind.

Poll workers are ready to pack up the booths long before closing time, but they hold out until the end. At exactly 5 p.m. the head of the local electoral board announces that it is time, and the workers grab everything off the table and disappear into the municipal building to count the votes. The president of each table holds up the ballots one by one for everyone to see. Votes for FMLN go into one pile, the occasional vote for ARENA into a second, and a couple spoiled ballots into a third. As a check against fraud, the president is also supposed to show the signature and stamp on the reverse side verifying the ballot's legitimacy, but at Table 4 this does not happen. It is late, and no one seems to mind.

By 7 p.m., most of the ballots in Arcatao are counted. For the municipality, the FMLN scores 849 to ARENA's 469. The almost two-to-one margin is a landslide, though probably by no means the FMLN's widest margin of victory. I hear a story that in January's legislative elections in San José de las Flores ARENA only gained three votes in one booth, one vote less than the four officials working that table for the party of the government.

It is dark outside, and some people gather in the corner cafe to watch returns on TV. But all of the media outlets in El Salvador favor the right, so most people remain out on the square where the municipality has set up an Internet video stream on a computer projector to show more sympathetic coverage. It isn't until after 10 p.m. that the electoral council declares a FMLN victory. The gathered crowd greets this news with fireworks and shouts of joy. Local political leaders give speeches embracing their victory. Poll workers who have been awake now for close to 20 hours go home exhausted but happy.

The 2009 elections are the fourth time that the FMLN contested for presidential power through the electoral process. Together with wins in January's local and legislative elections, the FMLN will be the dominant party when it takes office in June. Not only does this bring an end to 20 years of conservative ARENA rule, but it is also the first time that a leftist government has been elected in Salvadoran history.

Ten years ago, before Hugo Chávez took office in Venezuela, Cuba's was the only leftist government in the Americas. Now the left is dominant, even hegemonic, in Latin America, and hopefully the few conservative dominos will fall as well.

Marc Becker (marc@yachana.org) is a Latin American historian from Arcatao's sister city of Madison, Wisconsin. He observed the elections with U.S. El Salvador Sister Cities. More information and photographs from the elections are on his webpage at http://www.yachana.org/reports/salvador/

WARREN "SPIDER" HASTINGS – 1936-2009

by Tony Crosgrey – 02/21/09

I first met Warren Hastings sixteen years ago. I was twenty-four at the time and working for a Peterborough music publication. I had been listening to punk music since the early '80s and completely identified myself with that scene. When I was asked by the paper to head to Marmora, find Spiderland acres, and review the third annual Punkfest. I quickly jumped at the opportunity.

I was greeted at the gate by a very charismatic eccentric man in his late 50s sporting a pink Mohawk, who introduced himself to me as Spider. I remember thinking, this guy is so cool, giving up his home and property to the outcasts and street youth. He was deserving of the title "...King of Punk..." I was instantly impressed that someone of his age [he was 57 at the time] had made it his life's mission to never compromise his values. He seemed to have a special kind of energy, laugh, and a smile that stayed with you even after he was gone.

Spider's lust for life and love of music was amazing to say the least. He got into jazz at an early age, and managed to meet many legends of the era. He spent some time in the Maritimes as part of the Woodstock generation. Restless he flipped a coin, and when the Queen's head appeared he hopped on a plane and headed to England just as punk rock was rearing its ugly head. After being asked to do sound and lights for the first two Sex Pistols shows Warren Hastings was hooked on the lifestyle. He later returned to Canada to attend his mother's funeral and started holding world-renowned festivals on some land he had purchased. Thousands of bands have had the pleasure of playing his Punkfest events.

Like many I was saddened to hear that he had recently passed away at the age of 73. Left with little family and many debts, his friends from the punk community rallied together on the internet to help raise money to offset the expensive costs of a proper funeral and burial. Hundreds of punk rockers from all over Canada gathered at the Belleville Funeral Home & Chapel to say their goodbyes. Seeing leather clad punks consuming various drinks and substances in the parking lot I knew right from the beginning I would never attend another funeral like it.

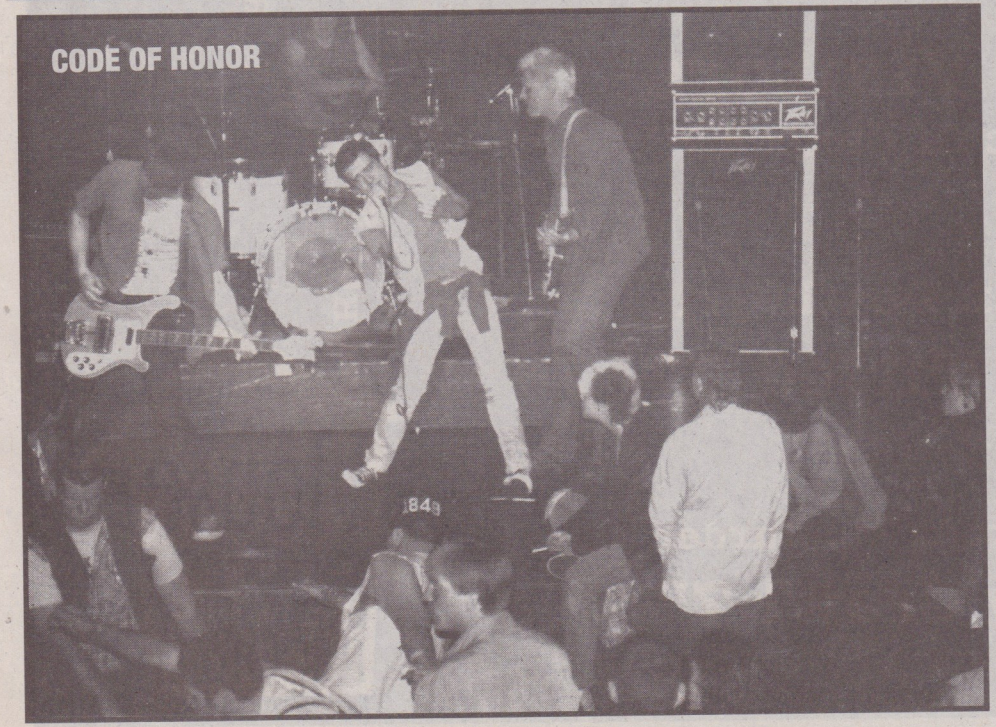
I recognized many, yet seeing them outside of the usual beer soaked bar rooms or drunken campfires was a strange and surreal feeling. Many news clippings and photos from Punkfest filled the room. Warren Hastings sported a spiked neck collar in an open casket. Both jazz and punk music played on the stereo. The minister tried hard to push his Christian agenda, yet on this day there would be no time for that. As stories were read hooting, clapping. and cheering approvals from Spider's friends made the room glow with proper goodbyes. It was truly a celebration of a great life.

Afterwards a Memorial event was held at the City Hotel, also in Belleville. The club was recently described in a local paper as having a reputation "...of a place filled with drugs, drunkards, prostitutes, and a rough crowd..." I'm sure Spider would have approved greatly. Food Not Bombs and many others supplied some great tasting foods for the large crowd, many who travelled from great distances to show their respect. Bands and punkfest regulars such as: Punch Drunk, Dirty Bird, Murder Squad, Survivors Will Be Shot Again, and many others all said their musical goodbyes in proper punk rock fashion.

The passing of Warren "Spider" Hastings has solidified the punk community in ways they have only yet to imagine. He was an inspiration and a friend to many. He will not be forgotten, any time soon...

Cheers Spider... Be Good...

R.I.P. JONATHIN CHRIST



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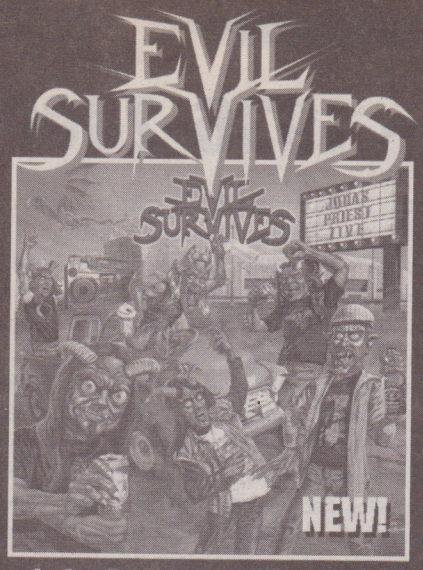

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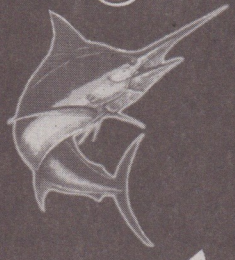

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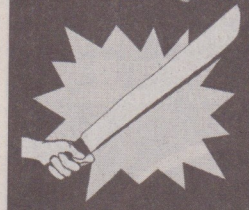
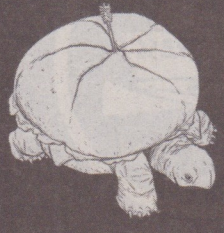


Tongan Death Grip
Self Titled 7"



Barrakuda McMurder
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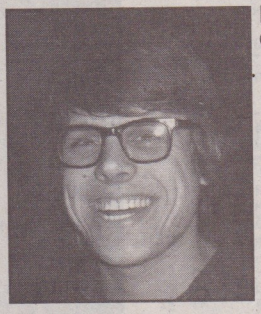
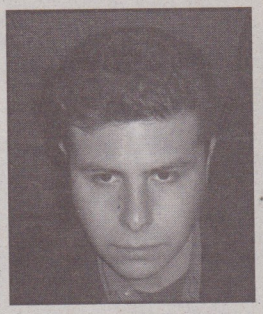
MRR asks YOU:

WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

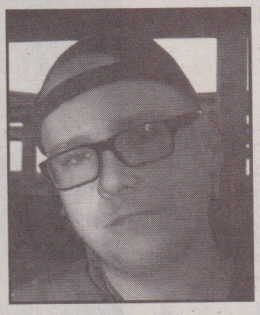
This month's question: What's the worst thing you've ever tasted? (asked at a few different shows in early March)



Ricky, 22, San Jose
Carburetor cleaner.



Zack, 23, San Francisco
A jalapeño that was in a buffet meal from the Ocean View Safeway. It stayed in my mouth for two fucking weeks.



Michael, 19, Oakland
A can of tuna that expired two years ago, I mixed it with mustard and lots of salt.

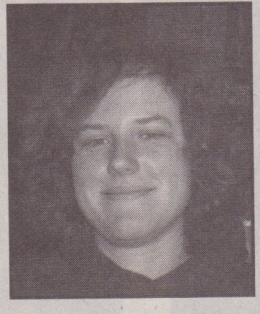
Sarah, 22, San Francisco
Plug juice. I used to have plugs when I was younger, and they just smell like shit in general, but some got in my mouth because I cleaned it it with my hands, and it just tastes like pus. I've never tasted butthole, but I imagine that's what it would taste like.

Dan, 39, San Francisco
The worst thing I have tasted in my years was actually late last year, and it was in Oakland. I picked up the wrong beer off the back of a toilet, and someohe had used half of the beercan as an ashtray.

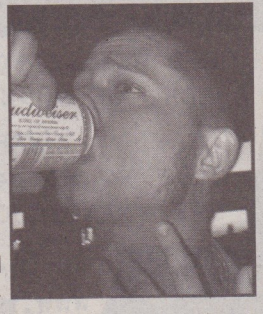
Dana, 20, Albany
I ate an ant by accident when I was a little kid. It tasted like pepper and it kinda popped in a juicy way in my mouth, it was kinda bad.

Rugrat, 19, Oakland
I had some hippie roommates once that really liked this stuff called Dorian, and it probably tastes like a combination of ice cream, onions, and vomit mixed together,

Chris, 31, Oakland
Salmon Pea Wiggle, this concoction my mom used to make, comprised of salmon, bread crumbs, peas, and Knox gelatin. It was fuckin' horrid, it was this grey, gelatinous mass.



Olivia, 27, San Francisco
I was zoning out one day, and this space dust fell on my tongue, and it tasted really bad. Like an alien's asshole.



Scotty, 22, Oakland
Seafood. I hate that shit.

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path of decay

dazd

This originally appeared in Hluboka Orba zine in 2008
Written by Alexander (Kill the Man Who Questions) and Srdjan

First off, this scene report is about bands, people and events that we know of, or are friends with and which we participate in. This is not to say that there are no other bands/shows/zines in Belgrade or throughout Serbia, we just write about the things we know most about.

The historical part of this scene report will be very brief, because it would take a whole different article just to cover it all. The first hardcore/punk bands in Belgrade in the early '80s were NECROPHILIA, SOLUNSKI FRONT, and HERPES DISTRESS (they later changed their name to DISTRESS).

That part of history was marked by lack of proper places to record, so bands didn't release their music as often. However, some of them managed to get their songs out, like DISTRESS, who participated in one compilation on ROIR tapes in the U.S. back in the early '80s. In the mid-to-late '80s local punk entrepreneur Gvido Obradovic started his DIY label No Time to Be Wasted who attempted to present local, then Yugoslav, music to the world. He released records for his band BRAINSTORM, as well as some international compilations. In the early '90s he did the *Tito Nikada Vise* compilation LP of Belgrade hardcore/punk/Oi!/crossover bands, as well as a split 12" with BRAINSTORM and Japan's BATTLE OF DISARM. One of the last things he did before completely disappearing from everything punk was releasing 7" EPs by some of the most praised bands from the early '80s: DVA MINUTA MRZNJE (legendary Oi! band from Novi Sad), SOLUNSKI FRONT and DISTRESS. However important, these records were absolute collector's items and were produced as such in cooperation with some shady collectors from these parts.

The '90s were really bad times, and although there were lots of bands, not much has been done as far as releases go (apart from those mentioned above), so we'll just mention one show because it has connections with the current scene. In September 1996, a couple of friends did three shows for Australia's BLITZ BABIES in Serbia. One of them later went to sing in VITAMIN X and the other is sitting beside me, did DREAMSTATE promotions and is now booking shows under the Kill the Man Who Questions banner. We will skip the recent years, some of that you can read about in the band/promoter information and start with...

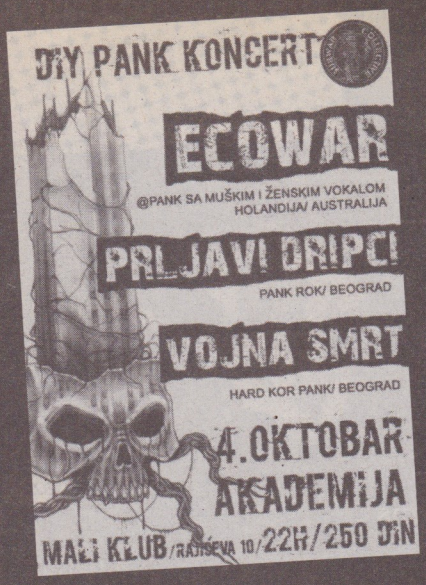
entropija

BANDS

UNISON formed under a different name back in 1994, and then changed it very quickly. During their existence there were a few line-up changes, with the last one going on to last five years. The band's music varied from each release to next and can be considered a natural musical progression to much dismay of certain musical purists. It can be described as a mixture of punk, hardcore, metal and lots of various styles that are incorporated for good measure. So far they have ten releases: one 7", two-split 7's, one 12" and one 10", as well as CD- or tape-only releases, and were also included on four compilations put out whether by the band, or by their friends. The band toured ex-Yugoslavian countries, and had a European tour in 2003 with their friends in Zagreb, Croatia, SENATA FOX, with whom they share a split 7".

As is fairly common for bands from Belgrade, all vinyl that UNISON recorded was released by labels from abroad. All the CD versions were put out by Belgrade's HaKo Bastards records, who will be releasing a new 5-song CD/EP in the near future. UNISON will also be included on a compilation of ex-*YU* hardcore/punk bands that's also done by HaKo Bastards. You can contact the band through www.myspace.com/unison011 or email go_011@hotmail.com, or use the old fashioned way by sending a letter to Srdjan Kuzmanovic/Jove Ilica 32/11000 Beograd/Serbia

LET'S GROW formed in 2001. The band went through two drummers, two bass players and changed their music in the process. The first 7" that was released by 625 sounded like a mix of fast European sXe and '80s sXe bands from the U.S. Now it's a mix of fast hardcore-punk with slower, rocking parts reminiscent of mid-period



BLACK FLAG. The band released two 7" records (on 625 and Know Records) and one LP on Thrashbastard/Refuse records, while the CDs were done either by HaKo Bastards, or in cooperation with labels such as Brand New Place and Refuse records. The LP should see its US press on Know Records, who also did the *Thrash of the Titans* Vol.2 compilation that included LET'S GROW alongside RIISTETYT, VITAMIN X, FPO, VOETSEK and others. They also participated in various compilations both in Europe and in the States. The band did a two-week Euro tour in April of 2007 and is currently working on a split LP with another Belgrade band, JAIBO!, that should be out late summer/early autumn. It should be out on various labels, including Thrashbastard and HaKo Bastards. The band will also be part of a HaKo compilation with ex-*YU* bands. Contact them through www.myspace.com/letsgrow or letsgrow@gmail.com

JAIBO! is one of the newest bands in Belgrade but is made up of people that have played in many local bands. They played their first show in summer 2007, and so far have three songs on HaKo's *Powder Keg* compilation. The band is right now recording songs for the split LP with LET'S GROW that should be out in a few months. If you like RKL, BAD BRAINS or JERRY'S KIDS chances are you would like JAIBO! as well.

www.myspace.com/jaibo666

DAZD started at the end of 2005, and during that time, in their words, gained more popularity abroad than here, strictly within the confines of the extreme underground, which is where they want to stay. Inspired by various extreme genres, DAZD is a combination of crust punk and proto-doom, with elements of tribal ritual music and *hell canto* vocals. They say their music is a reflection of these apocalyptic times, sort of a deep scream of pain and darkness, under which a spark of light burns stronger and stronger. As far as releases go, so far they have a live CD for PMK records, but they're expecting a couple of vinyl releases for various underground labels abroad. First being the split 7" with ORDER OF THE VULTURE out on Fuck Yoga (Macedonia)/Kill the Man Who Questions (Serbia)/Gasmask (Czech Republic) and Institut fur Mentale Hygiene (Germany). Next up should be a full-length 12" for the same labels excluding IFMH from Germany. So far they've played with lots of local and touring bands (BORN/DEAD, GUIDED CRADLE, KAKISTOKRACY, KURWA APARATA, AFTER THE MASSACRE, SEE YOU IN HELL, and others) and plan to continue playing more. You can contact the band through www.myspace.com/dazdthecult

PRLJAVI DRIPCI, in their own words write:

"We have been performing under this name (THE DIRTY SCUMS) since 2001, although some of the members have played together since 1995. The line-up consists of Goxy, Lestra, Shewa and Tosha. Yane and Urke also spent some time in the band, and Ivan from the band SPIT LIVER played bass at a couple of shows. All three are, as well as the guys from the current line-up, from the blocks around Centre Sava in New Belgrade, and we have all been friends since childhood. We made all albums by ourselves, with generous help from our friends, under the label 19a Records. We think of our crew as members of the group, as without them and their help THE DIRTY SCUMS wouldn't be what they are today. We support activist initiatives, self organizing, emancipation of women and minorities. We stand for solidarity and decentralization of power. We want our music scene, as a non-hierarchical movement, to develop into a stronger autonomous and non-profitable network, separated from the music industry. THE DIRTY SCUMS despise states, ethnicisms, imperialisms and similar diseases of society."

www.myspace.com/prljavidripci

HOMESICKHOME formed in October of 2005 in Belgrade. They play fast, thrashy, hardcore punk and so far they have appeared on a three-way split CD (with VASELINE CHILDREN from Croatia and MLADINA KINA from Slovenia) and on the previously mentioned *Powder Keg* compilation, all on HaKo Bastards.

www.myspace.com/homesickhome05.

PATH OF DECAY has existed for some time now, but they've been active and playing shows since only the summer of 2006. It took them a very long time to start playing live because none of the members had any previous experience and everyone was basically learning to play. Since they started to play live, they have written some new songs, and these new songs, along with some older, were recorded in the winter of 2006, for what was to be their first EP. The EP has six songs on it and was released by HaKo Bastards, the best and most active hardcore-punk label in Serbia. The songs on the EP are melodic, although not in a modern way. At that time there were a lot of melodic punk bands a la Fat Wreck in Serbia, and they definitely didn't want to be another Fat Wreck clone. They were aiming for a different and older sound, a sound that was more raw, and a little darker. That said, the songs are mostly in the vein of California's early bands, like THE ADOLESCENTS, T.S.O.L. or even early BAD RELIGION. Since then, the band has recorded a new demo with seven songs on it. Three of these songs will appear on the upcoming HaKo Bastards compilation, and another song already appeared on a benefit compilation. Band contact:

pathofdecay@gmail.com,

www.pathofdecay.com,

www.myspace.com/pathofdecay

ENTROPIJA is a relatively new band that's been playing their version of filthy low-fi grindcore/thrash/punk for a couple of years. Their influences can be traced back to the '80s and such ugly bands as OLHO SECO, WRETCHED, FEAR OF GOD, HERESY, MOB 47, UBR and DISTRESS. They should record soon their first studio material, so if you're up for a dose of filth, point your mouse to www.myspace.com/entropijabuka

ZINES

As far as zines go, that scene has almost vanished. The one we know of, and we think is really worth a mention and support, is *Last Breath*. Here's what they have to say:

"The idea for Last Breath *was born in early 2005, when two good buddies decided to start a fanzine like we didn't have over here in a while. From the very beginning our main focus was to gather and connect as many people as*

we could from all the ex-Yu countries. Most of the people working with us are familiar with the scene and include members of some well known bands and zines. The zine is printed in Serbian because our English is not so good and people here in the Balkan don't speak English very well either. Since our main goal is to connect people from the ex-Yu countries and make the zine readable to as many people as possible, printing it in Serbian does make sense since about 25 million people (from Serbia, Macedonia, Bosnia, Croatia and Slovenia.) should be able to read it. If you're interested in writing for Last breath or if you would like your band, label or zine to be reviewed in our zine please feel free to contact us. So far we have 4 issues, total of 2000 copies was printed and sold and the details about each one of them are in the blogs above."
www.myspace.com/lastbreathzine

LABELS

HaKo Bastards is a local hardcore/punk label that releases almost every active Belgrade band and then some more from ex-Yu countries and has extended its bad influence to Western Europe as well. Here's some information off their page and you can also contact them about more information: "*Ha Ko BASTARDS is a DIY hardcore-punk LABEL from Belgrade, Serbia. We started in summer of 2002, in order to help the Belgrade/ Serbian/ex-YU scene. We have 16 releases so far, from bands like Lets Grow, Unison, 36 Daggers... We also have t-shirts of our bands, and a decent distro! Check out our website for more information!*"
www.myspace.com/hakobastards

DIY PROMOTERS

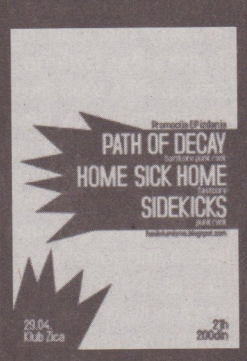
Massacre Promotions is an adventurous organization that is run by Biza, guitar player for LET'S GROW. He organizes hardcore/punk shows in Belgrade, and can also help with contacts for Macedonia, Greece, Croatia and Slovenia. So far he has done shows for FUCKED UP, CLOROX GIRLS, I OBJECT, R.A.M.B.O., ANNIHILATION TIME, VITAMIN X, and ANNIHILATION TIME. You can contact him through www.myspace.com/hardcore-massacre

Subwar Collective was formed at the beginning of March 2002. They made a name for themselves by doing shows for bands such as ZOUNDS, BORN DEAD ICONS, SEVERED HEAD OF STATE, IRON LUNG, SUNDAY MORNING EINSTEINS, BURIAL, DOOMTOWN, BOMBENALARM, APATIA, EVIL, LA FRACTION, MADAME GERMEN, KAKISTOKRACY, LEADERSHIT, KURWA APARATA, PISSCHRIST, GUIDED CRADLE and probably more. As you can see they specialize in crusty side of the scene, so if you want to play here and fall within their realm, contact them through shavedwomen216@yahoo.com

Kill the Man Who Questions started doing shows back in 2001 under the name DREAMSTATE, with lots of touring and local bands, such as INTENSITY, CZOLGOSZ, TRAGEDY, CATHARSIS, CHILDREN OF FALL, SENATA FOX, OLHO DE GATO, ATROCIOUS MADNESS, OUT COLD, MILKMAN. The name changed in 2006 to KTMWQ, and the shows they have done include ASSCHAPEL, SEE YOU IN HELL (in 2006 and 2008), MAGRUDERGRIND, BORN/DEAD, SHEEVA YOGA, MASSHYSTERI with local bands UNISON, DAZD, ENTROPIJA, MAHAJ, PATH OF DECAY, JAIBO!, PRLJAVI DRIPCI. KTMWQ will also be co-releasing a split 7" by DAZD and ORDER OF THE VULTURE from Portland, OR, although KTMWQ will not be a record label, this is being done just to help out old friend Romac (singer/guitar player for DAZD) and Ivan of Fuck Yoga records from Skopje, Macedonia. Be sure to check his label out at www.hellmilitia.com.

KTMWQ is a small DIY promotion company, so they do shows only for bands that they like musically or ideologically. Contact Alex at: dreamstate99@yahoo.co.uk

Last but not least, we'd like to mention our friend Marko who does DIY recording in his portable PanProphet studios. He also plays bass in LET'S GROW and guitar in PATH OF DECAY. So far he has recorded various sessions for bands like LET'S GROW, JAIBO!, DAZD, PATH OF DECAY, MORTIFER, HOMESICKHOME, STREBERS and will record ENTROPIJA's demo. ycas2002@yahoo.com



Dearest Punks and other general disdainers of societal bullshit! Greetings from Ray Suburbia in Carbondale, IL. It's been a long time (three fucking years) since there was a nice little summarization of the goings-on and doings transpiring here, so I figured, now is the time for action! I've only been back living here for about four months, so I'm going to do my never-perfect-best to give a run down of what is happening.

In the past three years there's been hella change in town. Houses, venues, and bands have all come and gone. But the stalwart den of inequity and punk clubhouse extraordinaire, Lost Cross, is still around. The year 2009 marks 23 years of shows, parties, bad ideas, and dirty floors for the house—and it's still going strong. Thankfully there have been some other houses popping up to carry the load of all ages DIY shows. There's the Swamp, a house full of noise/prog punks who like having shows that push the boundary between punk, noise, and art. And there is also the Ball Pit. As of right now they've only had one show—and it was actually cancelled—but still, kids willing to give up their basement and clean living for shows deserve a mention. Besides that small handful of houses, there's only one other place to have an all ages show, and that's the Big Muddy IMC space. It's your standard rental hall deal. There've been some great shows there, and the kids that tend to run the shows there do a great job. They rarely have any problems with the cops or neighbors.

Beyond that, all you got is bars; this is a college town after all. The only nice thing about Carbondale is that the bar age is 19, so you can still get some younger kids in. But, I mean, that's a half-full outlook! Bars blow! The only decent bar to play is the sandwich shop/bar Booby's—an unfortunate name, I know. As of this year they got their shit together and built a stage, got some lights, and decided to have indoor shows all year round. They give a pretty sweet deal to touring bands: free food, booze, and generally an out-of-town band guarantee. During the summer the place is amazing. There's a huge beer-garden where the bands play. It's nice 'cause the underage kids can sit out back and hear the show. And if you're brave you can hop on the dumpster, climb the roof of the bike shop next door, and see the whole show from above. Just don't get caught. There's also the townie bar, PKs that does some great shows. It's the stereotypical southern Illinois bar. Mostly jam, blues, bluegrass bands, but they definitely have no aversion to punk rock. Beyond that, there's only The Hangar 9. This place is the *big* bar venue, and fits a few hundred, I think. It's kind of a silly place to play, but decent none the less. The owner is somewhat hard to work with 'cause she's running a business that could care less about you or your band, but the staff is nice.

I suppose I should start talking about the bands; there's a lot. I'm sure I'm forgetting some, but I don't care. I'm not an archivist! I'm just trying here. And if someone has a problem that their band isn't mentioned, fucking write a letter or your own scene report. It's not that hard. I mean, I'm pulling it off.

Anyway, there are a lot of new bands that have popped up since last time I've been in town. GOD'S ON SAFARI has just started playing out with their prog-punk-noise stylings. It's like listening to NAKED CITY and KILLDOZER at the same time.

Another prog band is GLASS PYRAMID. They're a band worth checking out live, but I'm not sure how their songs would ever come across recorded. LOS OJOS ROJOS is playing a really killer post-punk/stoner-rock mix that is great because it's light on the long hair and beards. GORILLA HERITAGE is an amazing three-piece noise/hardcore band, and probably the loudest band in town. All their songs feel like they're going to fall apart any second, but then, instead, kick you in the head. LICK MY BUTT AND BALLS is also new, and I don't know where to start with them. I mean, they're called LICK MY BUTT AND BALLS for Christ's sake. Plus sometimes they sound like MELVINS/HATEFUL DEAD worship and other times like Melodic '90s Bay Area punk. Now, I'm not sure how much of a band they really are, but SHITHAWK played a show on New Years Eve that was pretty awesome. They're a two-piece rock and roll band very much like KING KHAN AND BBQ. The DAMMIT BOYS is still going strong as well. I don't even know how many years they've been together (not counting the few years hiatus), playing their brand of surf punk. On the more metal front, ZUUL, just released a 7" and is working on a full length as we speak. Metal isn't

punk, I know, but sounding like *New Wave of British Heavy Metal* is still awesome. Still plugging away are the NU STANDARDS with their straight ahead Midwest punk. Hopefully they can hold down a drummer soon.

After nine years, THE BOURBON KNIGHTS is finally calling it quits. It's a shame since a lot of the guys in that band have been active in the Carbondale punk scene since the late '80s. Hopefully with this nine-piece disbanding there'll be an influx of some new bands from the old guard. A band that pretty much came and went in the past few years is SPOKESMEN. They're breaking up soon—after their VHS release. They played great HOT SNAKES/FUGAZI post-hardcore, and put out a sweet album on Lets Pretend Records.

LEADERS is a new band that I'm in with Nick from the CONNIPTION FITTS. It's a post-punk, melodic hardcore kind of deal. I don't know; I'm better at describing other's music than my own. A demo will definitely be out soon, in time for Triforce Fest in Milwaukee. Speaking of THE CONNIPTION FITTS, they're now only 3/5 of a Carbondale band. The new rhythm section of Mike Sass Dragon and Ryan Scaccia lives in Chicago—at the fabulous Lucky Gator Loft—so they're not playing as much as before. They will be on a new 7" comp on ex-Carbondale label Lets Pretend Records, which will include THE SASS DRAGONS, PROHIBITION, and Japan's mighty BLOTTO. The other quasi-Carbondale bands in town are THE COPYRIGHTS and DEAR LANDLORD. THE COPYRIGHTS are still going strong, with a European tour earlier this year and a new record as well. DEAR LANDLORD just did a tour as well and is working on some new songs to record. I'm not sure how they pull it off considering two dudes are in Minneapolis, one in Carbondale, and one near Chicago in Oak Park, IL.

On the little less straight punk scene THE WOODBOX GANG is still going with their odd bluegrass/punk/Americana mix. They just did a record with Alternative Tentacles and are working on another for next year. THE WHISTLE PIGS is another great hillbilly punk band, with just banjo, accordion, and upright bass; they shred some great punk influenced songs. It's awesome that there's a great hillbilly-punk scene here. There's not much for rockabilly, but SKINNY JIM AND THE NUMBER 9 BLACKTOPS would definitely have the scene cornered if there was, but since there isn't, they tend to play mostly out of town and across the country. You know, at car shows and stuff.

THE BLACK FORTYS seem to be the indie-rock darlings of the town right now. They won some bullshit battle of the bands and have the right to get their picture/name in *Rolling Stone* and do a showcase for them. Fucking *whatever*. Still, they're a pretty good band. And the people involved do a lot for the scene around here. HIMALAYAS has been around for a few years now, starting as pretty boring dorm-room indie pop and slowly becoming an amazing post-punk band. They put out a solid album last year.

NIGHTY NIGHT is a new band that I'm stoked on. They play this odd slightly psychedelic arranged simple pop music that sounds like music by indie-rock fans that never really turned their back on punk rock. It's really well written, and perfectly sloppy.

There have been a few reunions. My old band IT BURNS got together last fall when I moved back. We just released a 7" on Lets Pretend Records. A split 7" with THE SASS DRAGONS will be out later this year as well. Carbondale's only rocksteady/ska band, THE RUM RUNNERS, has reunited. It's nice to hear some good Jamaican ska that isn't college neo-hippie jam band, jackoff bullshit. And apparently, in the few years I was away, THE NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE got back together, albeit with extensive lineup changes. They're pretty much the only straight ahead hardcore band left in town.

While there's not as much as I'd like, there's some good zine action down here. *High Carb Low Life* is typically a monthly free zine that's being put out. It's great because it's totally local-centric. They usually have the most comprehensive list of shows/art openings/general happenings in town. Each issue also gets progressively better. My zine, *Love in The Time of Scabies* will be coming off its year long hiatus. I'm wrapping up a couple of issues, but with the amount of bands I'm in, and the amount of booking I do, it no longer will be bi-monthly. It's just going to come out whenever. You can pick up issues of either zine at Plaza Records (816 E Main St # D—it's in a strip mall). Plaza is also the last decent record store in town. If you're an out of town band, swing by there, they'll often buy records or CDs from you. The pricing there is a little wonky, but it's the best shop around.

Well I guess that's the best I can do, at least for an overview. I promise to keep on these things again. Oh shit, and if anyone wants to get in touch about doing shows around here, feel free to get a hold of me on my totally punk MySpace account. Until next time...See ya in the *Pizza Pit*!

BRING DOWN THE HAMMER

The debut CD release by Bring Down The Hammer featuring members of Brother Inferior, The Leveling and Larkin. 20 tracks of politically charged hardcore thrash from Oklahoma for these troubled times.

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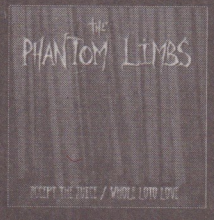
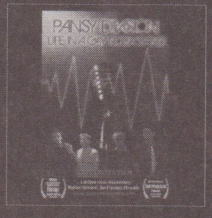


Phantom Limbs

Accept The Juice / Whole Loto Love CD+DVD

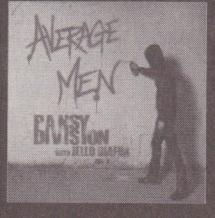
Rarities and live video footage in this combined digi-pak CD and DVD from the dearly departed Phantom Limbs, who still tickle from beyond the grave with Screamers-styled goth punk



Pansy Division

Life in a Gay Rock Band DVD

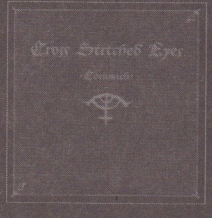
Directed by Michael Carmona, this 84 minute documentary tackles this pioneering band of gay punks throughout their lengthy career



Pansy Division with Jello Biafra

Average Men 7"

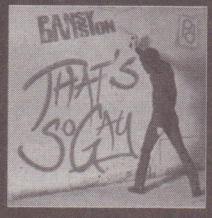
First new material from the band in six years! "Average Men" is a duet with Jello Biafra while the B-side is a Green Day cover that's exclusive to this 7"



Cross Stitched Eyes

Coranach LP/CD

International heaviness along the lines of Rudimentary Peni and Killing Joke. Members of Enemies, UK Subs, Zygote, and Subhumans UK.



Pansy Division

That's So Gay CD

The first album in six years features Joel Reader (Mr. T Experience, Avengers) on lead guitar and 14 power packed songs for a post-Larry Craig and Prop 8 world.

Witch Hunt

Burning Bridges to Nowhere LP/CD

Philadelphia quartet's debut for Alternative Tentacles after two albums on Profane Existence. Will appeal to fans of Nausea, Leftover Crack, Born/Dead.

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TALKIN' BOUT...

THE MASONICS

I've probably seen the Masonics more than any other band over the last couple of years, and caught them on at least five or six occasions in 2008. One of the best things about living in London is that the Masonics play on average once a month, in much the same way as Thee Headcoats used to do a monthly residency in the '90s. They're never less than great, and if you catch them on an evening where they're really on it they'll make the hairs on the back of your neck stand up (well they will if you have a soul). Medway royalty Mickey Hampshire (co-frontman of the legendary Milkshakes along with Billy Childish), Bruce Brand (all of Billy's bands up till the Buff Medways plus Dutronc, Kravin' As, Len Bright Combo, and many others) and John Gibbs (Wildebeests, Kaisers) play raw, stripped down R & B punk insanely well— spirit, verve and chops honed from years of distilling rock'n'roll down to it's purest essence. Lots of bands do something in the same vein as the Masonics but most of them are missing the key ingredient of killer songs—something Mickey pens in abundance. The nearest comparison for American readers would be Greg Cartwright, in that he writes songs that sound like covers of lost '50s and '60s classics but with trademark touches that stamp his personality onto each tune. Whilst garnering a dedicated cult following, they still seem to be something of a well-kept secret amongst the Medway bands. A fairly quiet and unassuming chap, Mickey doesn't really go in for self-promotion, preferring the records and live performance to do the talking. They deserve wider acclaim though—there's a common pattern in punk rock of bands recording a seminal debut platter and then descending into a long decline of never quite living up to their initial promise. Mickey has been making great music for nearly 30 years, the Masonics standing shoulder-to-shoulder with the Milkshakes in their prime.

Introduction and interrogation by Lemmy Caution

Interviewed Wednesday 19 December 2007 in a freezing cold alleyway at the back of the 12 Bar Club, Denmark Place, London.
Present were Mickey Hampshire, Bruce Brand and John Gibbs.

MRR: So you've just got back from a European tour a couple of days ago—how did it go?
Bruce: Fandabidoozies!
John: Smashing.

MRR: Still recovering?
Bruce: Well I kipped yesterday, standing today.
Mickey: I had to go to work today mind you.
Bruce: That's alright though 'cos he's a bed tester.
Mickey: And I've got to go to work tomorrow at 5.30.
John: BED TESTER BY TRADE.
Mickey: I wouldn't test Bruce's bed though.
Bruce: Flower beds maybe…
John: They're a bit dry.

MRR: Whereabouts did you go?
Bruce: Mainly Germany.
Mickey: Are you writing any of this down?

MRR: Yeah I've got this Dictaphone thing here.
Mickey: That's a Dictaphone?
MRR: Yeah I'm not going to just memorize it.
John: He's got a MAGIC WAND!
Mickey: You're like Q.

MRR: Yeah, almost like a proper magazine.
Mickey: No, Q in James Bond – y'know, the gadget guy.
John: I thought you meant Q Milligan.
Mickey: Q9!
John: You know any more Qs??
Bruce: Q4…Q7…

MRR: Er, Q the Winged Serpent.
Bruce: Q out of James Bond! Oh shit, have you already had that one?

MRR: It's all right; we'll give you a point for that anyway Bruce. I wanted to ask you what your formative musical influences were?

Bruce: Ken Dodd! Wings!! Elmer Fudd!!!
Mickey: I used to like the Beatles when everyone else was listening to heavy rock. When I was at school I didn't know what I liked 'cos I knew I didn't like heavy metal, but I discovered the early Beatles stuff, and through that and looking at record covers you find out that there's someone called Chuck Berry.

MRR: So you started listening to the stuff that influenced them?
Mickey: Yeah exactly. My thing I think about music is there's good music of all decades but normally it's not that well known, well some of it's popular, but there's good music all the way through, before rock'n'roll, y'know, there's good jazz, there's good blues. All I listen to is classical music these days, at home and that.
Bruce: That explains it!
Mickey: But yeah all the way down to blues and back again. And then it was only a few years before Punk Rock came along. We all loved punk rock, we was all up there watching Johnny Moped and Generation X and The Buzzcocks and stuff. That's where we all basically met, at a Damned gig. Well we were all at college together but we all coalesced like the moon around the Damned.

MRR: Was that a Damned gig in Chatham?
Mickey: No, it was at the Sundown and they shut it down afterwards 'cos someone got stabbed in the basement. Actually (*to Bruce*) you probably saw them before that in Canterbury on the first Damned tour?
Bruce: No the first time I saw them, and met you lot was at the Sundown.
Mickey: Which is now the Astoria.

MRR: So is that when you started playing music as well?
Mickey: I guess around that time— everyone was picking up guitars and stuff. Well, Bruce was playing long before then.

MRR: Were you playing before the Pop Rivets Bruce?
Bruce: (*Sheepishly*) Er…yeah…
Mickey: A-ha! Now it's my turn! Bruce has got every Jethro Tull record!!
Bruce: Yeah… I was into Jethro Tool (*sic*). If you say anything bad about them I'll smash yer face in!
John: With his flute.

MRR: Is that why they stick you behind the drum-kit, so you can't stand on one leg?
Bruce: Pretty much, yeah.

MRR: And you were a roadie for the Pop Rivets Mickey?
Mickey: Yeah me and Bertie were.
John: That's roadie, not groupie, you've go to make that point.
Mickey: Apart from me and Bruce were quite friendly!
Bruce: All those giggling competitions.

MRR: So Russ and Billy and Bruce had the Pop Rivets and you had the Milkshakes?
Mickey: Well it was a knocked up group…
Bruce: We used to play together. Mick basically pooled the Milkshakes from mates at college. They'd open for us occasionally.
John: Mickey and the Milkshakes.
Bruce: I remember before that when the Pop Rivets used to tour Germany, Mick drove, Bertie was the roadie, and they'd get up on stage with us sometimes and play "Too Much Pressure" and a couple of other things. That's how it started I guess. Then Mick formed a band called the Milkshakes in about 1979??
Mickey: Yeah must have been. Banana Bertie on bass. Gav – what was Gav called?
Bruce: Gav the chav.
Mickey: Yeah, Gav the chav, Troy on drums, Dominic…
Bruce: Where are they now?

Mickey: Dominic works in the camera shop in Maidstone.
Bruce: Yeah Jessops.
Mickey: I bumped into him last year.
John: Then Bruce kicked them all out and started playing drums!
Bruce: I was the new kid on the block! I was the last one to join the Milkshakes.

MRR: So was that when you started playing drums Bruce?
Bruce: Yeah, what it was, I saw the Milkshakes after the Pop Rivets finished— Billy and Mickey locked themselves in a room and learnt the entire *Beatles at the Star Club* set.
Mickey: No, No, I'd like to disagree with that. Me and Bruce used to live in this house and the Pop Rivets rehearsed downstairs and I'd be upstairs trying to learn the *Star Club* stuff, which was still the most punky thing I'd heard, even though we was in the middle of punk rock. Billy used to wander in the room and I'd show him how to play something. Then me and Bertie, who was living with Billy, were trying to get something together. One time I was round Bertie's, saying to him we should get the old Milkshakes back together again. Billy came in the room and the three of us sat down to write a song, which was "Love Can Lose", and that was that. We played a talent contest at the top of Chatham Hill with Tramp the drummer…
Bruce: Oh yeah, I was there! The only time I saw the original line-up.
John: Whatever happened to Tramp the drummer?!?
Mickey: He was a biker weren't he?
Bruce: Yeah, a Hell's Angel. He went on to manage a reggae band and spout blood capsules! That was the way he described it anyway.
John: Obviously the way forward.
Mickey: Then we said, "Come on Bruce!" Bruce is basically such a brilliant musician, he can turn his hand to anything, so we wanted him in the group.

MRR: So you hadn't heard him play drums before, you just thought he'd be good at it?
Mickey: Yeah.
Bruce: I remember at the time I'd just started getting interested in drums. Before that I'd only played guitar and I'd never taken any notice of drums. And I started listening to all these Johnny Kidd records and stuff and noticed the drums weren't just going "Bum, tah, Bum, tah!" (*mimics a 4-4 rhythm*), just a disco or rock beat or whatever, there was all this jazzy stuff going on, and suddenly I got interested.

MRR: Like Clem Cattini and stuff?
Bruce: Yeah, all that…
John: Cozy Powell!
Bruce: Yeah, a bit of Cozy. Sandy

Nelson, Dave Clark Five. The Kinks, obviously. And I thought: "I can do that!" and managed to sit behind a drum-kit and do it. I think Little Russ from the Pop Rivets maybe showed me how to play a beat and I took it from there. I said, "Cor, I'd like to play drums for you lot," and as luck would have it, Tramp left.
Mickey: Or Bertie told him to fuck off.
Bruce: I was in there!

MRR: There's a lot of TV documentaries and retrospective newspaper articles around lately about the '80s—a real tidal wave of nostalgia from media types that are in their 30s and 40s now but were young then, but it always seems to be the same version of the decade—like, I dunno, Duran Duran, big shoulder pads, *Dallas* etc, and the Milkshakes really seemed to stand out against anything else going on in Britain at the time.
Mickey: I think we were quite rare in the fact that after the initial wave of punk rock we still had our hearts in rock'n'roll, and liked the sounds of old records and old instruments, and wanted to join punk rock and rock'n'roll. Like I said at the beginning, I like music from all eras, but it's got to be good music, and good instrumentation, and exciting.
Bruce: The mistake most people made was trying to go forward rather than looking back and thinking "what was it that made punk rock good?" and going back to the roots, which was what that time needed. Everyone else sort of dressed up in bloody flowery skirts, fucking hairdos, and started prancing around like a bunch of wankers, making poncey music.
Mickey: A thing that's been repeated!
John: For me, the Milkshakes made the '80s bearable.

MRR: I take it you were a Milkshakes fan growing up and stuff John?
John: Yeah, I used to like the old Cramps stuff, when they had two guitars, and I had a load of old rock'n'roll, which I really liked, and the only band doing it at that time seemed to be the Milkshakes.

MRR: One of the most remarked upon things about the Milkshakes is how prolific you were. You seemed to release tons and tons of stuff within quite a short space of time.
Mickey: We was on a roll. We never made any money. Any tours or gigs we did, we put the money into making the next record. We had faith in ourselves and were enjoying what we do.
Bruce: We had no-one to please but ourselves. We just did it because that's what we did. It wasn't like we had to bring out one album a year or whatever, we didn't care. All we used to do was write songs. We were a bunch of dropout art students, well actually we didn't even dropout, we stuck it out till the bitter end!
Mickey: I dropped out.

MRR: Is it true that you released seven albums in 1984 alone?
Mickey: I doubt it. We did do four albums in one day though.
John: It bloody seemed like it trying to buy 'em all! There was a new fucking Milkshakes record in the shop every time I went there.
Mickey: It was economic suicide as they would say.
Bruce: Basically, as soon as we could afford it we'd bring out another album.
Mickey: Any money we made we just pumped into doing what we did. We never made any money but what we did was small enough that we could afford to keep it going. Our hearts were totally in it, as they are in what we do now.
Bruce: I even sold a guitar to Marco from Adam and the Ants to finance a record. I want it back!

MRR: When did the Milkshakes end?
Mickey: Erm – 1984? Yeah I think we did a gig around Christmas '84. I said I didn't wanna do it anymore around August but we had commitments up till Christmas.

MRR: Why did you want to give it up?
Mickey: Erm…er…lots of different reasons. Er…I was knackered…
Bruce: I wanted to be more like Jethro Tull.
(*John is in the background miming a man with a large moustache*)
Mickey: Personal things as well. I just felt a bit burnt out basically, and couldn't cope with things, and I was drinking too much.

MRR: So you took a break from music for a while?
Mickey: Yeah, for 17 years!! Well, that's a bit of a lie. I wrote songs, I've always done that, and went back to recording stuff eventually, but I never felt the inclination to play live. I used to think about it and then just go "Nah." I was a milkman for a couple of years, and then worked in the dockyard, stuff like that.

MRR: So how did you get the Masonics together after you'd had a break?
Mickey: Well, me and Bruce have always recorded. We did that first album on Hangman, then sometime after that we did *Silently By Night* and *Down Among The Dead Men*. We did both of those albums in two days—I had loads of songs ready to go. We always recorded at Toerag – in fact, Bruce helped set it up, showed Liam a lot of stuff. Bruce is really technical, knows his stuff y'know. We recorded a few singles… then Liam Watson (*proprietor of Toerag Studios and second Masonics bass-player*) said to me, I think it was at the last Headcoats gig, "C'mon Mick, let's play live." It was around 2000/2001—he had this thing going on with Josh (Frat Shack) down at Camber Sands. I was drunk, and said OK, so we rehearsed for a couple of months down at Toerag, the three of us—me, Bruce and Liam, and then we did the show he mentioned. After that we did a couple of tours of Germany and it was real good fun, and I really got the old taste back!

MRR: I remember seeing you at the 100 Club a few years ago when you played with the White Stripes before they got massive - was that around the time you started playing?
Mickey: That was probably about 18 months, two years after.

MRR: It's interesting hearing the story 'cos I found the band a bit of a mystery, after I saw you at the 100 Club I went and bought a few of your records, and it'd be like, an album from the late '80s, and then nothing for a few years, and then a couple of singles round 1994, then an album in '97. So was it just gonna be a studio project initially?
Mickey: Up till then yeah. It was Liam that got me back into playing live.

MRR: And there was a few other things that came out under different names, like the Mickey & the Salty Sea Dogs stuff, and a single just under the Mickey Hampshire moniker. How did you decide what would be the Masonics and what would be other stuff?
Mickey: Well that Mickey Hampshire thing wasn't my choice. Teddy Bear brought the record out and it was supposed to be the Masonics but he printed it up as Mickey Hampshire. The Salty Seadogs thing, that was with John and Wolf from the Daggermen who went onto be in the Buff Medways. We were all sitting round enjoying life down in Chatham, and said "let's record" and did it. That was around the same time Liam had asked me about playing out live as the Masonics, so it all got a bit extended, it was all a bit of a mish-mash round that time, but it's just the way it went at the time, just playing with different people at the same time.

MRR: So is the Masonics more of a regular thing now? It seems like the last few years you've played out a lot more in London and stuff. Are you gonna keep up that kind of schedule?
Mickey: Of course. I *love* it. I mean, the Masonics at the moment... I don't think tonight was a good example but when we're good we're fucking good, and when we're bad, we're not that bad, haha!! I mean, we're the best rock'n'roll group going around!

MRR: Absolutely. So what's the story with the new LP, you recorded it at that Spanish place (Circo Perrotti, an all valve/vintage studio in Gijon run by Dr Explosion)
Bruce: Yeah it's good. Well Mick, you wanted it to sound more like the Milkshakes didn't you?
Mickey: Er, well it just turns out that the sound we got in that studio is what I wanted the Milkshakes to sound like. To me, I thought it was the perfect sound for us.
Bruce: You wanted the Milkshakes to have that sound, but the Masonics got it instead.
Mickey: If the Milkshakes had that sound I would have been very happy. What I'm saying is if the recording equipment that was in that studio had been around at the time of the Milkshakes that would have been perfect for us. What we had to do in the old days in studios, there was all modern crap, whereas Jorge and Liam at Toerag (studio) have tried to use good equipment. Jorge's studio to me just seemed perfect for the sound I like.
John: Plus we could boss him around!

MRR: So is it like a Spanish version of Toerag then?
Bruce: Sort of, yeah. We recorded the album in 4 and a half days, and we had to impose ourselves a bit, like, "No don't do that, do this, No, don't bother with that, just do that, and knock it together in double-quick time!"

MRR: What's Gijon like, is there a lot going on there?
John: Oh yeah, it's a hubbub of activity…

MRR: So you can go there for a little holiday and knock out an LP while you're there.
John: It's pretty much like that.
Bruce: It's on the coast, very nice.

MRR: The gear that you all use is obviously very specific. You've talked about it in terms of the recording studio but also when you play live you've got the old gear.
Mickey: Well we still use the same equipment— Bruce's brilliant old Vox amp, the same Burns guitar I played in the Milkshakes. Explain your drum-kit Bruce...
Bruce: Bloody Norah, it's like Ringo's...
(*interview is interrupted by a girl passing round a hipflask of whiskey*)

MRR: Thank you!
John: Up yer pipes!
Bruce: You trying to get him drunk?
Mickey: Bloody hell, I've got to work tomorrow morning.
Bruce: My drum-kit's a Ludwig Super Classic from 196...7 I think, but it's the same as one from 1963. It's the drum-kit I always promised myself. When I started playing drums, I thought I'm not really a drummer, I got this cheap old '60s pearl kit for 50 quid, I won't really bother with getting a proper kit unless it's one like Ringo's, and the bloke that sold me the Pearl kit went, well I've got one of them and I ain't gonna sell it, but if I do I'll let you know and then a few weeks later he rang me up and said "I'm getting a divorce, you don't still want the drum-kit?" I've had it for 25 years.

MRR: Well I'm glad you were able to benefit from someone else's misfortune! John, you infamously had your bass lost recently...
John: Nicked!

MRR: Or nicked by baggage handlers.
John: By fucking Easyjet – bastards.

MRR: It was a beautiful bass as well. What were you playing tonight, was that the replacement?
John: Er, it's one of the replacements. It was the one Mick brought down tonight and shouldn't have done.

MRR: 'Cos you're gonna keep it?
John: Well, you know, we've still got the back door to the dodgy guitar dealers where we keep getting Burns guitars, I'll never replace the Hofner though.
Bruce: The old chug-alug.
John: The old washing line. BASTARDS!

MRR: So was the Kaisers your first band John?
John: No, not the first band, er, blimey, there was the Orang-o-twangs, and then the Vectors, and then the Hitsville Grease Guns, and then the J Edgar Hoovers. These were all bands in Edinburgh— there was a real live music scene there at the time, like the Thanes and stuff, and then it was probably through doing the Kaisers that I met these two.

MRR: And how did you come to be in the Masonics?
John: Happenstance!
Mickey: Well, Liam left, I think he wanted to concentrate on his studio, and who else was there? John!
John: I think around the time Liam was trying to get you to play live, I'd been pestering you two at the St. John's Tavern about starting a band.

MRR: Mickey, do you write all the time?
Mickey: I do. I love sitting there and writing songs. Unless you play with people like Bruce and John though it's pointless. Like, I know that the end results are gonna be great 'cos I'm gonna play it with them. They're fantastic, it's my dream come true. I can present it how I want, and they're the boys to do it with. You asked about John joining the group, I mean who else? We're such a close-knit bunch, we get on so well. I mean we go and tour and get pissed and have little niggles, but nothing important. It's such a lovely rock'n'roll feeling we all have.

MRR: Like a gang mentality?
Mickey: Well you do get that but it's more an understanding, like we've all been through so many groups and we've siphoned it down to the Masonics.

MRR: Something that's struck me about your writing is you quite often have this horror theme or sinister undercurrent, with songs like "Earl Of Hell", "Empty Shell Of A Man", "Down Among The Dead Men", or even stuff like "When You Cry At Night" it starts off sounding like this comforting lullaby and then as the story unfolds the twist is that it's more from the point of view of the tormentor...
Mickey: Well I've been thinking about it more lately. Bruce and John really like horror films and I am getting more gothic in my outlook I think. I love that macabre thing— ivy up pillars, wrought iron gates to the cemetery and all that, it suits the Masonics, the way I like words to fit together, and it's quite British as well. It's a British rock'n'roll slant on that sort of thing.

MRR: Like Screaming Lord Sutch, though I guess that's more the camp side of that whole thing…
Mickey: Yeah, well I like the seriousness and the campness of it. That mixture, it's edgy and it's humorous, it's got all sorts of emotions involved. You listen to Link Wray and old blues you have those kind of themes going on, it's all related.

MRR: I'm not knocking it but it has to be said you don't write the most cheerful lyrics in the world, there's often this melancholy edge to the songs.
Mickey: Well I'm not the most cheerful bloke sometimes! I can't explain that, it's just something that comes through.

MRR: And you paint as well, is that something you've always done?
Mickey: Oh yes, it's as important as song writing to me, if not more.

MRR: What kind of stuff do you do?
Mickey: Oh god, well describing your painting, it's like when people ask what kind of music you play—you can't describe it. I have an abstract style, and then stuff that's more structured, like Hieronymus Bosch inspired stuff.

MRR: Do you do both things as often?
Mickey: Well when I can't write songs I paint and when I can't paint I write songs! One has to take over from the other.

MRR: Do you ever exhibit your work?
Mickey: I do occasionally; I've even sold a few paintings. We're painters not salesmen though. We do what we do 'cos we like it. I'm not good at selling them, I'm so lazy on that front. I'm just not interested in all that side of things.

MRR: Do you still live on a boat?
Mickey: Yeah on the River Medway. Me and Ludella have lived on that boat for 26 years, and we're currently under threat from some developers. We've been on television and stuff trying to stop them.

MRR: Are they trying to force you off the water?
Mickey: Basically, yeah. And there's nowhere else for us to go. We've always lived there. But people don't want us living on the river. They don't want gypsies and they want to redevelop walkways, and have everyone live in nice little houses and all that crap, so we're struggling. It's a big cloud looming over us at the moment.

MRR: That really sucks—sorry to hear that. I meant to ask you about Ludella actually, 'cos you've done a few records together, and when the Masonics play in London she usually gets up and does a couple of numbers.
Mickey: Yeah she came on tour with us this time, which was really good—she did five or six songs every night. There should be a new Ludella Black record coming out soon—it's been requested so we're doing that at the moment.

The New Ludella Black album From The Witness Stand *is out now on Damaged Goods Records. There are currently two new Masonics LPs doing the rounds, the most recent studio set* Royal & Ancient *on Circle Records and a self-released singles/rarities compilation* From The Temple Vaults. *I recommend you buy them all!*
www.myspace.com/themasonics

Masonics Discography
ALBUMS:

- THE MASONICS (Hangman) 1991
- SILENTLY BY NIGHT (Little Teddy Recordings) 1998
- DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN (Sympathy for the Record Industry) 1998
- THE MASONIC MACHINE TURNS ON YOU! (Vinyl Japan) 2003
- LIVE IN LONDON (SmartGuy) 2004
- OUTSIDE, LOOKING IN (Vinyl Japan) 2005
- ROYAL & ANCIENT (Circle Records) 2007
- FROM THE TEMPLE VAULTS (Grand Wazeau) 2008

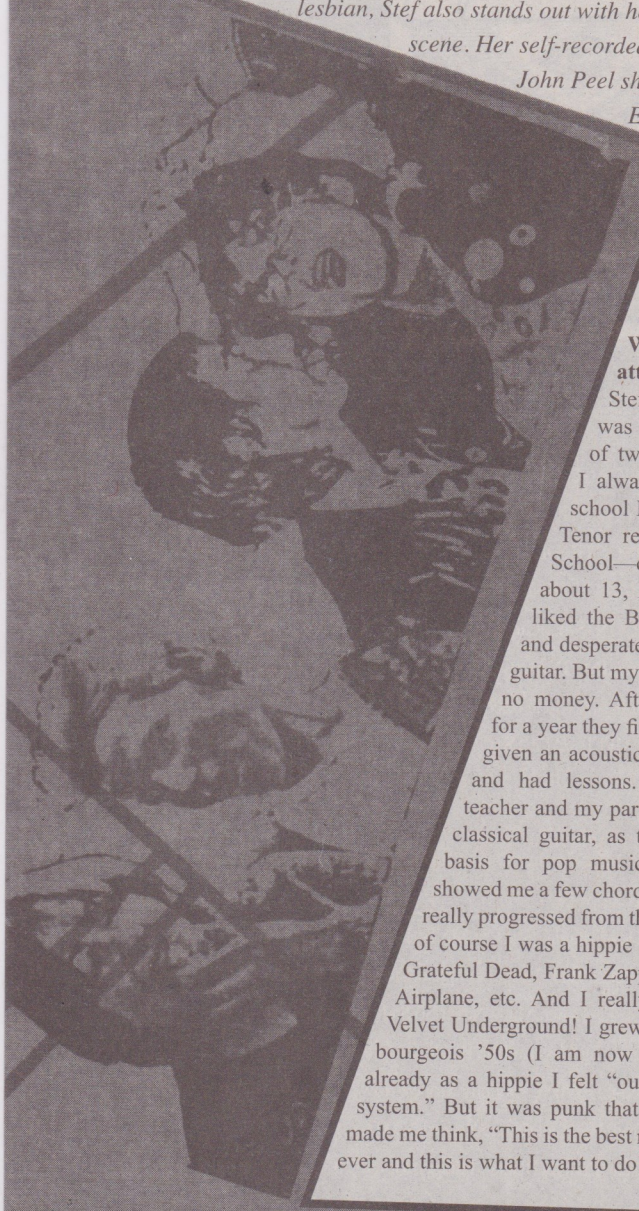
SINGLES & EPs:

- Empty Shell Of A Man/You Just Don't Care/Tell That To A Hungry Man/Why Did She Have To Go (Wonderlamp) 1994
- In A Mans Heart/Hey Calinda / She Cut Me To The Bone (Royal Records) 1995
- Mumbo Jumbo/Good Or Bad / Don't Complain/Creature Called Doubt (Little Teddy) 1995
- The Earl Of Hell/Upside Down Man / Never So Sad (Super-Electro) 1997
- Skull Of A Man (featuring Miss Ludella Black) (SmartGuy) 2004
- When You Cry At Night / Where's Johnny Moped Now? (Slovenly 702-58) 2006
- You Waster You / Truth Will Out (Circle Records) 2007
- Sometimes Friend (feat. Ludella Black) / Hungry Monkey (Circle) 2008

INTERVIEW WITH STEF PETTICOAT OF the PETTICOATS

Stef Petticoat is best known for her pioneering, one-woman punk band, the Petticoats. As a German lesbian, Stef also stands out with her entirely unique approach to the blossoming late 1970s European punk scene. Her self-recorded, self-released Petticoats single was "Record of the Week" on the BBC's John Peel show in 1980. As the '80s progressed, Stef also formed the groups Necessary Evil, Amy and the Angels, 69 Lies, and collaborated with Robert Crash. Her trailblazing methods have proved successful in even more fruitful ways—with almost three decades of music, Stef Petticoat's story is one that illustrates the diverse history of punk.

Interview by Jess Scott



MRR: Let's start from the beginning: how did you originally get into playing music? What kind of music were you first attracted to?

Stef: According to my baby book I was singing constantly before the age of two. I have no recollection of this. I always liked music. When I started school I learned to play the C Alto and Tenor recorder with the Youth Music School—classical music. When I was about 13, Beat music started. I really liked the Beatles and Rolling Stones, and desperately wanted to learn to play guitar. But my parents said no and I had no money. After I had pestered them for a year they finally gave in and I was given an acoustic guitar for Christmas and had lessons. Unfortunately, the teacher and my parents insisted I learn classical guitar, as this would be the basis for pop music. Later a friend showed me a few chords and I have not really progressed from that! After Beat, of course I was a hippie and loved the Grateful Dead, Frank Zappa, Jefferson Airplane, etc. And I really liked the Velvet Underground! I grew up in the bourgeois '50s (I am now 59!) and already as a hippie I felt "out of the system." But it was punk that really made me think, "This is the best music ever and this is what I want to do!"

MRR: How did you make the jump to being in punk bands then?

Stef: This is all so long ago! I hope I remember it all. After I got infected with punk (in 1976 I think, when I traveled to London and New York City), a friend (male) who was a singer in a band suggested I try it out. I started singing Patti Smith songs with a friend who played the piano. I had bought the Patti Smith songbook in New York and loved it. Then I tried to find a band who wanted a singer, but this turned out to be very difficult. I worked in Aachen at the time and spent my weekends in Bonn (where I used to live).

I auditioned for bands in the Aachen, Bonn, and Cologne area, but they were all boring male rock bands who had never heard of punk. They thought I was too wild and my musical ideas too crazy. So I thought, well, if I really want to make the music I like then I have to go to London or New York! I packed my bags and went to London. The bands I auditioned there were just as boring—what a disappointment! Finally, one day at the women's arts alliance, one woman told me about someone she knew who might be into the same music as I—and she was! It was Zuni (who is now a student of ecology in New Zealand). She and I hit it off right away. She played the drums and I bought an electric guitar and sang. We found a bass player, (who left shortly after to continue her university studies, so we found another), and an additional guitarist. We called the band Necessary Evil. We wrote songs and played a few gigs, but the other guitarist was a very strong lesbian feminist separatist. I refused to

sing her songs, which were only about killing all men. She decided she did not want to play shows for men anymore—but I did! We had a lot of arguments. The other band mates took her side and decided to dissolve the band. This was a great shock to me. After a while I became friends again with Zuni, and the bass player, Trish, who now is a gardener.

There are some recordings that I want to put out on a CD, but one member of the band refuses to give permission so far. I am still working on it.

MRR: After Necessary Evil, how did your other bands come about? You've gone by Stef Petticoat and Stef Pussycoat throughout various groups including the Petticoats, Necessary Evil, Petticoat/Crash, Amy and the Angels, and 69 Lies—can you give a chronology?

Stef: I was called Stef Petticoat in Necessary Evil, and decided that to get over my misery, I thought that I must do something alone. I recorded three songs that I had written and made a single. Robert Crash was a musician who lived in New York, London, and Cologne at the time. I had met him through a friend in 1976 in New York. He is a professional musician and could play various instruments really well and played in different bands. He liked my ideas. We sometimes jammed together and out of this came the idea for the Petticoat/Crash single—he got a label to put it out in Germany. After that my friend Angie was playing the drums and jamming with me. We auditioned bass players and eventually found Sue. We were a lesbian feminist band called Amy and the Angels. We had a lot of fun together. We have one track on the *Making Waves* compilation. Another compilation, *Scaling Triangles*, included nine songs by three bands (three of which were by me). A lot of women in the bands featured on that compilation knew each other, played together, and were friends with us. Some I have met again through MySpace!

In about 1982 the music scene became somewhat boring. Also, Angie left for India for a while. So Amy and the Angels were no longer. Various lesbian feminist music projects I was in after that had only lasted a few months—Fucked with Candles and Bright Red Already. In 1986 I moved back to Germany to live in Berlin. I had a full time job for the first time in ages. I met a friend I knew from the Bonn music scene, Bass Bugs Bunny, who played the bass. Glore Gaukel joined as the guitarist (I really can't play the guitar very well!) and Texcas drummed. Together, we formed 69 Lies in 1988. We disbanded in 1992 after personal, musical, and political differences became too heavy.

MRR: So, the first Petticoats single was self-recorded and self-released. This is huge! Thousands of boys across Europe were chugging out their own band and documenting it on 45s, but what was your unique experience as a woman in gaining access to those instruments, recording gear, and releasing your work?

Stef: There was no other way of putting music out. A record company would not have been interested, I thought. And also I guess, a little pride—"Yes, I can do it"—was there. I researched the music press for information on the cheapest studio, the pressing plant, sleeve making, etc. And just did it. I had bought a little bass and they had a drum kit there [at the studio]. We had swapped instruments in Necessary Evil, so I could play a little of everything. It was all done very, very quickly.

When the Petticoats single was finished I went around to record shops to sell it on commission. I also went to the BBC to give one to John Peel. If the single had not been made Record of the Week, I think it would not have

sold so well at all. The biggest problem I encountered was MONEY. I had just barely enough to do it on a minimum level. After the first 1000 were sold, thanks to John Peel, I had another 1000 pressed and paid. But the plant went into receivership, so all was lost. I took them to court, but lost. I was mad! Thankfully, Rough Trade Records financed the second pressing, but by the time it all came out, I was no longer in the charts and that is why I still have Petticoats singles. Good thing I did not use them to plaster the walls a few years ago!

MRR: How did this process, as well as the other female bands at the time, influence the feminist aspect of your music? How did these ideas influence your expression of the punk/DIY approach or vice versa?
Stef: I was a feminist before a punk. I was never a feminist separatist. Ironically, a lot of the lesbian feminists at the Necessary Evil and Petticoats shows did not like punk or our music, as it was considered "male" and too noisy. I think this has changed [among lesbians].

MRR: Why exactly did they think punk seemed male—because it was dominated by men or because of violent aspects, or...?
Stef: Because of both, I guess.

MRR: This makes me think of the American '70s lesbian music stereotype of acoustic guitar singer/songwriters. Was that the same idea in Europe as well?
Stef: Yes, this was the same in Europe. Either folky or jazzy—you could get away playing in a jazzy, rocky, but harmless, rock band if you were a lesbian.

MRR: So were there a lot of other lesbian punk bands around at the time. Do you still know those women? What was the typical audience at your shows?
Stef: I am still in contact with Angie and Sue from Amy and the Angels, Zuni from Necessary Evil, and Gerri, who was doing the sound for Amy and the Angels. I found friends from other bands--Mariamfaithful (Ruth) from "Ministry of Marriage" (from the *Making Waves* compilation), the Raincoats, the Gymslips, etc, on MySpace. Some of the women on the *Making Waves* compilations were lesbians, some became lesbians, and of some one does not know.

The audiences were different—we played at a Women's Festival in Wales with almost 100% lezzies. Also we played the Berlin Women extravaganza—all lesbians. But we also played mixed gigs. But lesbians only liked us if they were punk or indie music women. Male straights ignored us and we them, if they were the drunk and disorderly type. But quite a lot of male straight bands were different from that. The Gang of Four, Crass, and Poison Girls liked us, and we liked them.

MRR: This is an interesting dynamic--how were you able to achieve a balance between such extremes in your art--the straight male dominated punk stereotype and the lesbian separatist stereotype? You seem to have successfully made being a feminist lesbian a positive and thoughtful aspect to your music rather than a shtick or a downplayed footnote.
Stef: I don't really know how I did this. I just did it. I loved the punk energy and the loud, aggressive music. I did not see why women/lesbians always had to be acoustic, quiet, full of harmony, etc. The world was hostile to me—I had problems at work being a psychologist in a psychiatric hospital, "not fitting in" because I was living in a commune and was not married to a doctor. I did not agree with all the doctors' psychiatric ideas, so I was loud back. Not all male straight punks were drunken idiots, there were many very nice, polite men like the ones in Rock Against Sexism.

MRR: What about your involvement in Rock Against Sexism—what was that like and why did it end? What did those women do afterwards?
Stef: During all of this time I was also involved in Rock Against Sexism, an organization that promoted women in music. We had a fanzine and also organized a lot of gigs with bands that had women (i.e. the Raincoats, the AuPairs, Delta 5, the Gymslips, etc.). Rock Against Sexism was only about ten or fifteen people living in London, so it was a lot of work for everyone. I honestly do not remember why Rock Against Sexism ended. Probably because all the people involved were too busy with other things. Zuni later formed Spies of Saturn with her then-girlfriend--later they both became sound engineers. You can check out Ruth's music at MySpace under, "mariamfaithful."

MRR: The Petticoats single seems to be quasi-in-print and your website uses the present tense when speaking about your bands—what are you up to these days? What are your plans for the future? Is there any chance of a Stef Petticoat-related bands anthology coming out?
Stef: Actually, some small record companies have asked me to reissue stuff and I am thinking about it. But I really, really, would like to get the 69 Lies CD out. Since 69 Lies I have not been in a band but have jammed with different people. I occasionally sing in the Berliner Soul Choir (85% heterosexual). Out of frustration (again!) for the 69 Lies CD not happening, I did the MySpace page with my girlfriend. I have been overwhelmed by the response and fans all over the world, especially from the US, and from a lot of young women in bands. Wow!

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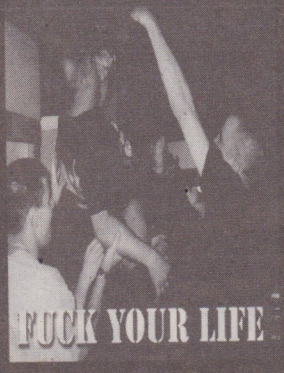

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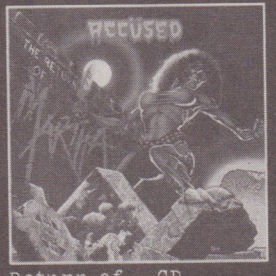

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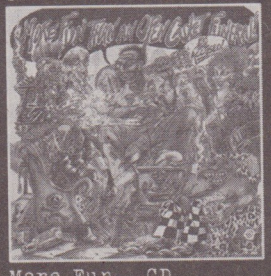

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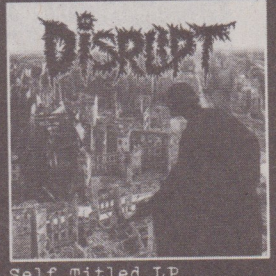

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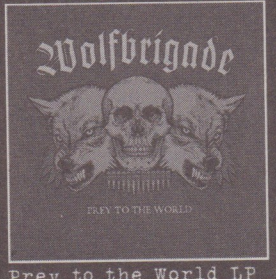

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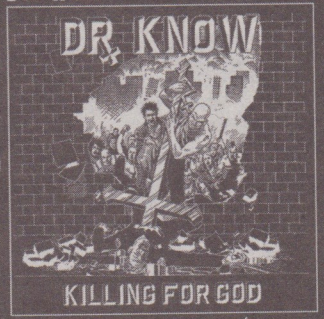

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Pioggia Nera

MRR: First, will you introduce yourselves and give a short history of the band. How did the members meet up and decide to form a band?

AIZ: The band was formed in 2004 and arose from a previous band that was hardcore punk influenced, more aggressive in music and more politically involved both in lyrics and in our everyday life actions. It worked out for a while but then we felt a need to change—to move into something different from being just a "punk band," and to express with a new music sound feelings that were changing too. Delusions, defeats, broken friendships, and shit like that deeply affected our way of seeing life, leading us to a more pessimistic attitude reflected in music—singing about our frustrations, disgraces, angst and mostly our *mal de vivre*. We met Xeba and with him playing guitar, me singing and playing the bass, and Twiz (as always) on the drums, we started our project. We didn't want to classify our music, to tag our band attitude too much. In that period, in Italy, crust music was becoming more popular among young kids than it was in the past years. Few people still listened to punk music as we did (with T.S.O.L., Germs, Adolescents, our favorite bands ever!) and it was very common to read "crust" under bands' names on flyers and everywhere. It was the trend so we decided to use (and we'll never change) just "punk" as a definition: Punk is our greatest influence, and we even use some of the more gothic atmospheres from good '80s bands we like a lot. After two years and many live shows, I realized that I'd rather be more free on stage, so Mimi joined playing the bass, and then I could concentrate on the singing more than before. Since then we are "still and perfect!"

MRR: Pioggia Nera has a different sound and lyrics from most modern bands. Your songs are slower than most punk bands, and have unique, dark riffs. Did you decide on purpose to develop a unique sound?

AIZ: This came out very naturally. In the beginning lyrics were less introspective, leaving great space to macabre settings grabbed from real life. We were used to writing lyrics about the devastation of an exploding bomb or the oppression of a military over civil people. As time passed, we reached a more "mature" point of view, starting to deal with unusual subjects for us, like unconscious or oblivion. The way we write down the lyrics is different each time. For example, "Anima dannata" (Damned Soul) was written in a few minutes, under hypnosis, while "Vuoto" (Emptiness) is a single emotion, just a burst of a second described in a moviemaker way, to amplify this short moment and make it possible to describe it with several camera shots—Do you remember the part when in the *Matrix* when the guy is standing still in the air and the camera turns around him? Here we are, I just revealed one of our lyric writing tricks, fuck! With these kinds of lyrics, we immediately found out that we needed more dark, slower and enthralling sounds to go along with them in a better and closer way.

MRR: The imagery and lyrics in your record are very gloomy. Are you more comfortable with the dark side of life? Are all the members obsessed with death and the macabre?

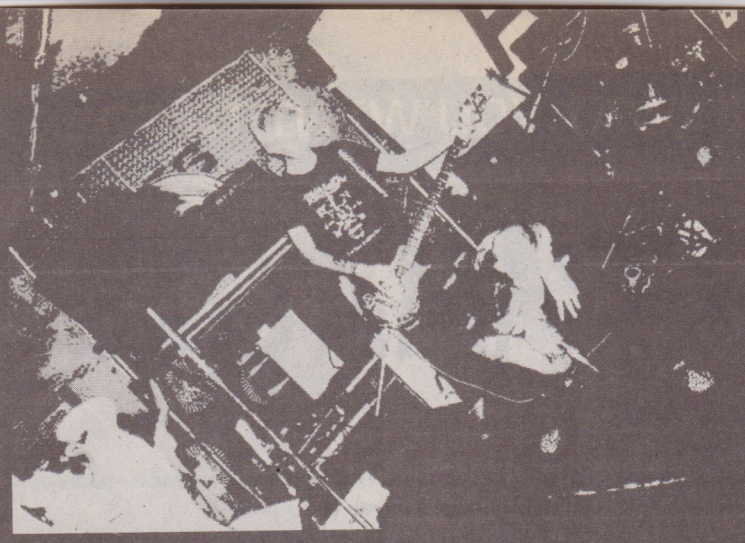
AIZ: I think that everybody feels inside what we sing in our songs, but the difference is that not everybody can or wants to express it. Who, among us, never thought about death, supernatural, and evil as a leading presence in mankind existence? We can see in our everyday life how mankind is conditioned by evil inside him. I think it's obvious to feel connected with these kinds of feelings or thinking.

MRR: Do all the members of the band help in writing songs and lyrics or does one person write all the songs?

AIZ: In the band, it's just me and Xeba writing the music and lyrics. We often meet up to puke out some words, to have a look at some esoteric books, talking about the refusal of death or the spirit's essence, as we did for "Sopra la mia croce" (Over my cross).

MRR: What other bands, old or new, do you feel connected to? Do you mostly listen to Goth-influenced music?

AIZ: We are close to the California dark punk bands from the '80s like the Germs, Adolescents, TSOL, Agent Orange, as we said before, but also to early Christian Death's death rock or Bauhaus'



sound. It's clear we are influenced a lot by Nerorgasmo, an Italian band from the '80s, and many people refer to them in describing us. I didn't listen to any bands doing what we do, even if Phantom Limbs are for sure nightmare masters! We love listening to music and for this reason we love many different genres, from punk to crust, from glam rock to dark/goth, and also some electro stuff.

MRR: Your lyrics reference spirits, demons, sins, hell, etc. What effect does religion have on the band?

AIZ: As we live in Italy, Catholic religion is still very influential on common people, despite this "modern" era. The violation of "God's laws" and the fear of committing sins are still now a big scandal and keep the people in fear. Our obsession in the refusal of God, and the church is daughter of this situation. We are surrounded by saints, holy virgins crying blood teardrops, and people seeing miracles happening everywhere. It's incredible how the awakening of a person from a twenty-year-long coma has been considered a miracle, or how the early death of a 10-year-old kid has been seen as a "faith mystery." We deeply refuse man's natural-born ignorance towards these aspects of life and we strongly defend the "blasphemy" of seeing everything with our eyes, with our mind, out of any religious boundaries.

MRR: Do you all watch a lot of horror movies or read horror books? What are some of your favorites?

AIZ: I collect horror movies; I have an unusual collection of different versions of *Il Fantasma dell' Opera* from the silent 1925 version to the Andrew Lloyd Webber musical in 2005. We read many of Poe's books, esoteric books in general, and we are addicted to an Italian comic with horror, spooky and weird stories called *Dylan Dog*. Besides this, Xeba is doing cinema studies and we will soon make some short movies. It's gonna be funny!

MRR: You guys live in a small town called Pavia. What is it like living there? Do you enjoy living in a small town or would you prefer living in a big city?

AIZ: Pavia is definitely the main cause for our depression. It's a dead city, nothing interesting or funny to do. The only positive thing is the calm that you cannot find in a big city. We all are countryside people, we live there and we like it—where concrete didn't win, yet even if I'm afraid it will soon. We live surrounded by green fields, woods, rivers, wooden houses. It's really quiet, here. When we want to do something or when we need chaos, we easily move in bigger cities such as Bologna or Florence where there is always something interesting to do or things to see. We feel really close to a squat in Florence called "Panico." We love that place and going there.

MRR: What is the music scene like in your town? Does Pavia have a punk history? Have any other bands ever come from Pavia or nearby?

AIZ: Well, in 30 years of punk music here, there has been just one band every ten years able to go over the city borders: Blaxfema in the '80s, somebody will remember them; D.D.I. in the '90s (with Mila from Agipunk/Giuda singing at that time), they got good feedback; Then Pioggia Nera and nothing more. I'd like to write more, but there's really few in our crappy history.

MRR: You have played shows all over Italy. What are some good and bad things you have noticed with the punk scene there? Do you think you will ever have a longer tour outside of Italy?

AIZ: Despite some bad things said about it, I think the Italian scene is great. We are lucky enough to play live very often and we see lots of people driving many kilometers every week just to be at the gig, supporting in the pit, buying records, etc. I think the only bad thing is the inner division of the scene in many different subgenres. Punk subcultures such as crust, SXE hardcore, punk rock, are all separated and hardly mix or come together at gigs. This is bad because we can all participate as part of a great musical contest, have more crowded gigs, see different faces or talk about different topics. About touring abroad, we are under Agipunk's wing and I'm almost sure we'll tour in 2009 and start to play outside of Italy too. Maybe we can talk face-to-face soon!

MRR: Do any of you have interest in politics or do you think the world is too doomed to be saved? What's going on with the new government in Italy? Does Catholicism still have a big influence on Italian society?

AIZ: As I said before, we were more politically involved in the past. We gave up some aspects, but reinforced others, like squatting. Generally, I must admit we are resigned people. We don't think the world can be changed, we can just try to live at our best without giving a fuck of laws, of what's legal or not. Live fast and rock 'n' roll!!!

MRR: Are the members of Pioggia Nera involved in any other bands or DIY projects (record label, show booking, distro)?

AIZ: Besides Pioggia Nera we are involved in other two projects: one band called Umana Miseria (Human Misery), a punk band that's both aggressive and melodic, with gloomy lyrics close to our style—and another one called The First Ladies, a glam rock band made out of 3/4s of Pioggia's members. This is the "happy" side of our life! Me and Mimi run a distro called "Chaos In Head," which was born with the trade of our records. Mimi does piercings too, he's good and the price is low!

MRR: What would you like to accomplish with Pioggia Nera? Do you have long-term goals or do you only make plans until the next show or record?

AIZ: We don't have long terms projects, so we don't really plan anything for the band too. We just want to play as it helps us to express ourselves. We need it. The only goal we have is about doing some short movies, as we said before, and also some "poetry in music" projects. But we'll see. Till then, let's just have fun and fuck the rest!

MRR: Is there anything else you would like to say/add in this interview?

AIZ: The new LP, *Litanie di morte* will be released soon, so stay tuned. What else...I'd really like to thank you for the space you guys gave us, this has been a pleasure and a good chance for us to be more known as a band. We also would like to thank Agipunk, a precious help for us in doing records (we are always out of money!), all the squats that let us play in Italy, all the bands and realities we are linked to, the bunch of close friends we love and all the people that support and follow us. THANX!!!

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHICH WAY YOU WANT TO GO...

CRIMINAL DAMAGE

It's Criminal Damage, get into it or lose. The dark-hewn, timeless tunes crafted by this four-piece from Portland, Oregon, USA, have been stuck in punks heads since their debut LP came out in '06, and ya know what? They will stay there for years to come. People love this band for a reason. Hell, if you look at the background of these pages you will see a Crim Dam tattoo. Read on you mutants.

Questions: Erin Yanke and Kate McCourt
Photos: Ryan Scott, Will Kinser, and Martin Sorrondeguy

MRR: Ok guys, please introduce yourself, what do you play, and how did you start playing that instrument, some history...

Paul: Guitar and vocals. How did I start? Sitting around in my parent's living room wishing I wasn't in the seventh grade?

Kevin: I play bass guitar. I started playing bass back when I sang in a band that went through a string of bass players. I figured, "Why not sing and play bass?" I've been flubbing notes ever since.

Crystal: I'm Crystal and I play drums. I had been going to shows for a while and the more and more I got into the music and the lifestyle, the more I wanted to be apart of it. I'm not the type of person that can watch something so incredible happening and choose not to be a part of it. So I went and bought a drum set and started playing along to Ramones songs in my basement.

Tom: I'm Tom, I play guitar. I started playing when I was ten.

MRR: Who was originally in the band, I know there are some ex-pats out there. How did Criminal Damage's lineup come about?

Kevin: It was five years ago, Paul and I were in our kitchen playing songs about skinhead love…ha ha ha. Paul was teaching a guy named Tristan how to play the drums and figured we could start something with him.

Paul: Originally we had a different drummer, this kid Tristan I was giving drum lessons to. I decided he was to a point where he needed just to jam with people to progress, so I brought a guitar to a lesson. I lived with Kevin at the time, and we decided just to screw around together with Tom, playing Ramones and Blitz songs that would be easy for him on drums. We found it was fun and starting writing our own songs. Things didn't really work out with him, and I knew that Crystal, who was also just learning to play drums, loved Oi Polloi, Ramones, etc., and we asked her to play. Oh yeah, my brother played drums for a few practices, but he was too good.

Kevin: Tom had just gotten back into town and he was a nice enough guy, so he started playing guitar. Tristan gave up pretty quick, so we asked Paul's brother to play. Dude could not hack it on the hi-hat, with his crooked arm and all, so we ditched him when we found out about Crystal playing drums and her fondness for the Ramones. Right?

Tom: We played our first show with Crystal, so in a way she feels like our original drummer.

MRR: Here's a good one: Who writes the songs?

Paul: I write some on my own, but I think the best ones seem to develop a little in practice. I don't know; I'll let someone else answer that one.

DOESN'T MATTER WHICH SIDE IS RIGHT OR WRONG...

These photos: Martin Sorrondeguy

THERE'S NO SOLUTION!

Tom: Songwriting usually happens at practice. One of us will bring an idea to practice and we work it out together.

Kevin: Someone will come up with a riff and we'll work on that, see what works, and go from there. It's all pretty simple stuff, but then we start adding more layers and soon it becomes a real song.

MRR: The lyrics started out as a bit general in topic, but it seems like they've become more personal. Wanna talk about it?

Paul: I have a really hard time writing lyrics because it makes me cringe just to churn out some generic shit about how bad the cops are or something. Not that I have a problem with a subject like that, I just want to feel like the lyrics are meaningful to me. The first batch of songs (first LP) were written just after a very dark period in my life, and most of them were reflections in some way on that time period. I often feel like I have a lot to say, but feel uncomfortable with a platform that appears like an instruction manual or something. The last ten years of my life have been very humbling, and I'm very uncomfortable with coming across like I have any answers except as they apply to myself.

Crystal: Paul writes all the lyrics... There's one song on *No Solution* that he wrote after I was going through a hard time, something that I thought was a dead-end situation no matter what I did. I talked to Paul a lot about that, so those lyrics have special meaning for me. I think I actually hit the drums a little harder when we play that song!

MRR: Can you guys talk about your recording, you do it yourselves... How does that work? Are there any challenges you run into?

Tom: We recorded our first LP in Yannick's (Feral Ward) basement with an 8-track and some mattresses leaned against the walls. The second LP was recorded in our practice space building with better equipment.

Kevin: For *No Solution*, we just taped over the first record's tapes, borrowed more stuff, and turned our practice space into a mini-studio with beer bottles everywhere. Paul's the one who orchestrates the recordings, so he's got a lot more to say about this than I do.

Paul: The first two records were recorded on borrowed equipment scrapped together. It's fun and I enjoy recording, but the perfectionist side of me tends to drag it out. Last summer Stan (Deathreat, Signal Lost, Repercussions guitarist) and I built a recording studio at our practice space, and Yannick gave us a little money to buy more recording gear for the new LP. We tracked everything but vocals, and then the building got evicted.

Tom: The record we are recording now was half done in that studio we built and the other half is now at Stan's new studio. Each recording has been a totally different experience as far as the quality of equipment and the room we record in. It has been a nice change to record in a "real" studio.

Paul: Stan is in a new studio now, but the new LP is going to be more of a joint effort with Stan, rather than totally self-recorded. I love recording, so I don't really care as long as it sounds good. DIY recording is fun though.

MRR: The first album seemed like it was immediately popular, with obvious references to Blitz... How has the stuff from *No Solution* been received?

Paul: People always seem to prefer the first LP of any band, so I don't know honestly. People seem to know the songs off of our first LP better, but I don't know if that's relevant to the record itself or if people just become less interested after the initial excitement wears off. I don't even know if people like it less to tell you the truth. I don't really care.

Tom: I think any band's second record is a hard follow up to their first. Especially if the first is well received. By now, people seem to know the songs off of the second LP just as much as the first.

Kevin: I don't know about the first record being so immediately popular as you say. When that record came out, I don't really think we knew if anyone would even like it. Shit, it wasn't really intended as some sort of throwback record. Well, at least that may have been what I was thinking. But, that's my impression. I think it may have taken some time to get people to warm up to it. And I feel like I can say the same thing about *No Solution*. It has some darker influences and isn't as straight forward as the first, but there was a

Photo: Ryan Scott

little growing going on there that I think has opened things up for us and the new songs we have written.

Crystal: The second record is a lot different than the first, we feel like it's more us and we really like the direction we took it. As far as how it's being received, I don't pay too much attention to that, but it seems like people are into it.

MRR: Oi!, Oi!, Oi!... What is your relationship with skinheads? Do you attract the boneheads? Do they embrace you...is it different in Portland or when you are on tour?

Crystal: Honestly, I've never really noticed attracting too many skinheads either here in Portland or on tour.

Kevin: Oi!, I feel so uncomfortable with that term. The same with "street punk." Our music is definitely inspired by bands like Blitz, the 4-Skins, Templars, Kidnap, and such...but bands like Crisis, Toxic Reasons, the Mob, and the Wipers have also played a large role in our music. The skinhead thing has never really been a part of us, or our shows. I just think we exist outside that whole realm. We play DIY punk shows and I don't even think the skinhead world even knows about us. Or maybe they do and they hate us, I have no clue.

Photo: Martin Sorrondeguy

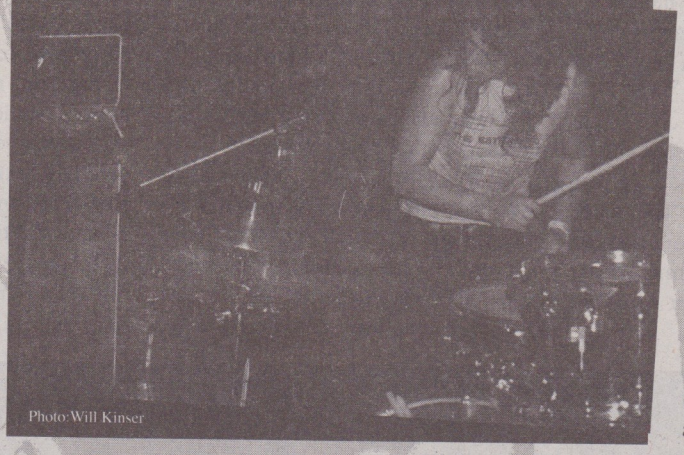


Photo: Will Kinser

Tom: We don't have any relationships with skinheads. They don't come to our shows. Especially boneheads. I don't consider us an Oi! band at all anyway so I don't think we attract them. The only time I remember seeing some questionable skinheads at a show was in Dallas.

Paul: I've never really thought of us as an "Oi!" band in any regard, but people sure like to use the label. Skinheads don't come to our shows, and as far as I know they've never noticed us. Skinheads like skinheads, not bands that might have a little influence from some bands that were considered Oi! 30 years ago. If we shaved out heads and starting wearing Fred Perrys and covering Led Zepplin songs, I bet we'd have a huge skinhead following. In any case, I'd say we have more influence from "punk" bands than "Oi!" bands, but then again I read an interview with Blitz once where they said they were just trying to sound like the Ramones in the beginning. I just wanted to write songs that were catchy and had dark melody without being poppy or happy, and bands like Blitz and Toxic Reasons, etc did that well back then. I grew up in middle Tennessee, and going to shows in Huntsville, Alabama and Atlanta, it was almost *all* skinheads, and it was nuts. At a show of 200, the room would be divided down the middle between the sharps and the nazis, and if someone "moshed" across the line a huge brawl broke out. I was in the middle of some pretty crazy situations where I was glad to be on the sharps' side, but that environment isn't anything I miss.

MRR: Can you tell us about touring with the Subhumans: what was it like to play the large clubs? What was the response from the crowd? Had they heard of you guys?

Paul: It was a fun experience. I prefer the DIY style tour for sure, but it was great to tour with Robert and the Subhumans guys, and we played to a lot of 15 year-olds we probably never would have otherwise.

Kevin: That whole tour was incredibly surreal and eye opening. Some shows were totally amazing, while others were pretty humbling. Definitely different. I would prefer a basement show any day of the week, but on the other side, it was great to hangout with/see the Subhumans and Robert Collins everyday, they are excellent, top-notch people in my book.

Crystal: Playing with the Subhumans was definitely an experience, they were great guys and some of the shows were pretty cool, but I would never really want to do a tour like that again. We played in San Francisco at some big

Photo: Ryan Scott

club on the way down with them—it was all right, big stage and the whole atmosphere was kind of stale and lacked energy. But then on our way back up to the Bay we played one show with some friend's bands at, I think it was called the Knockout. That showcased the difference between touring with the Subhumans and then staying in your own element playing DIY shows. It was completely nuts, one of the funnest shows I've ever played. And it was the last show of tour so it was bittersweet because it was so *so* great, I wanted tour to keep going from there!!

Tom: Touring with the Subhumans was great. They were really nice and fun to be around—really down to earth guys. That tour was very different from the first one only because we were playing mostly large clubs. Large clubs are not as fun to play as small venues cause you're so separated from the crowd, on that stage. Most of the people at the shows (especially the young kids) were there to see the Subhumans, but most of the time they seemed to be into us. A few people told me they came just to see us.

MRR: What bands have you liked playing with? Any new discoveries for the MRR readers?

Paul: There are a lot of cool bands here in Portland, I think. It seems like there are several new bands just starting that have a lot of potential. Ripper and Trauma come to mind. I'll tell you after Europe.

Kevin: I don't know about new discoveries, you guys already know them. The bands that come to mind off the top of my head would be: Talk is Poison, Brain Handle (flannel brotherhood), Omegas, Fy Fan, Needles, Dustheads, Annihilation Time, Complications, etc., and then local bands like Ripper and Nerveskade have been really great…there are so many great bands, seriously.

MRR: So prior to the last couple years, things seemed a bit more stable with the band. What life changing issues have affected the band, like moving and having a kid?

Kevin: Crystal moved to Texas. Tom made a baby. They got stories.

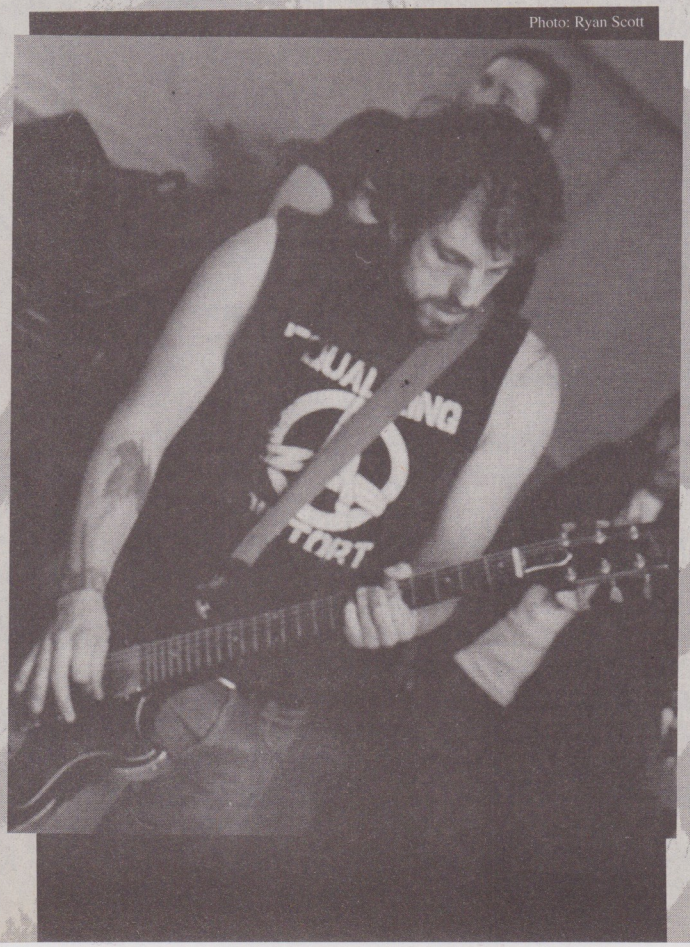


Photo: Ryan Scott

Tom: Having a kid has affected the band for sure. Mostly just in the length of time I can leave for tour. Our tours thus far have just been for a couple weeks at a time. We are touring Europe for a month this May and that definitely puts a strain on my family. But my partner Christy has been real supportive of me touring so it's been manageable.

MRR: What other bands have you been in? How do those experiences differ from Crim Dam?

Paul: I play drums in Tragedy, guitar in Deathreat, and was in Call the Police, and His Hero Is Gone. That spans fifteen years, so there are a lot of differences, mostly having to do with the scene changing over time. It seems like the underground punk scene has become a little smaller again, and it has had a big effect on touring and putting records out. In 1996, everyone was putting out their own zine and record, and the DIY element essentially flooded the market, so to speak. Kinda cool for variety and DIY empowerment, but it also meant that *everyone* went on tour with $1.20 gas and their van full of Xerox sleeved records. It's a little harder to tour now, and I think that has positive and negative effects. It definitely makes it a little harder to just jump in the van and drive around the country unknown, but it also means people are a little more excited when a band comes through, and people aren't having to buy a band's record or t-shirt every night of the week. Records are also a little harder to sell with digital media and all, and though anyone can record and put their demo on the internet, it's a little harder to pay for the recording through MySpace downloads or whatever. I don't know, I'm probably a little out of touch, but that's what it looks like to me.

Crystal: I played drums with some girls that I was living with at the time, it was very short lived, and I think we maybe played three shows out.

Kevin: I have been in a handful of hardcore bands that I won't discuss… Ok, maybe the Chain of Strength cover band I was in one Halloween or maybe American Waste. Whatever. Crim Dam is life.

MRR: Here's a generic question: What's your favorite part of being in this band?

Kevin: Playing shows, meeting new people, sharing ideas, hanging out with old friends, it's a pretty great vehicle to do all that with. I also like traveling in vans with mobile PB&J stations, making bad jokes, and riding go-carts on tour.

Paul: Hanging out together. Tour is really fun.

Crystal: I pretty much love everything about this band. I love the music, and my bandmates. I feel so insanely lucky and grateful to be able to experience all this with them.

MRR: What are your future plans anyway? Aren't you recording something? And what's this about a European tour?

Tom: We are currently recording a new LP and touring Europe in May/June.

Kevin: The new album should be out within the year, to be more vague, perhaps in the summer, it just depends on much we can get done before tour.

MRR: Anything else to add?

Kevin: Thanks for the interview and thanks so much for keeping the punks in the world connected!

MRR: So how can people get a hold of you?

Paul: We can be reached at:
2336 N. Killingsworth
Portland, OR 97217
criminaldamagepdx@gmail.com

NEVER HEALED

Interview by: Chris Corry

Never Healed are a Hardcore/Punk/Rock n' Roll band from the Northern California area of the United States that will be about 4 years old by the time this interview sees print. They've made steady local appearances, done a few touring jaunts, and made some records, like most of the bands you know and like or hate. The bread and butter are big hooky riffs and harsh ravaged vocals colored with a pessimist's world view. I (on behalf of MRR) caught up with Casey Watson, vocalist of Never Healed, and we talked about those riffs and that world view over email for a few days. The result was the following interview. Keep your eye out for a new Never Healed single on Painkiller records in the spring of '09.

MRR: Personally I hate standard opening questions, but I guess they're necessary. If you just wanna tell me who you are, who never healed is, and any of the other shit, like when you started playing, what your astrological sign is, etc.
My name is Casey and I sing in Never Healed. We started in the summer of 2005—recorded a demo and jumped on a Lights Out show in the same weekend.

MRR: Who came up with the initial seed of Never Healed? Like how did you guys get the first batch of songs together? Did you know what you were going to sound like right off the bat?
Well I wanted to start a band where I just sang. I had an idea to do a mid-tempo kind of rocked out thing. I talked with this dude Zane about I, and he was down. He wrote a couple songs (the first two on the LP), and I was like "that's the sound," so we starting asking people to join up. I wanted it to be with friends so we asked Andrew, who was playing in Lights Out still, and an old friend of mine, Randy. Originally my housemate Nic, bass player of California Love, played drums but it didn't work out so we got Randy's cousin Paul to play. The first batch of songs came together pretty fast. Zane's songwriting was kind of all over the place, but we were able to tweak the songs and got a little style going… The name came from the singer of California Love, Aaron, and I looking through my records one night. He pulled out the Heresy flexi and was like, "that's a pretty sick name." So I technically stole it from him. Zane quit the band after we did the split with Violent Minds and Jon Westbrook replaced him.

MRR: To me you guys sound like a simplified Rocket From The Crypt, but with super harsh black metal type vocals over top of it. Where did that connection come from? I think it's a kind of interesting aspect of the band, because, if the singing was different it would change the sound in a huge way, and it would be more "palatable" in some ways.
You know, I didn't have a plan of how the vocals would go. I was just gonna yell. Between 2002 and 2003 I had toured Europe twice and Japan once, and with all the smoky clubs and whatnot, my voice was pretty fucked up. Even like two years later I couldn't even hum like a high note; it just wouldn't go there. The first few Never Healed practices, when I sang it was just easy to do the harsh black metal-ly voice. I think it sounds more like Gehenna than black metal, but whatevs. And surprisingly, it takes the least toll on my vocal chords than any other way I sang before. Anyways, when the songs were coming together, it just sounded cool. The mid-tempo major chords sounded good with the super harsh voice. I asked the dudes if I should change it, but we all liked it. There wasn't much more to it...I think a lot of people are turned off by the voice, but I could really care less. It is different, for sure, but whatever, I think it sounds good. I don't do bands to get popular or sell units. I do it for fun and to make music I like.

MRR: Yea, I guess Gehenna is the most tangible thing that your vocals are like. The band is sort of like a punked out Gehenna, I guess, when you get down to it. I think it's kind of a cool way to fuck with people – like definitely the first time I heard it there was a feeling of wrongness – bands with these riffs aren't supposed to have singers like this, and so your equilibrium as a listener is sort of blown apart. I guess that's like the shitbag rock journalist way to dissect it. I don't know maybe I'm full of shit…
You are probably right. But I really don't think it sounds that off. Maybe because I'm used to it or heard it from a different perspective when we were making the songs, I don't know. There have been quite a number of black metal bands whose music was more melodic, Taake, Ulver, Katatonia, Agalloch, etc., so its not like its never been done before. The first Ulver record (Bergtatt) blew me away. It was like Disintegration meets Battles in the North.

MRR: Lyrically Never Healed seems preoccupied with personal shit—a lot of negative emotional content and that type of stuff. As far as lyrics where are you trying to come from, and how is it similar or different from other bands you've been in? How reflective is it of your day-to-day mindset?
At first I had no idea where to go with it. I got a lot of

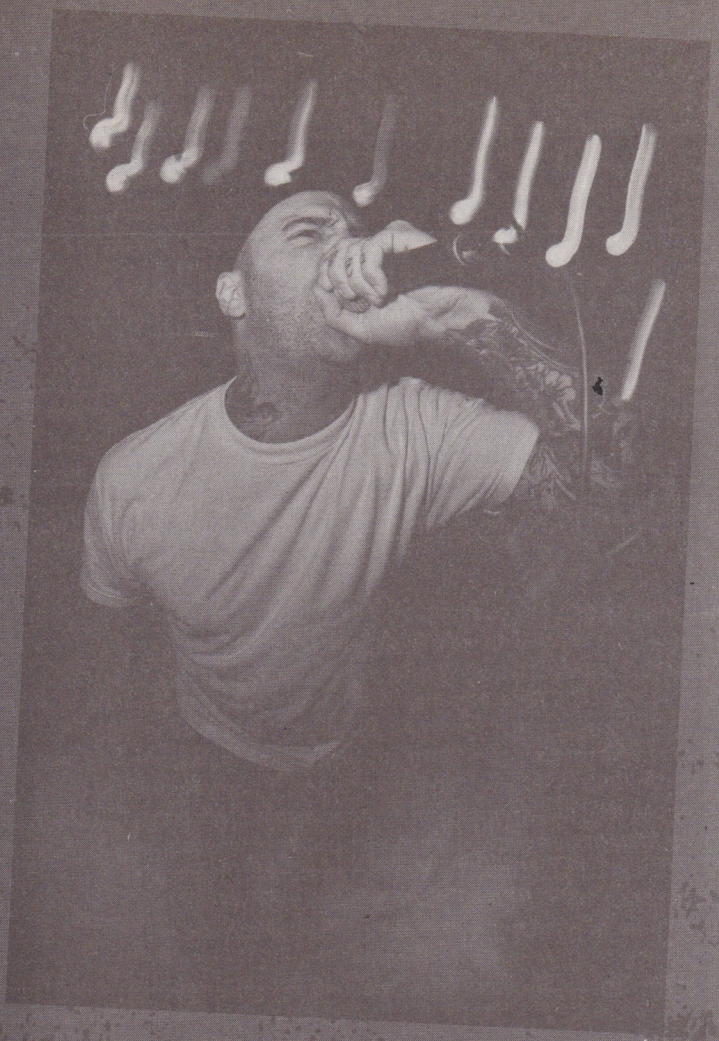
inspiration from neo-folk bands like Sol Invictus and Of the Wand and the Moon and starting writing about super bleak and negative landscapes. A future destroyed by man. Living life in this horrible existence trying to cope. Being the destroyers. I wanted it to be dark and negative but personal too. Not like topical singing about why the world is fucked, but singing about living in it. Breathing in it. Embracing the fact that we are destroying everything and everyone and kind of taking pride in it. Like wolves of Armageddon living forever in this sick world trampling everything before us. Becoming immortal as we destroy the world.

MRR: Yea, I had sort of picked up on some of that imagery, ruins, decimation, harsh weather, and stuff. Not to keep foisting black metal on you, because it's altogether over-referenced everywhere today, but I think it's similar to that too. Both are subgenres that sort of embrace man as an instrument of destruction, or at least accept that inevitability. I think it's weird that in punk there's a lot of talk of breaking free of that and I think it's interesting that your world view, at least as presented here is more like accepting bad things rather than trying to make them good. I know your lyrics reference this some, and I've also read an interview where you talked about your belief that there is a higher power, and that it has forsaken all of humankind. Do you feel at odds with the average punk and hardcore listener in these views? I think it's safe to say it's not the standard party line. I guess, if there's a question here, it's for you to talk more about your views on this type of thing.

I think I was being a little dramatic in saying that God had forsaken mankind. But, in Christian religion at least, their major argument is the whole "Freewill" thing. And if that's the case, then it's pretty certain that God has left mankind to destroy itself, which in my opinion, is the inevitable path of our choices. There's no coming back from this no matter what Obama does.

We do have to accept the shit things in the world. They are real. I feel like most of those things aren't going to change no matter what I do, who I vote for, how much money I give someone, or what I go demonstrate against. It doesn't matter. I won't change the war on terror. I won't change the war in Israel. I won't change poverty. I won't change the economy. But if I can accept those things, adapt to them, and try and make my world better, and maybe some people around me, then that's what I'll do.

I do feel at odds with the average punk but I don't really trip off it much. I really don't think we are going to change these systems. Sure you can be an "anarchist" living in San Francisco, but you are still living in the system and most likely depending on it whether you want to admit it or not. And how am I supposed to give a shit about some guy dying in Israel



in some political war when there is death and dying and struggle and suffering surrounding me here? I can have a direct impact on the world around me here and now and that is the true revolution.

MRR: How reflective is it of your day-to-day mindset?

I'm one of the supervisors at an adolescent drug rehab. Despite my feelings of the world, I don't want to waste my life. I have no clue what happens after we die, and there is no guarantee that there is more after this. We only have one chance at this thing. People take what we have for granted. This is it. It's what you make of it. No one deserves to throw their life away for drugs, money, sex, power, whatever. It's not worth it. Regardless of the state of affairs in this world, life is good. To me, being alive is better than being dead. And having the freedom to make my own choices, and do the things I want to do, is much better than being told when to shower, when to shit, and when to eat. And if I can help someone make that decision for themselves, then I'm going to do it. Most of these kids were born into some fucked situations and deserve better. Their sick mothers and fathers caring more about themselves and getting high than taking care of their children. It's sad. These kids have mountains to climb when they should be playing with toys and video games...

MRR: I think this is interesting, too, from a personal standpoint. On one hand you've got a very pessimistic view of the larger world around you, but you also have a part that wants to help individuals who make up that world. I imagine these sides of your personality clash from time to time. Does it ever affect your work, or your music – or are you able to balance it all pretty well?
Nah, not really. I just don't have the time or energy to be fucking with politics or whatever. Does it really matter if I agree with or disagree with the war in Iraq? No. Would the genocide in Rwanda not have happened if I wrote an essay on the subject? No. But can I show a kid who has lived the last few years of his life doing crime, being locked up, and living in a serious addiction that there is a better way to live their life, and give them some tools to make it happen? Yes. The world around me is my reality. Not some war in a foreign country being fought over politics.

MRR: Switching gears a bit to something more tangible… It seemed like you had an LP out pretty quick (on Parts Unknown), but it's about two years old now. Are you guys writing much? I know you've had a split with Violent Minds, and a two-song single that's been delayed for a long-ass time. Are you taking your time, or just busy with life or what?
We never started the band to take over the world. We just wanted to play music and have fun with it. No pressure. So there was never a deadline or business plan. We just came up with songs. Zack from Violent Minds actually hooked us up with Rich and Jay from Parts Unknown and we already had all the songs for the LP when they asked us to do it, so it came together pretty fast. We have jobs and other bands and whatever, just take things as they come.

MRR: Do you like the recording process and making records, or is it more about playing live for you? Personally at this point, I like recording a lot, but I don't get as much out of live shows as I used to. You're older than me by five or six years and you've been playing in bands since the mid '90s. Do you still get a jolt out of playing shows, or is it a hassle now?
I like both. It kind of depends on who is doing the recording. We found this dude Roger who does Grizzly Studios in Petaluma and he has been really cool to record with. I've had some horrible recording experiences. When Look Back and Laugh recorded our second LP I was so bummed. The engineer killed our drummer with like three hours of getting the drum sound. By the time we recorded he was so tired that none of the songs came out like I wanted them. Plus when the record was mixed I was in jail and there were like three guitar overdubs that I did that the dude forgot about or something... I really really wanted to scrap that recording and do it over. To this day I've probably only listened to that record once or twice.

I still like playing shows a lot but it is a little different now. Never Healed has always been really casual, so there wasn't pressure to do shit and that's been nice. We do what we do.

I really don't like touring much anymore and there is no way I could do a tour more than three weeks. I like playing shows in different cities, but I hate the in-between parts. I mean, it's fun hanging out with everyone and playing cities where I get to see some friends, but the driving, the shit cities, and being away from home suck.

MRR: I guess this is a good place to mention you just came back from a big tour with the band Ceremony. Three weeks in Europe, yes? How did people react to Never Healed? Do you feel like the middle-of-the-road HC kids are the ones that are into you guys or what? Do you feel like the band has a niche that it fits into? I'm really bad at figuring that shit out for my bands, so maybe it's a bad question.
Yeah we did like 22 shows in Europe with Ceremony. The shows were great and it was one of the funnest tours I've ever done. Crowd-wise it probably wasn't the best for us, as we kind of appeal to an older crowd. I think we are kind of weird for a younger kid who got into hardcore through the "Bridge 9" type of scene. The vocals at least. Imagine some kid who came to see Have Heart and the opening band is some old dirty tattooed

guys that don't talk between songs, no mosh parts, and some really harsh vocals. They didn't really get it. But it was totally fun and worth it and didn't take away from anything. We had a great time and the people who booked our shows, made us food, and gave us places to sleep were amazing. The dude who drove us was great too. Shoot out to Ondras!!!

We've played all kinds of shows and I think we can appeal to all kinds of hardcore kids. We've played with Cold World, Trash Talk, Sex Vid, Fucked Up, Sound and Fury fest, and fit in with all those shows. I'd like to play more punk/dirty type shows because I think they'd be pretty into us, but we play what we get asked to play and if someone is stoked to have us on their show, I'm cool with that.

MRR: I have a version of your record with David Koresh on the cover. I remember Look Back and Laugh used the SLA graphic on some of the releases too. Are you into cults and groupthink situations, or was it just a good-looking graphic?
It was both. Randy and I wanted to have an iconic image for the limited cover. Koresh fit that nicely. I wanted it to speak to that time and those people who followed him and died for him. We used Mike Tyson for another version of it and also made like eight covers with a picture of Fat Rich [Parts Unknown Records] on the cover that we made for a few friends.

MRR: So what's in the immediate future for Never Healed? There is to be a single on Painkiller, correct? Those songs are a couple years old though. What are you guys planning, if anything after that? An LP? More EP releases?
We have the two-song 7" coming out on Painkiller real soon. We just had a CD discography come out on Parts Unknown right before the European tour that has the LP, the split 7" with Violent Minds, the songs for the new 7" and an unreleased song. I think the plan is to make some new songs and record another 12" that will most likely be on Parts Unknown. We have a few shows set up for the early part of the year in the Bay Area and maybe we'll head down to Southern Cali and up to the Pacific Northwest over the summer. Show wise we're pretty much down for whatever...

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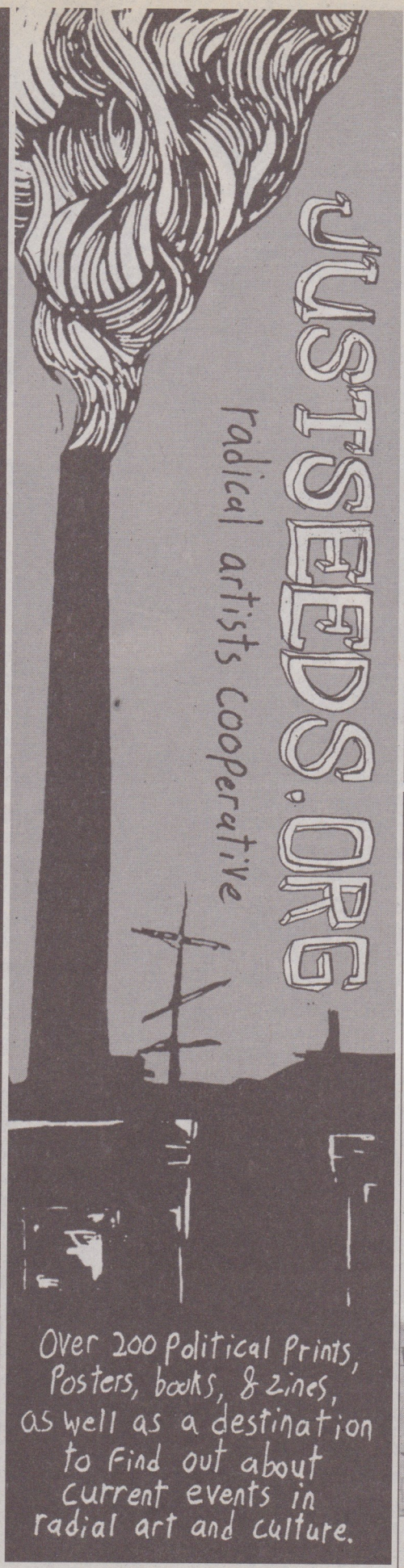

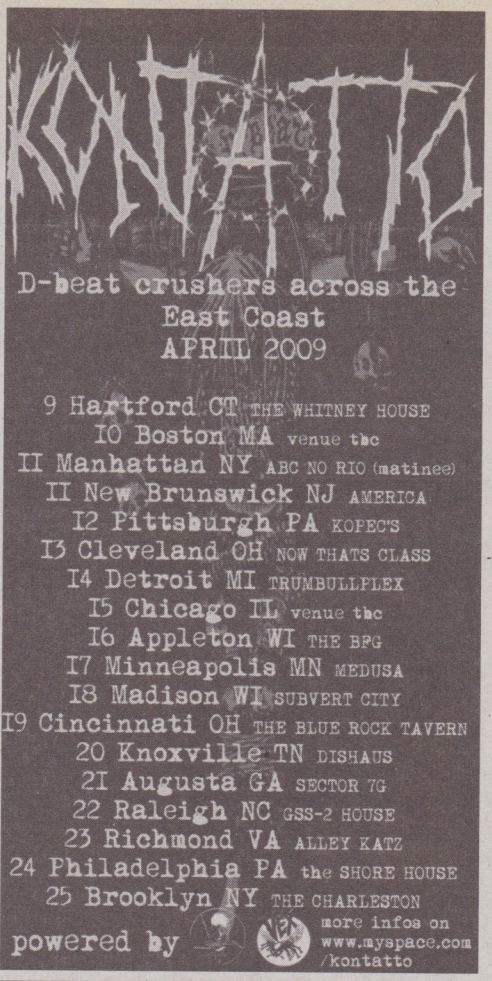

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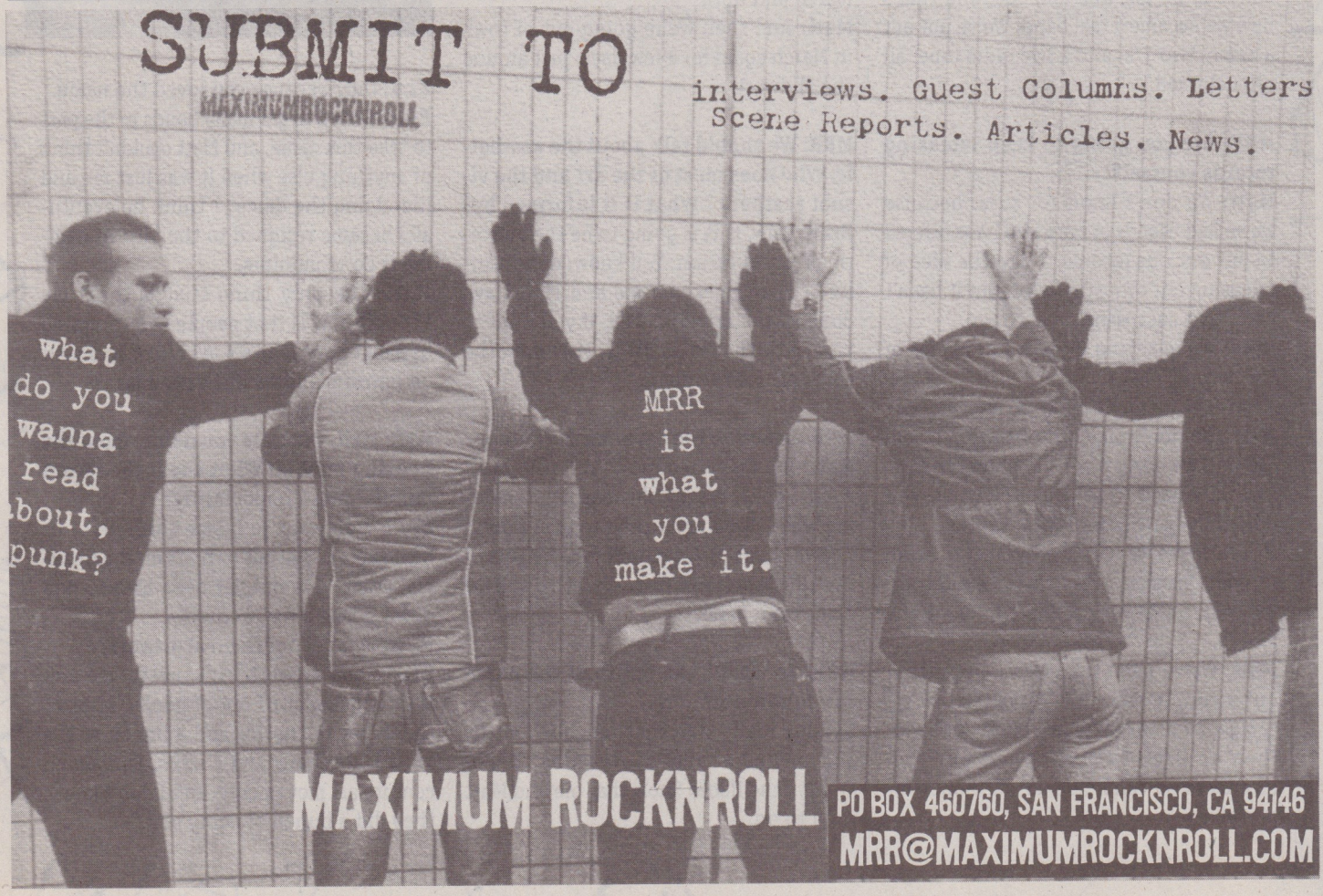


CONDOMINIUM

Interview by Shivaun and Stefan

MRR: Maybe we should start with the boring questions. What's the history of Condominium? Because I know it started out as a project or whatever.
Matt: I started the band myself. I was originally going to be doing tape releases and it was all going to sound like that **Anti-Cimex** song "Criminal Trap." Then I got Brad to help me out just playing guitar and learning the songs and stuff, and we decided it was good enough to be a real band, so we got Kim and Joe, and that's how we became a real band. We've put out a demo, two 7"s, and a live radio tape, all self-released.

MRR: Are you going to keep releasing records yourself?
Matt: We don't know for sure, because we've had friends of ours who have offered to put out our records. I like the idea of releasing our own stuff a lot, but it hasn't been that successful.
Brad: We're sitting on like 250 copies of the second 7".
Kim: And we don't really go anywhere.
Matt: We don't play out of town a whole lot, and we don't play a lot shows in general. It's hard to sell records when you don't have any distribution skills.
Brad: Maybe we just need a label to make us cool, because even when we did tour, we didn't sell very many copies of the record.
Matt: We've been talking about putting out a couple records with labels, so we can get all kinds of hype around our band, then go back to putting out our own records so we can hoard all the money for ourselves.

MRR: What was the response like when you did that tour?
Matt: Okay. It was pretty positive I guess. Most of the shows were pretty small.
Brad: Some very small.
Matt: Yeah, some very small, but we had some pretty ripping shows.

MRR: Are you going on tour soon? Playing a show ever again?
Brad: We're playing some local shows in March and April.
Matt: And then we're going out of town in March again for a few days, just around the Midwest.

MRR: We should talk about the aesthetic. Who does most of the art and the visual aesthetic? What is it informed by?
Brad: Wow, this is going to be the mysterious guy question. You know, neo-futurist art movements... me and Matt have done all the artwork. Well, if you want to know who the real artist is, Matt drew the cover art for the demo.

MRR: Describe the cover of the demo.
Matt: It's just a really bad drawing of...I mean I guess it's my old apartment building where Brad and I used to live. I don't know. It was just a stupid joke because I thought Condominium was the silliest name for a band.

MRR: So what's the origin of the name Condominium?
Brad: I really like that name for stuff, and we had a radio show called *Condominium* the Radio Show that me and Matt used to do.

Kim: Only because you loved the name.
Brad: I tried to get many bands in the past to take this name, and Matt couldn't think of anything else when it was just me and him doing the demo. I think he eventually became resigned to the idea of naming it Condominium.
Matt: The only thing that bothers me about it now is that people keep bugging us about how we're some kind of comment on housing and gentrification issues.

MRR: Well, what are you doing about the housing bubble? What about the record bubble, more importantly?
Brad: I do want to blame the lack of us being able to sell our own 7"s on the financial crisis. I've not yet been able to nail down if that's really true.
Matt: What about the real artwork?
Brad: Real artwork...it's mostly me and Matt copying stuff out of books. I mean, the insert to the 7"s and a bunch of the stuff is Bauhaus and Fluxus. Early 20th century art movements, and I don't know, they did a bunch of goofy stuff.

Matt: I'm just into goofy stuff. I don't think our artwork is purposefully meaningful and I don't want people reading more into it than is actually there. I just want our records to look neat.

MRR: There's no serious ideology that's informing Condominium's aesthetic?
Matt: Not really, I like the artwork to be based on the themes of the songs on the record, but only loosely. It's a general principle. We can go off on a tangent and make up something that's only vaguely related to the lyrics.
Brad: The first record, because it's called *Hello Tomorrow*, and that somewhat has to do with time, I put a watch on the cover. And the second one, we thought it had something to do with it...I don't even know. The B-side label artwork somewhat has to do with...

MRR: What is that?
Matt: It's a machine hooked up to a baby's head to measure its brain waves or something.
Brad: I don't know, besides it just being weird we didn't want it to be too goofy or too silly, but also we didn't want it to be burning skulls on top of an upside-down cross or something like that, or like war victims, so what other options are there? We're not crew enough to have a live shot or pile-on chorus type things.

MRR: It's too bad the live tape doesn't have a crowd shot, but I guess that's the nature of playing a radio station.
Kim: Matt jumping in the air.
Brad: Toe touch.

MRR: You said the band was originally planned to be like Anti-Cimex or whatever, but what's shaping the sound as you go? Because it definitely doesn't sound like Anti-Cimex now.
Brad: Originally it was like an Anti-Cimex, Totalitär type project.
Matt: I don't know, I think that stuff is cool, and I still like the songs that we wrote that sound like that, but first of all, I don't see the point of having a band where I keep writing songs like that over and over, that's kind of pointless. And also I just got into being more experimental with the songs.

MRR: That makes sense, because on the live tape there are sound manipulations that are obviously studio based. Do you listen to a lot of noise and industrial music?
Matt: Some. Not a lot. I'm not that crazy about that kind of stuff, but I do like the freedom that comes along with it. It's fun to play around and not be constricted to feeling like you have to play a D-beat or whatever.
Brad: Obviously things sound different now than they did before. Something got out of whack with the rippers/jammers quotient.
Matt: We used to have a tight ratio of rippers to jammers.

MRR: What would you estimate it at now?
Matt: Now it's like half and half.
Brad: Easily. Although, somewhere along there we wanted to see if we could play something that was both a ripper and a jammer. At this point now...

Matt: I think we're still following along the line of trying to make songs that are both rippers and jammers. We're still trying to write songs that rage hard. They're just not Anti-Cimex songs.
Brad: They are both sick and/or raging.

MRR: When you write songs, are you thinking about playing them live or how they're going to sound recorded?
Matt: Most of the time, I think about it from a recording standpoint. I like the extra layers of sound you can add to a recording. And I like the idea of creating something that sounds complex like that but then figuring out a way to do it live. I think that's a cool thing also, is watching someone make a really cool sound that you're not really expecting in a live environment.

MRR: Are you going to have to start bringing a laptop on stage for the noise parts?
Matt: No. I like the fact that our music is instrument based and not PowerBook based. I like to experiment with the sounds we can make with our instruments, not programming stuff into a computer and plugging it into the PA system and just standing there. I don't support that kind of thing at all. And I mean, as much as these issues do pop into my head sometimes, our music, even when we're getting really out there, is a far cry from electronic PowerBook-noise or whatever.

MRR: With all these new elements, is Condominium beyond hardcore?
Matt: I don't really think of the band that way anymore.
Brad: As a hardcore band?
Matt: I don't think of it as not a hardcore

band either. And I don't mean to be like, "our band just totally transcends all categories," I just mean I write songs that are good and I'm not going to lose any sleep at night wondering whether those songs are hardcore songs. The two records we've put out so far are clearly hardcore records, but that this point...I don't know, do you guys have insight into whether we're a hardcore band?

Brad: Personally, I believe that we're a hardcore band because I've put a lot of faith in hardcore. I don't know, I think that there are still elements of it that are still hard and/or raging. Obviously we all listen to hardcore music, and it's not like that doesn't come through. Even if we're playing weirder sounding stuff sometimes I hope it just sounds like a slightly weirder version of **Cro-Mags** or **SSD**, which had weird parts too, you know. We do not sound like we're playing *Victim in Pain* again, but we do still have hardcore songs. Kim, do you feel anything about being beyond hardcore?

Kim: I'm kind of with Matt. It's a band. We play music. We all listen to a wide range of stuff.

Brad: Honestly, we play mostly with hardcore bands and play hardcore shows and that's a scene we all come from. It takes a lot of work to break out. We'd have to hire a publicist like Fucked Up to really not be a hardcore band anymore.

Kim: We still play hardcore songs. We have a lot of songs that are definitely hardcore songs.

MRR: Stefan wrote, "What is more important, rawness or mystery?"

Brad: This is a great question! I think rawness, personally, because I think it takes discipline to be raw. Being mysterious can just be an accident. Being raw can be an accident too, but I'm sticking with rawness.

MRR: Are you saying mysterious bands have a lack of discipline?

Brad: No. I mean, maybe. I just think being mysterious is not that hard. It's really not that hard to be and remain a mysterious band. You just have to have mysterious artwork. We have that or whatever, but remaining a raw band, writing raw riffs, that takes work. Being mysterious doesn't really take work. Hence the discipline aspect.

Matt: I think I agree with that. I don't think bands actually create good mysteries around themselves, generally. It's pretty contrived.

MRR: How about seriousness? Is Condominium a serious band?

Matt: We're not serious in the sense that we have any real goals and anything concrete we'd like to accomplish in the world. I don't expect the lyrics I write to be communicating with a specific group of people, or getting some big message out. But I do take the band seriously, it's something I put a lot of work into. The bands people consider "serious" are usually like, sure they are serious about hating the government or whatever, but they don't seem very serious about writing cool riffs. And I guess I write sort of serious lyrics, but they aren't usually the point, the music is the point, that's what I take seriously.

Brad: Yeah, and we don't have pizza in our name.

Matt: We're not a joke band.

Brad: No, we're not a joke band. I draw a line between having fun at a show when you see us, and just like, thinking "whoa, fuck that was ripping." I don't want people to be having fun in a party sense. I'd rather people...not that I'm against head banging or something like that. I don't really like shows that are "fun".

MRR: Is that why nobody moshes for Condominium?

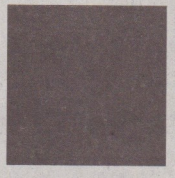
Matt: It might be.

MRR: Does Condominium have any concrete future plans?

Matt: We're getting ready to put out a couple new records.

MRR: Sticking to 7"s?

Matt: We're going to stick to 7"s for now. I'd like to do an LP, but so many bands put out bad LPs too soon. Like everyone is always blabbering about how the 7" is the perfect format for punk music, but then every shit band that is able to sell 500 copies of their first 7" is suddenly clamoring to put out an LP. But anyway we'll be recording new songs soon and there should be two new 7"s out at some point this summer. We are also going on tour again in ten years.



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Screaming Females is unique in that they have figured out a way to bring incredible guitar work into punk without seeming gratuitous, cheesy, or forced. This is no easy feat. Guitar player, Marissa Paternoster's spastic guitar bursts (often understated on record in comparison to their live show) manage to maintain remarkable cohesiveness with the music and come across as an extension of the vocals and not merely as a show of talent. Equally remarkable is that the rhythm section, made up of Jarrett Dougherty on drums and King Mike on bass, is not only able to keep up with the powerful guitar work but often able to best it. It's rare to find three such uniquely talented musicians in any band, let alone in a punk band. In 2006/2007, the band self-released two full-lengths and a 7". These were followed by two split 7"s in 2008. This year will see the long anticipated third full-length, Power Move, which will be released in April on hometown label, Don Giovanni.

Interview by

Keith Wierzbowski

Photos by

Mike White

SCREAMING FEMALES

MRR: How did you meet each other?
Marissa: Mike and I went to high school together, we met there. And I met Jarrett in college at a meeting for a club we were in.

MRR: What club were you in?
Marissa: Record label club! It was a really cool club.

MRR: A club for people who wanted to start a record label?
Jarrett: Okay, so a few of my friends figured out how to get money from Rutgers University to put out CDs. We took submissions to make a comp as our first release. I was just treasurer, because they needed someone else to help run it. My two favorite tracks on it were both from Marissa's projects even though I didn't know they were both Marissa at the time. Then someone told me. Then when we were handing out the CDs, after we got them printed up, Marissa and I talked and that's where we met. The record label club did not release anything after that initial release. It was called, *I Heard This First*.
Marissa: I found it today.
Jarrett: Did you really?! Wow!
Marissa: Yeah, I have one.
Jarrett: Are you serious? I want one so bad!
King Mike: It has that song that goes, "Give me all your French fries."

MRR: How many were there?
Jarrett: I don't know. Maybe 500.

MRR: I want one.
Marissa: I'll make you a copy.

MRR: Oh, I don't want to listen to it. I just want to have one!
King Mike: The two Marissa things on it were Surgery on TV and Noun.
Jarrett: Surgery on TV being Mike and Marissa's band before Screaming Females.

MRR: Mike, tell me about Surgery on TV.
King Mike: Surgery on TV was a jam band and we were awesome.

MRR: Were you really a jam band?
Marissa: Yes, we were really a jam band. What were those things called? The circle of fifths! We played one!
King Mike: And a diminished minor chord.

MRR: How did that lead to Screaming Females?
King Mike: We didn't know how to play a diminished minor chord.
Marissa: Mike and I don't understand the concept of circle of fifths, but Mike sure can fucking wail on that circle of fifths. He still busts it out sometimes in our extended jams. Laying down the groove. Right, brother?
King Mike: Right… Brother.
Marissa: Whatever.

MRR: Who or what inspires you, musically or otherwise?
Jarrett: Current inspirations include John Cage, because he's wild and really rhythmical. People always think of the silent piece, but he's got crazy rhythms. And Tao Lin, who is this author that writes nonsense about his blog and then publishes it in books and people really like it. I think he's hilarious and amazing.
Marissa: I really like Edith Piaf. I listen to her French torch songs all day at work. A bunch of her songs make me cry.
King Mike: Jah.

MRR: What are you guys listening to at the moment?
King Mike: I like bands and stuff. I like The Clash. They're my favorite band of all time.
Jarrett: On fall tour Mike played the Tenement tape until it wouldn't play right anymore. I got really into it, but it could have been mainly about repetition. I was excited for them to come play New Brunswick and the day they got here, the show got busted up by the cops. So we got them on a show at Maxwell's in Hoboken, which is a super legit venue. They basically went in there on a Saturday night and blew a whole bunch of people away, including me, and now it's pretty much all I think about. But I also just got a new copy of the Stupid Party 7" on Starcleaner Records, which someone stole from me, so I've been listening to that again. That 7" totally rules.
Marissa: I really only listen to Edith Piaf. And I really like Son House. I've been listening to The Animals a lot. I love SLAW, they are like the best band in the world.

MRR: What's the relationship between the music and the lyrics? They seem very understated. You don't print them.
Marissa: Well, Mike and Jarrett don't know what I'm saying.
King Mike: Because you won't tell us.
Marissa: You can read it online! Check the website. Ha!

MRR: Why don't you print them in the albums?
Marissa: Just because I would rather have big drawings in it. They're a little more fun than having lyrics. If people are dying to read them they are always on the internet. You can read them there. A lot of them are just kind of gibberish.

MRR: So they are something you view as secondary to the music?
Marissa: In process they are secondary. They come after. I think they are important. I would just rather have a fun drawing in an album.

MRR: Where do you draw from for the lyrics? They don't feel personal or political.
Marissa: I try to avoid that at all cost. I don't think that people are interested in my personal problems and I don't feel informed enough to make political commentary. They are about weirdness. And outer space. And mutants and dinosaurs and alternate realities and fun stuff. Weird shit.
Jarrett: Not much of it is fun. Most of it is really scary.
Marissa: Yeah. You know. Manic depression. Ha ha ha. I don't really like to write about stuff I don't know enough about. Write what you know, right?
Jarrett: So you know about alternate universes?
Marissa: Yeah! I'm in one right now. You have no idea.

MRR: What is your song writing process?
King Mike: "Oh hey, that sounded cool!"
Jarrett: What that quote means is we will get together and usually before we actually start practicing songs we will just start playing and warming up. At some point during warming up someone will say, "Hey, stop. That thing sounded cool. Do that thing again." At which point we have to describe to someone what they were doing, because they have no idea what they were playing. And hopefully we can kind of recreate it and sometimes it turns into a song and sometimes not. Off of those initial things... A lot of times they won't just instantly turn into songs and people will have to go and think about their parts individually for awhile and come back with, "Oh, I thought it could go into this kind of thing." Or, "I came up with this drumbeat or maybe the bass could do something a little different there. It could go into a different feel." It's kind of like we all inform each other. There is no one person that is the songwriter.

MRR: You guys don't seem to record a lot of songs that you don't use. Would you guys say that you write a lot of songs you don't use?
Jarrett: We write a lot of parts we don't use, but it's rare that we get past writing. There are a lot of parts that we have had over the years that we liked and couldn't find anywhere else for them to go. There was like a verse that couldn't find a chorus, etc. But it's been rare that we wrote a full song and then ditched it. I don't think it even exists. I think once we got a couple of parts we think are good... by the time it got to being a song, it had to go through a number of points when it could have been just cut off and ended.

MRR: Away from the music, do you socialize with each other a lot? Do you guys hang out a lot?
King Mike: Not as much as we used to mostly, because I deliver pizza all day and then come home and smoke weed on the couch and Jarrett doesn't smoke weed anymore. We spend a lot of time with each other on tour.
Marissa: On tour we hang out like all the time. I'm like, "Hey Mike, want to come over? I'm in the van."
Jarrett: Mike and I used to live together and we hung out a lot then. I moved down the block and apparently that's too far for either of us to walk. Marissa and I, when we first met each other, hung out a lot. It was quite a courting. Ha.

But we play a show at least once a week, if not more, and practice once a week and go on tour for months during the year. When we have practice, it's not like we have a rehearsal space or anything, so we will usually end up practicing at someone's house. Then someone will be like, "You have to see this YouTube video." So we will stop practicing and go watch that. Or, "You should really read this book I was just reading. Here take this." Or, "I just saw this movie." So I feel like they are some of my best friends and I like to hang out with them and appreciate things they do, but I guess you can only see the same few people so often.

MRR: Do you guys find all the touring draining or do you...?
King Mike: No, it's awesome.
Marissa: No, I don't like doing anything else. I hate being home. I. Fucking. Hate it. So much. You have no idea. Every morning when I wake up... Why can't I just die in my sleep? I don't understand. I hate being home. I hate waking up and going to fucking Café Monet and having my fucking weird boss talk nonsense at me.

MRR: What do you guys do on tour besides just play and drive?
Marissa: I take naps.
Jarrett: This is important. We will be going through some of the most beautiful scenery that people never get a chance ever in their lives to see. People who are born, live, and die in New Jersey. We get to see these valleys and mountains and deserts and Marissa will be asleep through all of it!
Marissa: I can't help it.

MRR: I meant more of activities that you all do together.
King Mike: We used to have travel Boggle, but I think we only used that once.
Marissa: We have bingo.
King Mike: Yeah, we have interstate bingo. When you see a fire truck you mark off fire truck, You see a "do not enter" sign and you mark that off. And this past tour we sang "99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall" all the way through.
Jarrett: Oh my god, this is very important.
King Mike: All 99 bottles.

Jarrett: Top to bottom. I think it was the first time in history.
King Mike: And it only took 15 or 20 minutes. I thought it was going to take an hour.
Marissa: It was so cool!
Jarrett: When we got to, like, bottle 85 it was like, "We are really doing this! This is going to happen!"

MRR: This sounds like a beautiful moment. You guys all sang it in chorus?
Marissa: Yeah, we all sang it. I had to stop a couple of times to breathe. I was laughing really hard.
Jarrett: Anything else we do on tour?
King Mike: We tried to go to K Records one time.
Jarrett: Yeah, we tried to go to the K Records building one time but they weren't home.
Marissa: I give stupid tattoos.
Jarrett: Marissa does give out an awful lot of tattoos. I always think it's really cool to meet people in different towns and talk to them about what they have going on. You think it's like, "Oh, we are all just living in the US," but people have very local issues and things that are pertinent in their lives and it's interesting to be able to step into that for a minute. Meeting Latino Punk Anarchists in Bakersfield California—They were talking about how almost the entire town is Latino but there is a small white minority that controls the town through the city board and how there are Nazi punks there that try to beat them up at shows and shit. I'm like, "Wow. These guys have such a different life going on then the life I have." It's cool to meet people like that.

MRR: What's the relationship between the art and the music?
Marissa: Sometimes I draw pictures. I went to art school. The two things go hand in hand for me.

MRR: Where in the process of making the album, do you start to create the art?
Marissa: I don't really start to think about it until I have to make it.

MRR: Does it come after the music? From the music?
Marissa: It's kind of like I listen to the album and it makes me want to draw. It makes me think of this.
Jarrett: I think that the art that Marissa does helps to make people remember that our band is also art. I think people often forget that their music is art. Instead it just becomes this thing you do when your hand moves a certain way on a guitar neck. Music is so often drastically separated from other art forms. So the way we present ourselves as a band is cool, because it makes people think about what we are doing as art even though we aren't a noise band or some sort of art-rock band. We can play rock music and present it in a way that makes people think of it as art.

MRR: When you guys first started, it was a lot more of local art school kids coming out to your shows and now it seems to be a much more diverse crowd. Do you think there is a reason for that?
King Mike: Because all those other people finally realized that we're awesome.
Marissa: It just has a lot to do with people graduating. I don't see the local art school kids at shows as much anymore, because they don't live here anymore.

MRR: I guess what I mean is, was it serious from the start or was it just playing for your friends?
Marissa: Oh, yeah. It's always been serious, in a happy way! We play a lot of shows and work really hard for a reason.
Jarrett: I used to have some friends and they would come to shows, but now I have a lot less friends and there's more people at the shows.

MRR: Jarrett, what is your non-musical role in the band, as far as managing duties?
Jarrett: I have booked all our tours, all our shows. I've run dozens of shows that we have played in New Brunswick, NJ with touring bands. I've released almost all of our records and organized all of that stuff and organized the recording or recorded all the albums, pretty much. And it's all been a bunch of mistakes along the way. Luckily none of them have been so big as to be a big problem. Everything we have done as a band, no one really gave me too much guidance on, except the first time we ever tried to tour, I could only get us one show that we went and played in North Carolina. Luckily Joe from The Ergs! sat down with me at a bar one night and pulled out a map and showed me Carbondale, IL, a town that's not even actually on the map, and was like, "Trust me, there are really good shows here." And pointed out a dozen other towns like that. It gave me a starting place. But I would never say I manage the band, because it's all a collective decision on everything. I just kind of send the emails and make the phone calls.

MRR: What are your biggest regrets with the band?
Jarrett: …
King Mike: …
Marissa: …

MRR: There is no way you don't have regrets.

King Mike: Well, there is this one note on the last album that I played wrong.

Marissa: Really?

King Mike: Yeah. There are a couple on the new one.

Jarrett: I regret a few times when I accidentally forgot I had $25 or $50 from a show where I was collecting money and shoved it in the wrong pocket and then the band left, and the next day I found it and spent it on pizza or something.

Marissa: I always feel really bad when I don't go to shows for bands I know, because I'm too scared to go outside. Ha. Is that a regret?

MRR: Not really. You guys are sort of a non-punk band sound-wise but are a total punk band ethos-wise. What drew you guys into punk?

Jarrett: Punk is a hard thing, because some people have such definite definitions for it and feel really strongly about it, including me. Sometimes, I feel really strongly about it. In the end I don't care what people call us. Some people are like, "That band's not punk. Why do they think they're punk?" And I'm like, "Fine. Then we're not punk." If you feel so strongly about it then that's fine with me, because we are still going to operate the same way no matter what label you put on it. I appreciate the history of punk. It's so amazing and diverse. I'm a total nerd. I read people's histories and watch their biographies and try to learn from those things. People who I appreciate their work ethic. Bands like Fugazi and most of the bands in *Our Band Could Be Your Life*. So it doesn't matter what you label it as. It's not as if I'm like, "We are punk," or "We aren't punk." People can decide whether we are or aren't.

Marissa: It kind of just turned out that way. I guess shows in basements are punk.

King Mike: It's just where we were.

Marissa: It's just where we were and where we were able to play and that's where all the young, cool kids were hanging out. I was like, "I'm young and cool. I'm going to hang out here too. Yeah guys!" I didn't know there were shows in basements! I didn't go look for punk. I think it's cooler than going to an old man bar and seeing a band there.

MRR: Before you guys moved to New Brunswick, NJ were you familiar with…

Marissa: There was nowhere to go see shows where Mike and I grew up.

Jarrett: Me neither. I grew up in North Jersey and shows were things that happened in New York City where you had to pay $40 to go to.

MRR: When you started to see basement shows was it immediately like, "This is awesome," or was it like…

Marissa: I went to a few basement shows before I knew Jarrett and they were always kind of small and boring. But then we went to The Parlor to see The Ergs!, and I walked down there and there were like a million people down there. I was so freaked out. I left and went and sat in the garage.

Jarrett: I will always remember the first time I saw a band play in a basement in New Brunswick, NJ. I walked down into that basement and I couldn't believe that music this cool, that didn't sound like stuff on the radio, that didn't sound like stuff on MTV, that didn't even sound like stuff slightly more obscure than that. It was just something that these people were making and was happening right here and I was like standing on the same level as them.

MRR: I heard you are releasing your new album on Don Giovanni Records. After many years of self-releasing your albums what made you change your mind and do it with a record label. Also, I heard there were other labels that you turned down.

Jarrett: When we started out this band I would have loved for some label to have said, "We'll put out your album." I would have been like, "Hell yeah," because I didn't know anything about putting out an album but no one was offering. So we put out our own album. When we first started, I would have loved if somebody was like, "We'll book you a tour." But no one is coming to New Brunswick and is like, "This is this hot new band in this basement. I want to get them on my booking agency roster." So we booked our own tours. Once you get so self-sufficient people have to have something more than that to offer you. If someone comes up to you and is like, "I want to release your album." You're like, "Okay. That's nice of you." But we have enough money to release our own album.

Marissa: We have tons of money!

Jarrett: We don't personally have tons of money. Personally, we have no money. But Screaming Females has more money in its bank account then any of us individually do! Don Giovanni gave us a really good offer and offered us stuff we couldn't do ourselves, which was amazing. No one had really ever sat down and said here is what you do yourselves and this is all the other stuff we can do for you. And we always want to be associated with things that are meaningful and Don Giovanni has released so many of the greatest New Brunswick bands over the last five years or so. We wanted to be a part of that.

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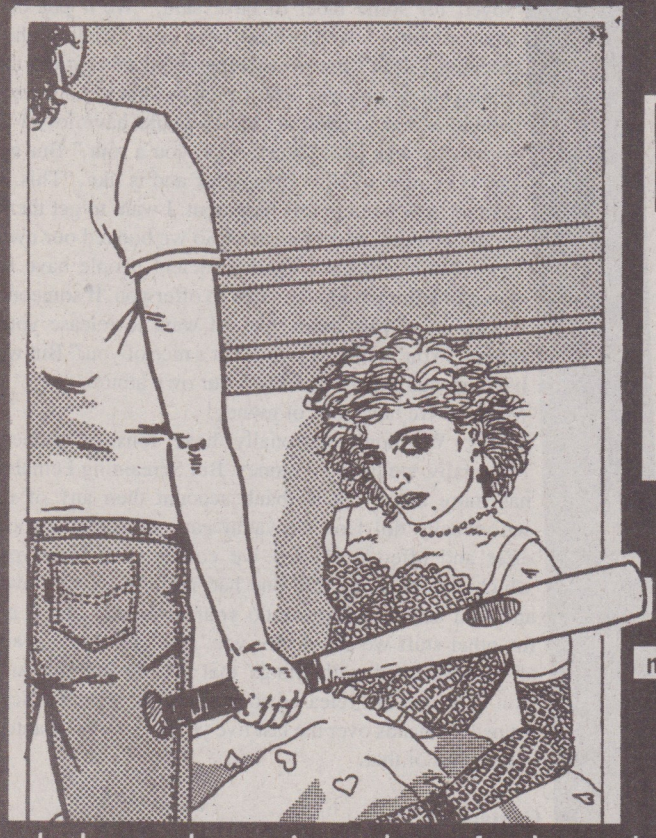

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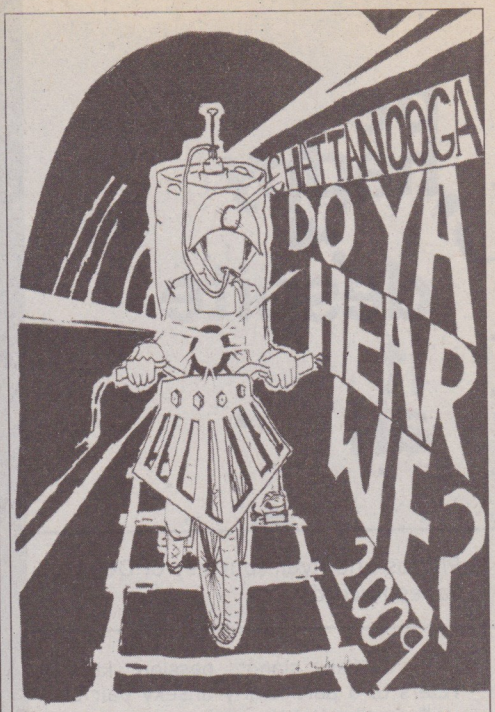

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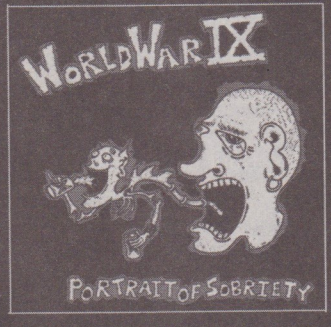

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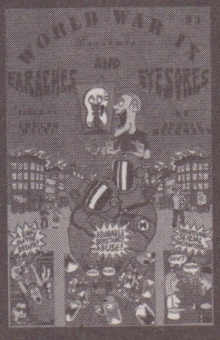

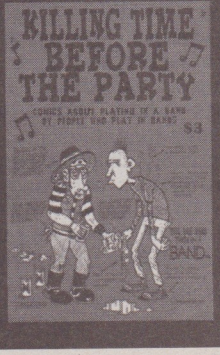

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be happy despite it all

the story of PASSION KILLERS

by Lance Hahn

Photos and flyer courtesy of Demo Tapes Records

In British slang, passion killer refers to a particularly unsexy pair of underpants. Not the serious name you would expect for a band that showed up on the second *Bullshit Detector* compilation and would eventually be absorbed into Chumbawamba. But underneath the jaunty, melodic, almost folk-like, punk and appealing tenor vocals was a very serious side to the band.

Passion Killers, in *Prisoner of Charity* fanzine #2: "As a band we want to get our message/views across to as many people as possible. Ultimately we would like to change the society we live in and people's attitudes towards each other, but we could not do this on our own. As individuals we strive to find our real selves and we show our protest against society by the way we live, a way of life that we as individuals have chosen. Living the way we do is sort of an example to show people how they can live; that is together, sharing things with and helping each other, with a respect for life. Be it human or animal form."

Born in the late '70s, the Passion Killers were motivated by ideology from the start.

Passion Killers in *Prisoner of Charity*: "We formed in '78 at the age of eleven, heavily influenced by what was known as the punk scene. We formed because we felt we wanted to say something about the society we lived in. At that time our songs were simple and were written about things we had read/seen/experienced; songs about crime/vandalism/war/assassinations/prisons, we also had a song about child battering. We are still more or less operating for the same reasons as we were in '78 but we now feel the protest is much stronger and has developed throughout the years."

It's clear from their several demo recordings that there was a lot of attention to detail. Every song is a well thought out pop construction. The garage approach is broadened by a folk music sensibility. On top of that, the vocals were soft and engaging, rather than raw and aggressive.

Still, the music never overshadowed the ideas that each song was a vehicle for.

Passion Killers in *Prisoner of Charity*: "Music is a very popular thing—most people would rather listen to a record than read a book, and by using music we can get our message across to people who we wouldn't get our message across to, say, if we wrote a book, although we would like to write some sort of book."

In Barnsley, there wasn't a big enough anarcho scene to sustain bands when Passion Killers started so they would often play to broad audiences.

Passion Killers in *Prisoner of Charity*: "We don't just play to one audience, recently we did a couple of gigs at Youth Clubs/Community Centres to teenage people, many of whom were totally unaware of the problems around them, and we feel that by doing these gigs/leafleting, etc., we opened up new views to them. And many seem interested not just to see the band; they meet people with similar ideas and exchange different views. They can also talk to the people who perform who are usually shot off by the taboo of 'pop stars.' Also people can distribute their own material. Gigs keep these people together and keep the protest strong, which couldn't have been done without the protest bands in the first place. Also, we hope some of our songs deal with things people haven't thought about much! Yes, gigs *are* important."

Certainly firm with the anarcho camp, their first national attention came with their appearance on the second *Bullshit Detector* compilation put out by Crass. The compilation featured the song "Start Again" from an early demo recording when the group was still a duo. An odd jumpy song, it barely comes across as punk by modern standards. Even lighter than the group's later recordings, the song still manages to get a across a serious point.

Nuclear forces out of control
Let's start again
All buried down an A-bomb hole
Let's start again
Radiation, deadly ray
Let's start again
Stay in your house out of the way
Let's start again

The "Ban the Bomb" campaign was just one of several issues the group concerned themselves with. They had clearly come to conclusions about the politics of the day.

Passion Killers in *Prisoner of Charity*: "No we wouldn't vote for Labour for the simple reason that while they were doing a worthwhile thing—that is, banning the bomb—if we voted for them we would be agreeing with the rest of their proposals, i.e. fishing. Also we would be agreeing with the 'democratic society' we live in. The same thing applies to the Ecology Party. If there was a referendum on something like 'banning the bomb' that is probably the only time we would vote.

"We personally don't agree with drugs. In our view they are taken by people who aren't strong enough to face the problems. Used for escapism, which solves nothing.

"CND set out as a good thing but it has now become caught up in politics and also making money, so although we agree with their aims we would not join but rather put the money into leaflets that we would distribute ourselves."

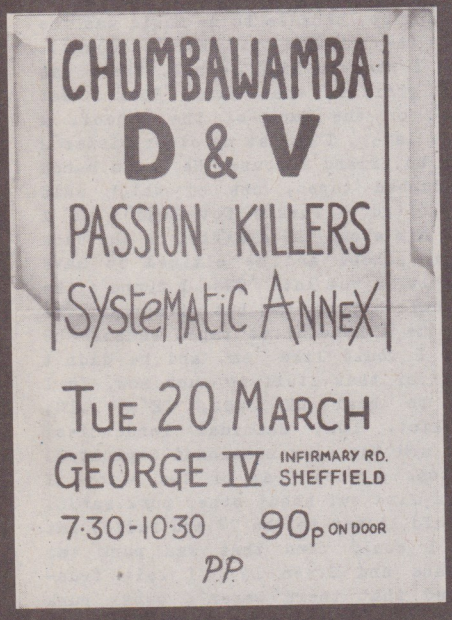
Unlike other groups that started to get coyer when directly asked about the question of anarchism, the Passion Killers were very clear about where they stood.

Passion Killers in *Prisoner of Charity*: "Anarchism is something we agree with. When anarchy is mentioned people usually think of chaos, but it would not have to be like this. Anarchism to us would mean people

helping each other, making their own choices in subjects such as way of life, etc. A read through the statement explains this."

ANARCHY, A WAY OF LIFE

Ten of us live together in a big, old, squatted Victorian house. No one works. We are all voluntarily unemployed. People may think that by drawing dole money we are hypocrites. This is not the case. If all anarchists refused their dole money the government would be very happy indeed. They would have much more money to put into arms or some other unnecessary cause. Anyway, we are all vegans as we all respect life. All our dole money goes into a pot where people take what they need. We share everything! We produce as much as we can on our small plot of land. We are all happy together, helping each other, as much as possible. To coin a phrase, 'causing the least suffering possible.' Anarchy can be a way of life.



The Passion Killers were clearly one of the first groups to be entirely and openly vegan long before it was trendy. Even their animal rights position was somewhat thought out in the face of a hypothetical cure for some deadly human virus.

Passion Killers in *Prisoner of Charity*: "we use no products tested on animals, drugs and detergents, etc. We are trying to prevent animals suffering. But with the suffering the animals have already been through for this particular drug, and the human lives it would save, it would make sense to use the drug. But with some drugs animals are being tested on while the drug is already on the market, which is causing unnecessary suffering."

One of their most traded demo recordings was the tape titled *Be Happy Despite it All*. Eight upbeat garage punk songs, it's melodic and strong all the way through despite the raw recording and the occasional unexpected blast of feedback. Starting with the somewhat '60s influenced "OK to Go," the group blend a sort of mod R&B vibe with the guitar rooted punk. Songs like "What Do They Hide" are gritty but always aware of a hidden melody. Even the song "Why" had some people questioning the negativity of their lyrics in that anti-war rant.

Passion Killers in *Prisoner of Charity*: "We feel that we aren't just singing about it, we are not glorifying it. We are opposing any kind of war. War is everywhere—in the playground just as much as on the battlefield. We don't just sing about war, we also produce leaflets, etc., denouncing war, and we do not just cover war! War is just one part of the problem."

The point was reinforced with the song "I Won't Fight Your Wars!"

Just because I'm on the dole
It doesn't mean I have to fight
Just because I ain't got a job
Doesn't mean that it's alright
I won't fight your wars for you
That's just something I won't do
I won't fight your wars for you

Unlike many groups that, when referring to anarchism or the revolution, speak of a distant future possibly not in our lifetimes, Passion Killers had no problems making plans for the reconstruction.

Passion Killers in *Prisoner of Charity*: "Yes, we will settle down I hope...if our aims are achieved and we find ourselves in a world where there is nothing we disagree with. But we would never get a job, the only work we would do is working for our own gain, not some rich businessman. As for getting married—no, because marriage is really legal slavery! Although we may find ourselves living with girlfriends."

Oddly enough, their appearance on the *Bullshit Detector* comp as second to the last band put them one track behind Chumbawamba. Finding a few likeminded souls in the same part of the world, the two groups would eventually merge. Initially playing together and even releasing split tapes, they would eventually settle as one big Chumba. Focusing most of their creative work with that group, Passion Killers would surface one last time in 1991 to release the *Whoopee! We're All Going To Die!* 7" on Rugger Bugger in response to the first Gulf War.

Passion Killers in *Prisoner of Charity*: "The most important problem is people's attitudes. This is the major problem which causes all the other problems people find. This can only be solved over a long period of time. With full cooperation from people, problems such as distrust, disrespect, etc., would be non-existent."

Discography impending on Demo Tapes Records. Keep your eyes peeled.

GERM ATTAK

Ottawa's Germ Attak has been tearing it up for the past few years, bringing their brand of straight up 1-2, 1-2 HC punk rawk mayhem to the masses. Although they have their roots firmly planted in '80s UK punk, they are definitely not a one-trick-pony, after a handful of releases and some road worthy touring we decided it was high time to interview this three piece.
Interview conducted by Ax LawLess via email.

MRR: Germ Attak has been kicking around for what, three years now? Can you tell us how you guys hooked up, and how you decided what style of music you would play together?
Will: Germ Attak all met each other through Ottawa punk shows. It's a nice-sized scene here, and most people know each other. We always talked to each other whenever we saw each other. One night at a show at the Argyle House we started talking about starting a band. None of us knew a thing about playing our instruments—I actually didn't even know how to hold a drumstick or keep a beat. (Still don't, really, but who cares!) We had a jam the week after and kicked off from there. Actually, after that first jam I think we had two shows and a tour out East lined up. We definitely have a hilarious live tape lying around somewhere of one of our early random jams. And about the style of music, I'm pretty picky, I listen to only UK82 stuff and that's the style I was going towards.

MRR: That's rad that you guys all learned to play together and quickly booked a tour from the get go. How has the band's sound changed since you all picked up your instruments?
Jo: Well, the ultimate difference is that before we had two riffs in a song and now we have three!
Simex: That third riff really goes a long way!
Jo: And now we have fancy instruments and record in an actual studio. No more Crate amps, Squire basses, and laptop recordings!

MRR: Since we began this email interview, you've lost a band member—what happened and who has stepped in to replace him?
Simex: He got really active in the local white power scene and couldn't reconcile that with having a Chinese drummer. Ha ha ha...When Eric left I was invited to play and the next week we were playing shows!
Jo: Nah, Eric just quit. He was sick of being in the band. He plays in another band that's like Gloom or Disclose called Humans Off Planet Earth.

MRR: Hello Simex welcome to this interview. Tell us something about yourself? Something you've never told anybody else, or maybe share your innermost thoughts?
Simex: Ahhh, I dunno, what can I say? I'm a truck driver for (get this) Triple K Transport, I have a husky named Deedee, and I make my own beer My only true outlet for all the bullshit that goes on in my day-to-day life is playing in Germ Attak, tipping a fine homebrew and listening to Tiger Junkies.

MRR: Germ Attak gets compared to Chaos UK and Exploited, do you think those are accurate comparisons?
Jo: Yeah, definitely. We're probably one of the only bands that play the 1-2-1-2 beats left these days. These days in hardcore punk its either D-beats or blast beats. Sure we play retro-style music and are only recycling old ideas, but at least where not trying to sound like some generic '80s American hardcore band. I'm sick of that shit. Ha ha.
Simex: The Exploited is an accessible band, so they've contributed to getting lots of people into underground hardcore punk, like Chaos UK. I don't thinks it's that far fetched to compare our sound to theirs, as essentially, that's what were going for.
Jo: Exploited is kind of a joke now, with the fake mohawks, jogging pants, and bad crossover, but they remain one of my favorite all time bands. All their '80s records! Even *Horror Epics*, with the shitty electronic drums! People worship Discharge, but discard Exploited as being some "dumb street punk band," but they're really similar bands! Same riffs, same lyrical themes etc. Chaos UK always kept it real! From the catchy-as-fuck songs of the first few EPs and first LP, to the all-out noise hardcore of *Short Sharp Shock*! I always found it weird that they get lumped in with all the bullshit UK punk compilations with all the big names, yet they operated on 100% DIY standards and were more part of the hardcore scene of Disorder, Amebix, etc.
Will: I think more of a Disorder / Chaos UK with Discharge sounds.

MRR: Do you see the distinction between all the punk genres and sub-genres as superficial?
Jo: Well, I acknowledge them musically, but otherwise I think it's just mindless divisions. I try not to be prejudiced towards anyone.
Simex: Well of course musically there is a difference, and as Jo said, I try not to be prejudiced towards those with other musical directions. But that being said, I do think that at least politically and ethically there is an undeniable difference.

MRR: How were you guys first exposed to punk rawk, and what were some of the first shows you went to?
Jo: I saw a brief clip of Black Sabbath and Sex Pistols on TV once and it seemed so extreme. I didn't like music growing up, because to me music was the shit they played at church (cough). When I started high school, there was huge graffiti that said "Punk's Not Dead" on the back of the school. A while later, I was at my older sister's then boyfriend's house. He had a bunch of dubbed tapes, one of which said "Exploited - Punk's Not Dead"! So I told him about the graffiti on the back of my school and he claimed to have done it in the late '80s. I dunno if he was bullshitting me, but either way, he gave me a handful of tapes because he said I would like 'em, and he didn't care for that stuff so much now. So I got to hear UK Subs, DK's, MDC, Conflict, DOA, Suicidal Tendencies, DRI, and the aforementioned Exploited. It took a good year or two before I could find out about other punk bands. I would listen to the TV and radio, but all I could find that was punk was Nirvana and Green Day. I felt frustrated that there weren't other punk bands like the ones on those tapes! I started listening to college radio and found out about some punk rock shows. I used to compile lists of bands I had heard names of and request them on the radio shows and record the shows and make mix tapes from the good tracks. It was a long process! Later on my parents got the internet, so I got into bands like Gauze, Mob 47, Anti-Cimex. A bit later I started going to local shows, but there was no punk bands in town, so the shows where all sorts of garbage. He he A bunch of awful Montreal crust bands was about as good as it got!
Will: I started high school when I was thirteen and that's when I first started making new friends and skateboarding and stuff. My sister quickly got me into what I thought was punk at the time (typical poppier punk stuff: NOFX, Bad Religion, etc.). From then I started going to all the punk shows in Ottawa that I heard about, from local

bars, to punk houses, to parties. I remember going to Warped Tour '98 and I had a good time. I was fourteen or fifteen. Eventually I started checking out more popular punk like Exploited, GBH, Casualties, Oi!-Scouts, and from there I got into UK82. I read all about the history of real punk, researched a bunch of kick-ass bands, and now I'm hooked and refuse to listen to anything else. Also, when my dad used to take me downtown when I was eight or so, whenever I saw spiky-hair punx, I always thought, "Man those guys fuckin' rule!" Simex: I used to listen to the Sex Pistols with my friend's dad when I was a little kid, but it wasn't until I was a teenager that it really caught on.

Growing up in the country it was pretty hard to get exposed to any kind of DIY punk, but I knew it was out there. I listened to Sex Pistols, Clash, Dead Kennedy's, etc. For the longest time I was always snatching up anything I could. A younger friend of mine introduced me to Crass, GBH, and the Exploited when I was eighteen, and that was it. I was playing in a band at the time so whenever we played shows in Ottawa I was checking out other people's jackets for band names and then looking them up later. I met Jo around then and he gave me an anti-police punx comp tape that I listened to over and over. I never really heard Discharge or Disorder until I was twenty!

MRR: You've released some of your records yourselves, how important is the DIY ethic to this band and do you expect to keep releasing your own stuff in the future? What other bands have you released on your label?
Jo: Releasing our own records was more out of necessity! Every time we've recorded something, we've asked a few labels to see if they where interested in releasing it, but that hasn't worked out so well, so we've just borrowed lots of money and done it ourselves. We've released two-7"s and one LP on our label, Capitalicide, and two other EPs and various tapes have been released by other labels. Capitalicide has co-released a 7" for our friends Bombed Out, and also recently a few tapes by local bands No Solution and Schizophasia, a thrash metal compilation, and a discography of cult Switzerland raw punx, The Decay.

MRR: How did the idea of doing a live album with T.H.R.U.S.H. come about and how does this album differ from other Germ Attak offerings, other than it being live?
Jo: Okay, first of all it's a big scam, because it ain't live! There are vocal overdubs, because I can't remember all the words of our songs! Essentially it's live in our old rehearsal spot at Dishouse with our friend T.H.R.U.S.H., who lived there and does a lot of harsh noise recordings. We had played a Halloween gig with him playing in between our songs to make things a bit different. People at the gig were confused and didn't understand, and blocked their ears at the extreme harsh noise! That night we also made things "a bit different," by throwing candy from our Halloween candy bowl into the crowd after the last song. People at the front soon found out that we where throwing baggies of pot, coke, and various pills, so they started going crazy and fighting amongst themselves to get the free drugs, but then when we threw the used syringes that were at the bottom of the bowl, nobody was interested! Long story short, the drugs where fake, and the syringes had no needles, ha ha ha. After doing that gig with T.H.R.U.S.H., we recorded a set in the rehearsal room, and it was released as a tape and CD.

MRR: Seems you like to tour what are the differences you've experienced between your homeland of Canada and the US? Also, tell us about getting robbed at gunpoint and feel free to share any other tour story shenanigans?
Will: The differences between both countries one thing is for sure, those toll booths in the eastern states *suck*!! Getting robbed at gunpoint after the Cleveland show we get invited back to the Shithouse. A few people told us not to go there but we did. We walk into the punk house and hang out and later on, around three in the morning, me, Eric, Tom, and Matt (Bombed Out) walk outside to the van to get our sleeping bags. I open the back door and some jerk with a tazer sneaks right beside me, and holds it right to my neck. Tom *immediately* books it right back to the house. Matt hilariously sneaks off silently—totally just backing off slowly, and at about ten feet away starts running to the house. So he's patting me down and I say I got fuck-all. Luckily he didn't grab my ass cause he woulda felt my wallet, which had over $400. Then the jerk jumps on Eric with the tazer and in less than a second I have a fuckin' gun to my neck from some other asshole. I think the only thing he said was "Don't move." I looked over to the house and I saw Jo with a bat and I think some of the other guys with swords or two-by-fours, but there's not much you can do when guns are involved in a fight. Unfortunately, they grabbed a pouch full of our band money, about $700, Eric's phone, and camera. Maybe something else but what matters most is we're still alive and rocking out.
Jo: We've toured mainly in the US, 'cause there ain't much option here in Canada unless you want to trek cross-country, which means twelve-hour drives in between cities. There's not much difference between both countries, but at least in Canada we don't measure distance in furlongs!

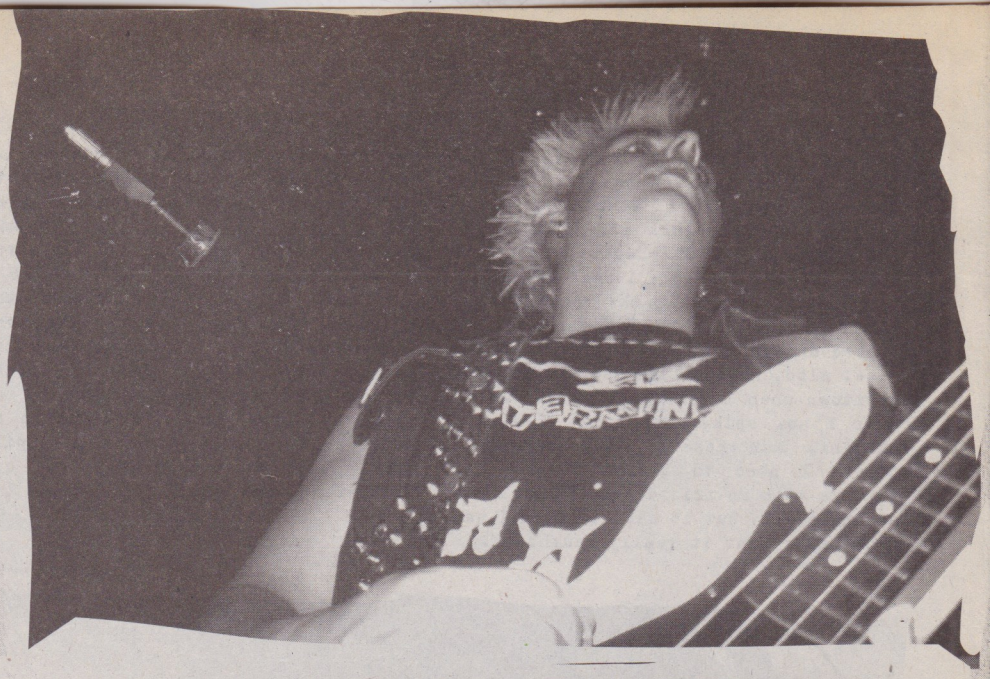
MRR: How was your most recent west coast tour and what are your upcoming plans?
Jo: The tour went real well. We took the plane to Vancouver, played there, then took the ferry to Victoria, played there, then took the ferry to northern Washington where we got picked up by our driver, Jakke. Without him there would have been no tour! He drove us for free and helped with the booking! We knew him from a few years back when he lived in Vermont and his band Deathpact played with us in Ottawa. He now lives in Portland and is in one of the best bands around, Nerveskade. So

we played Seattle, then Portland. We played a Lebenden Toten cover with their singer. Ha ha. After that, Sacramento, Fresno (in some backyard next to some *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* house), then some LA suburb at an outdoor wrestling ring in an industrial area! Afterwards, we drove to San Diego, parked the van, and walked to Tijuana, played a good show, then walked back. We played a cool show in SF, hung out all day in Chinatown while Will was trying to hustle deals left and right, then Gilman. (Thanks for the food!) Then we drove all the way back to Portland for two more shows, drove to Vancouver to get back on the plane! Nothing crazy happened. No beatings, arrests or anything like that! April 30th to May 31st we are touring Europe. Thrashbastard and Yellowdog are setting that up for us as well as releasing a new LP.

MRR: What else can you tell us about the upcoming album? Will it only be available as a Euro press?
Jo: Yeah, the record will be a Euro release, but copies will find their way this side of the pond! Don't expect noise like *Ouroboros*, expect more anthemic songs.

MRR: Let's dispel the rumors that you dudes are Christian once and for all, where did this rumor come from and why?
Simex: It must be the huge crosses that we wear onstage that throw people off! But people don't understand that it's a tribute to Black Sabbath.
Will: I'm not Christian.
Jo: Thanks for bringing that up! I'm not a Christian, and the band isn't a Christian band. Anyone that paid any attention to the lyrics would note several anti-religious themes. Those rumors have probably snowballed from some bullshit by people who don't like me. You'd have to be a bandwagon, message board-fiending moron to believe rumors like that. Scene politics and anarcho-PC-ism can be as dogmatic as any Christians I've ever met. Religion is a terrible thing that's been used to control masses from Islam or Christianity to doomsday cults like Jim Jones or the Order Of The Solar Temple. Spirituality should be a personal thing. Here in Quebec, Catholicism is on a huge decline. The church doesn't have the political hold it once had.

MRR: Since you brought up lyrics, what inspires your lyrical content? Do you all contribute to the lyrical writing process?
Jo: The lyrics are inspired mainly from movies and Wikipedia, really! Essentially, they're run-of-the-mill lyrics with a bit of Situationism, Anarchism, and Dicordianism all thrown together in a really pessimistic way. There're reoccurring themes of the endless cycle of shit we live in, indigenous armed struggles, being antisocial, government conspiracies
Simex: As I'm getting more settled into the band, I'm trying to make some contributions lyrically, mostly with the



aforementioned themes with a little inner conflict thrown in.

MRR: So basically you indulge in generic punk rawk socio-political-personal lyrics, eh?
Jo: Yeah, pretty much! We wouldn't wanna sound pretentious or anything like that, so we don't write anything too ground breaking! The lyrics are still heartfelt and are there to vent out frustrations. It's not like we sing, "Let's get drunk. Oi! Oi! Oi!" or "War is bad, bad, bad, *baaaaad*!"

MRR: So Will, you're a hardcore poker player, eh? Do you play at Casinos or online? Which do you prefer and what is the largest pot you've ever won? Do you aspire to play in the World Cup of Poker?
Will: I play tons of poker, practically any chance I get. I used to play online but I can't stand it anymore. I mainly play house games, but whenever I feel rich/lucky I will go to the casino. The Casino is crazy. I've lost over $100 in one hand, and I've won over $300 in another. In house games we pay $5-$20 for a whole game and you're with all your friends. The largest pot I won is probably when I went to the casino with like $80 and a few others were on it. The pot was $350 or so. About the World Cup Once a year there's Sexapalooza, which doesn't only have dildos and fake vaginas for sale, but holds the biggest Ottawa poker tourney. I decided to enter it this year. There's something crazy like 1000 players paying $100 a head to enter. The grand prize is a buy-in to the World Series of Poker tournament, worth $10,000. Anyways, long story short, I got my ass handed to me. Maybe I'll have better luck next year, but I will always prefer cheaper house games. If anyone reading this plays poker, organize a game for the next time I'm in your city!

MRR: Sexapalooza sounds like some good times! Have you ever had any punx organize a poker game after a show? Punk rawk poker night, sounds like some fun shit to me.
Will: That's hilarious you ask that, because we do have a crew that plays poker after shows and at parties. We don't just gamble on poker, we gamble on anything, from Rock-Paper-Scissors, to Monopoly, to Risk anything. Oh, by the way, I've been playing bingo a lot these days.
Jo: After shows, I go to sleep!
Simex: If you ever have the chance to meet Will, bet him on something; foosball, rock-paper-scissors, etc. He will go for it!

MRR: Jo, how do you balance being a good parent to your son and being in several active bands? How's your son doing? Is he a little punk rawker in training?
Jo: Well who says I'm a "good parent?" Ha ha... Most people would shun the way we raise the kid, ha ha! I'm pretty cynical and pessimistic, so I try hard to keep that away from him and be more positive and uplifting. It's hard being a full time parent for sure! It's shifted my priorities in life a lot. As far as training him to being a punk rocker, I'm avoiding that at all costs! I want him to choose what he wants to do. As long as he ain't gonna be a Nazi or a cop! Punk rock usually attracts disaffected kids who have a bad relationship with their parents, because they're raised to be in their parent's image, or in the image of what they wish they could have amounted to. I still strongly believe in the mentality I had when I was twelve-thirteen years old, of, "why the fuck can't my parents just let me do whatever the fuck I want?"

MRR: Yeah, I get you on that, but now you are the parent, and are doing whatever the fuck you wanna do. How does this "mentality" come across in your parenting and relationship with your son?
Jo: Well, it's easier said than done, obviously. Being a parent sucks though. There's nothing cool about it! It's a constant struggle. It's the ultimate patience test. It's really hard on my relationship with Natalie because we're in a stressful environment and have no time to ourselves.

MRR: Jo, since you're a bike-riding guy, are you into the "fixie" movement (it's pretty big here in the Bay Area)? Do you build your own bikes? You ever ride in Critical Mass?
Jo: Fuck no! I hate fixies and I've campaigned against them! They're really dangerous, especially seeing as how there is snow and ice on the ground half the year. The worse part is people that have fixed-gear bikes with no breaks. I ride a single speed "Frankenstein" bike. I love going to Critical Mass. I wish it were more confrontational though. Funny thing about Critical Mass; last year I was attending one and a local news paper, *Peace and Environment News* took my photo and published it along with a good article on critical mass. In the letters section of the next issue, someone complained about the way I was dressed in the photo. I was dressed in full biker attire with old army helmet with the spike on top (like the Broken Bones skull!) The person said that *Peace and Environment News* shouldn't associate with Nazis! Can you believe it! See what I mean about dogmatic PC assholes being just as bad as a religious type?!

MRR: So, Jo, you've been called a Christian and a Nazi dude what's up with that shit?
Simex: When you're a card-carrying member of Christians for a White Canada, it's only a matter of time .
Jo: Well, at least I haven't been called a rapist or child molester. I'm sure my time will come though. All in good time, the punk scene will provide!

MRR: OK, Germ Attak dudes, thanks for taking the time to do this interview. Any last words or thoughts for the *MRR* readership?
Jo: Release a record and book a tour for us! Write to: 86 Saint-Hyacinthe, Gatineau, Quebec, J8X 2V2, Canada, or on the internet. We like to hear from you.
Will: Send us as much hate mail as possible.
Simex: Any feedback is appreciated and welcome (positive only). Support your local scene; don't just go to shows of big washed-up bands, trash show spaces, and start fights.
Jo: Yeah, only pound people's faces if you think they truly deserve it!
Simex: Or if you really want to.

EUROPEAN TOUR 2009

GERM ATTAK

4/30 - Berlin, Germany
5/1 - Copenhagen, Denmark
5/2 - Gothenborg, Sweden
5/3 -Oslo, Norway
5/4 - Stockholm, Sweden
5/5 - Malmö, Sweden
5/6 - Hamburg, Germany
5/7 - Mülheim, Germany
5/8 - Brussels, Belgium
5/9 - Kortrijk, Belgium
5/10 - Reims, France
5/11 - Paris, France
5/12 - Dijon, France
5/13 - Metz, France
5/14 - St. Etienne, France
5/15 - Alessandria, Italy
5/16 - Basel, Switzerland
5/17 - Bologna, Italy
5/18 - Gorizia, Italy
5/19 - Slovenia
5/20 - Vienna, Austria
5/21 - Pardubice, Czech Republic
5/22 - Brno, Czech Republic
5/23 - Roznov , Czech Republic
5/24 - Bardejov, Slovakia
5/25 - Lublin, Poland
5/26 -Warsaw, Poland
5/27 - Prague, Czech Republic
5/28 - ??????????????????
5/29 - Münchritz, Germany
5/30 - Dresden, Germany
5/31 - Berlin, Germany

The articles on the next six pages are a continuation of the Health issue (MRR #310). We will continue to run health-related content throughout the year.

DOPE HEALTH!!

BY EVAN DISASTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN MCCARTHY

I received a package in the mail a little over a month ago. I wasn't expecting anything and was living at yet another new address, so considering my history of no permanent address, burning bridges, and jumping ship, I was quite surprised to be getting anything. The box was less of a gift, more of a "congratulations" from an old punk house where I used to live, but mostly stay. I would consider said punk house to be a big part of my past, I guess as far as America is concerned.

In the package was a martini shaker, some rocks glasses, and drink recipes, with a note that said, "I found nothing says, 'Almost-30-year-old Ex-junkie' better than knowing how to make a cocktail for your friends." Some would say sending a recovering addict drink recipes is uncouth, but coming from this particular house, it was OK.

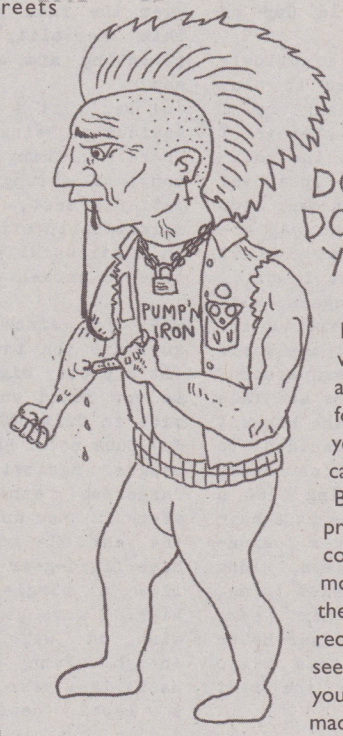
The letter said something else that I found funny. It said, "None of us thought you'd actually make it." Maybe secretly I'm as surprised as they are. However, this package was sent to me after having made it through my first year clean. It turns out that as a heroin addict, I never once gave any of those people reason to believe I could be clean. They've seen me on the streets, they've seen me in the methadone clinics, they've seen me at a handful of detoxes and government-sponsored rehabs, and finally the big leagues—not once had I given them, or anyone, a doubt about my will to get high.

I am surprised, but here I am. It's been over a year and a month. I guess in Narcotics Anonymous terms, my first birthday. The thing is, I don't want to be a year old. I don't want to think about poking myself with needles or feeling sad anymore. But I've run out of circles and cities, and now I have to face the street corners and the bathrooms and the means by which I have supported this habit. It's time to think seriously about it, beyond making shitty jokes about not being able to give blood or being strung out. And to seriously look at addiction, and my damn-near decade of dealing with it.

It would be easy to place the blame on people, places — the government? (Punk?) But in the end I have only myself, with the blame placed solely on myself by myself. Leaving me with fleeting relationships and the inability to stop using despite wanting to, and knowing better. Through reckless behavior and giving up, you do know better, or at least you did before you got to the point where nothing but getting high matters. I don't want to sound like Jerri Blank ("I was a user and a boozer and a loser") but I couldn't have imagined living without my opiate dependency. I'm fully unsure of this now, but I had always convinced myself that I was a functioning addict. I've sat through meetings and groups fully convinced that I was totally in control. Why? Because I never stole the TV? Or because no matter what I have done or where I have been, that need to self-medicate has always been there. I have run and hid, and I have taken great lengths to shake myself of this, but the need to get high often came before the withdrawals—symptoms of a physical drug dependency. It came with the nostalgia that at one time what I was doing was fun. I can see how self-deluded I was in this addiction, because I can't for the life of me explain or even rationalize the sense of nostalgia about being sick and strung out.

I remember that it was when I was the most high that I would talk candidly about addiction; it was when I was the most high that I had recovery in the bag; or worst of all, it was when I was the most high that I wasn't even high at all—just really, really tired! Now I can see the looks my friends' faces must have had, knowing full well my only motivation was to be high.

As an addict, I have jumped through a lot of hoops and learned a lot about the nature of addiction, I live in Vancouver's downtown eastside. Not a day goes by without being able to make the correlation between addiction and mental illness, and I see the importance of mental health in recovery and how impossible it is without it. The need for harm reduction services like needle exchanges, free health clinics and drop-ins, cannot be overemphasized. Here's a shout-out to Vancouver's INSITE (North America's only safe injection site), and a place where I have used. These services provide clean needles. Having spent my first junkie years on the streets of Canadian cities, I couldn't believe the difficulties I later had getting them in America and how stigmatizing it was.



I must have lost some self-respect when I drew water from a puddle and bleached a dull needle I found in the street (no shit), but you know what? I didn't start off careless; I became careless.

Beyond free syringes, these services provide referrals to detoxes, drug counselors, methadone clin-ics and more specialized services etc. It's the ongoing support that makes recovery possible, support that seems so hard to come by when you're lying in the bed that you've made.

So this recovery is a struggle and its not always fun.

Not every day, but sometimes, I still think about getting high. I think about how awesome it would be to nod out with a newspaper and a pack of smokes, listening to the radio—but then I realize that it wouldn't be the same, and I would probably just burn myself with a cigarette and barf or overdose. And I don't want to start over. I can't start over. Fully aware of the warning signs, I have relapsed before. I know all about relapse, but what's going to make the difference this time?

Maybe this time I won't invent an excuse for it to happen. I'm at the point now where I want to move forward. The past is nothing I can or want to change. I'm fully aware of the baggage that I carry. I wonder, will I ever be anything but an addict? Despite being clean, I don't really know what rehabilitation should feel like. I have made some necessary changes and sacrifices, but are they enough? I have thrown a lot of things away, mostly ideas about the way I should live life, and what I once thought to be healthy. But time will tell and recovery takes time, time I need to re-evaluate what my ideals are and what I want above anything else, and time to regain all the trust that I've lost.

I don't want to sit around dwelling on it, but if I could take back anything, it would be some of the time I spent, waiting for dope.

EPILEPSY

BY DAN GOETZ

I was diagnosed with epilepsy at age 22, after having my second unexplained grand mal seizure without any history of movement disorders or head injuries. The first one hit when I was lying in bed, shortly after waking up. I was rushed to a local hospital, where I underwent an MRI (Magnetic Resonance Imaging brain scan) that ruled out anything dire such as a tumor. I was scheduled for an EEG (Electroencephalography, which reads the brain's electrical activity) to determine the cause a few days later. The neurologist that performed it told me that the reading showed "irregular brain activity," which could be epilepsy, and recommended that I start on medication. I told him that I wanted to see if I had another one first, and chalked it up as an anomaly.

The second one hit me five months later after staying up all night on tour. I was taken to a nearby hospital and prescribed Dilantin, which is the lowest common denominators of anticonvulsants and usually the first tried. After arriving home, I went to see the same neurologist, who gave me the diagnosis and wrote a full prescription for it. The way this and most other anticonvulsants work is that they take about a month to accumulate in your brain before fully taking effect, and it was after that when the side effects began.

Neither prescribing doctor told me anything except that the medication might make me drowsy and to avoid alcohol, but I soon found myself with a constant unpleasant quasi-stoned feeling that was emotionally numbing and slowed my thought process. Things like my writing and typing became less precise, and my reading comprehension was hindered as well. At the time, I was training for a new job that required a lot of reading and some test taking, and I can remember having to read over things twice or more in order to retain even some of it.

After about three weeks of this and a bit of research on the long-term effects of Dilantin (which include things such as liver damage and "coarsening of the features," whatever the fuck that means), I could no longer handle it and went back to the neurologist to ask about other options. When I asked whether it was completely necessary for me to be on medication, he got a bit defensive, but laid out other medication choices and explained their side effects more thoroughly. The one that sounded the least undesirable was Lamictal, which I was told is in a different medicinal category than other anticonvulsants and has the least potential side effects. Not knowing what else I could do, I swallowed my shit and decided to give it a shot.

Lamictal works the same way as far as taking time to accumulate in a person's brain, and my dose was gradually increased to the 300mg I was to take over the course of the next month (I was also to be weaned off the Dilantin at the same time, but I simply stopped taking it and ritualistically destroyed the bottle and its remaining contents instead). I had recently started working overnight shifts for the aforementioned new job, and by the time I was on my full dose, the toll of working nights and sleeping odd hours had set in, and it didn't occur to me that things like my inability to sleep more than a few hours at a time or my complete emotional disconnect might be side effects of the Lamictal rather than my erratic sleeping schedule.

Around this time, I started developing random muscle twitches that at first only occurred when I was in bed with the intention to sleep, but gradually started happening more when I'd just be lying down and eventually at times when I'd be sitting idly. It never interfered with my functioning, but it scared the shit out of me all the same, and I had no idea whether it was a side effect of the medication or a worsening of my condition. Without telling my neurologist, I cut my dose from two 150mg pills a day to one and a half to see if it made a difference, and it did to a small degree.

When my second seizure hit, I'd been on the verge of finally getting the fuck out of the town I'd wanted to leave for years, but the combination of needing to determine the magnitude of my condition as well as pay off some sudden debt I'd accrued put my life on hold for eight more months. Once I finally moved across the country and got on a more regular schedule, the side effects of the medication became clearer. I started to notice that even on a more normal sleep schedule, it was still difficult to get more than a few hours at a time, and I'd developed a sensitivity to light that kept me from sleeping after sunrise unless my eyes were completely covered. I especially started noticing an emotional flatness, where I might be in a good or bad mood right before taking my meds, only to feel it melt away within a few minutes. I soon learned that Lamictal is also used to treat Bipolar Disorder, and what I was feeling was most likely the mood stabilizing effects of the drug.

I decided that this was too much, and sought a second opinion on my diagnosis, meanwhile tapering my dose further to one pill a day and then three quarters of a pill a day. A friend referred me to an epilepsy specialist who is somewhat renowned in his field and whose office accepted my insurance. At the appointment, I explained my experience in detail, and he did an EEG that lasted longer and also involved me sleeping. His conclusion was also that I have irregular neurological activity that was partially general and partially focused in a specific region of my brain, and that given this, Lamictal was my best option and that I should stay on the dose originally prescribed. I didn't tell him that I'd weaned myself to a lower dose, which at the time had been just a couple of months earlier, but figured I'd just increase my dose again if I had another seizure.

That was at the beginning of 2007, and at the same dose that I'd reduced myself to, it's been about three and a half years since I've knowingly had a seizure. In January, I met with another neurologist to re-evaluate things and talk about the possibility of switching meds, and as of right now I've had another EEG and am waiting to get the results back and talk about trying another medication or stopping them altogether. At my last appointment, it was suggested that my emotional numbness might be a sign that I'm prescribed a higher dose than I need, and I'm still trying to decide whether I want to come clean and tell him that I haven't taken my prescribed dose in a little over two years, which might make the case for my not needing meds. On a side note, my primary care doctor ordered liver enzyme tests to make sure that the Lamictal wasn't inflicting any liver damage, and these came back OK.

On one hand, I'm lucky that I haven't had more seizures, worse medication experiences, and that I have affordable health insurance at all. The muscle twitches are 99 percent gone, and the side effects aren't as bad as before, but they still definitely fuck with my quality of life. I still get woken up by sunlight, and seldom sleep for more than five or six hours without waking up and am ill-rested pretty much every day, no matter how long I allow for sleep, and the mood-stabilizing effects keep me from experiencing the same emotional highs and lows and even general moods that I used to. Some of the lack of highs and lows might be chalked up to getting older, but there are still too many times where I can't tell if I'm bored or indifferent because I actually am or because of my medication, and I'm usually at my best or worst feeling between when I wake up and when I take them, which I try to take advantage of on my days off by putting this off until the early afternoon (if I wait too long, it fucks with my sleep even more).

The other big implication on my life is that of consistently needing health insurance. I was eligible for COBRA benefits (the Consolidated Omnibus Budget Reconciliation Act, in short, mandates that those who were eligible for health insurance through an ex-employer or their parents are able to purchase the same coverage after they're no longer eligible) through a nationwide Preferred Provider Organization (PPO) from the time I was diagnosed until last October, which had me paying more but gave me the flexibility to move around and make the most of my wanderlust, self-referring to doctors when needed. Once this was set to expire, I applied for and was denied coverage by Kaiser Permanente due to "a history of seizures within the last five years." My current job through the city offers healthcare coverage through a public workers' health plan that is essentially a souped up Medicaid and has been a bureaucratic pain in the ass, but it's at least been adequate and has me paying almost nothing for meds. Whenever I leave this job, I can probably get bare bones coverage through Healthy San Francisco if I stay here, but my general situation makes it harder to do a lot of moving around or traveling for long or even shorter stretches, especially if it's on a whim, and living a voluntary drop-out lifestyle is not an option for me, no matter what some self-assured false anarchist or "anti-work manifesto" might say.

In my case, the cure is far worse than the disease. This article has not been about living with the imminent fear that I could have a seizure at any moment, and sometimes I feel like I'd rather deal with having a couple of seizures a year, of course running the risk that they could strike at a time that could lead to serious injury or worse, than the side effects of the medication that I feel at almost every moment. Unfortunately, with quitting medication, there's the risk that one's seizures can return and sometimes with more frequency, and it's not always possible to regain control of them with the same medication as before. Hopefully, some good will come out of the results of my EEG, and there can be an epilogue.

If anyone with epilepsy or a similar condition is reading this and thinking about getting in touch, please do. I've only met one other punk with epilepsy, and am interested in hearing the experiences and perspectives of more people who think outside the mainstream and question their doctor's word for things. If anyone reading has been able to effectively control their condition without medication, definitely get in touch. I can be reached at wreckxloose@gmail.com. Thanks for reading.

STROKE

BY MICHELLE PROFFITT

In the Spring of 1999 I had a stroke. I was walking across an avenue when I felt it. A jolt inside my head, and then a happiness that my three-year-long headache had finally vanished. I ignored it and walked home, oblivious to my surroundings, yet trying hard to maintain composure.

I got to my front door and repeatedly dropped my keys as I tried to put them in the keyhole. Finally, I had to use both hands to open the lock. Inside, I tried to remember what day it was, but at that point I was so tired, I just dropped my things and headed to the bathroom mirror, checking to see if I looked the same. It wasn't the same pair of eyes staring back at me and something about my face seemed permanently saddened, but I didn't think to be bothered. I tried not to fall as I climbed the ladder up to my dormitory bed where I fell asleep. It felt like it took forever.

After I woke up the next morning, I headed to school. I sat in the hallway of the building and thought about what my classes were; every doorway seemed so foreign. I asked a girl named Pam to help me remember and write them down. Several weeks later she'd remind me about how I came to school super-trashed that one day. She said she'd never seen me like that before, and laughed.

Internally, I knew that I was sick, that I had had a stroke, but I wasn't putting the pieces together. I thought I would just get better on my own.

After two days, one of my roommates, Bets, convinced me to go to the hospital. She was insistent, so I agreed, thinking she was just over-reacting. Yes, I sat on the couch at home and kept asking what day it was. Sometimes people juswt do that, sometimes people get sidetracked and lose focus.

We sat in the waiting room for several hours until they called my name. I went into the room with Bets and saw the doctor. After repeatedly asking if I was "coked up," he sent me home.

The second time I went in, it was my roommate who forced the doctors to give me an MRI. Because, at that point, I was so far gone. I had the seemingly typical list of stroke symptoms: forgetting things, dropping objects, repeating things, not making sense, partial paralysis, one side of my body being more dominant than the other, my inner voice playing loops in my head, vomiting. No instant coma, no full-blown paralysis, no vegetative state, nothing like the movies show.

It was only after the MRI that the doctors confirmed that I had had a stroke. I was nineteen, the youngest person to ever be diagnosed with that condition at the hospital.

Thinking back on this now makes me feel really stubborn, foolish. If folks ever find themselves in a similar situation, I'd hope that their stubbornness would not keep them from going to a hospital and getting the help they need. If you are sick, insist on being properly tested; insist on staying; insist on getting well. Please realize that a doctor knows less about you than you do.

While at the hospital, my faculties weren't intact. I couldn't process information accurately, or at all, really. My memory was extremely faulty and I was unaware of how serious my injury was. Of course, I have a list of things that went wrong during my hospital stay, but nothing prepared me for how incredibly challenging and heartbreaking recovery was.

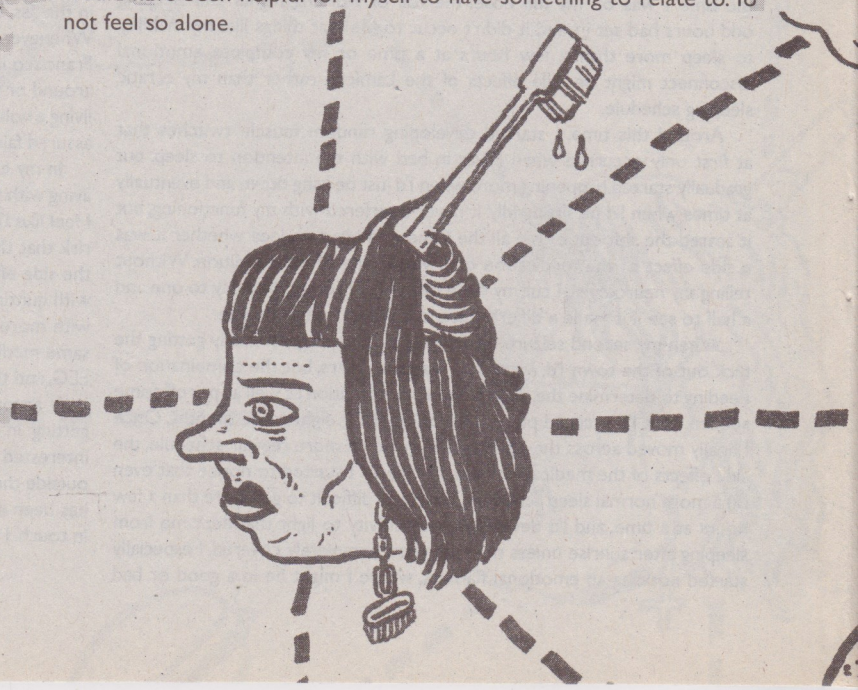
For myself, recovery was the hardest part of being unwell. It provided the least answers with the most questions, over the longest time. In a way, I feel as though I am still going through the process of recovering. However, it is radically different for everyone, so I can only speak for myself. My type of mental recovery was about coming to terms with things internally, constantly double-checking myself for any sign of progress. I often held myself to the same standard I was at pre-sickness. This was a wrong and totally destructive thing for me to do. I was holding my sick-self against an idealized memory of who I was before, a perfect-self. I would never be able to meet that standard, simply put, because I had never been that person.

This rationale affects many people, and it is acted out in many ways, but not knowing that you're doing it can make things worse. Obviously, not all strokes cause this type of reaction, but I do know many people who have had similar experiences, irrespective of illness. I put myself through a taxing, pointless mental battle instead of just trying to get better. This was one of the biggest mistakes I made, and I wasted many years on it. Maybe that was part of the process, but it shouldn't have had to take that long. I simply had no one to talk to about it.

When your memory plays tricks on you, when you can't remember if you experienced something or imagined it, you start losing hope in yourself. You start seeing dead ends, not finding answers, and questioning your morals, the very process you use for reasoning. Your truths become muddled, and your cognitive ability to know a lie or to trust your instincts becomes confused. You don't trust yourself. You are always on edge, always unsettled, always on the verge of collapse and anger internally. In essence, you really just don't know yourself anymore. When you are going through the motions, but not actually feeling what you are experiencing, it hurts. It's crushing to only look at things in hindsight and figure them out.

One of the most difficult parts of recovery is getting people to acknowledge an illness. That simple acknowledgement is more important than people may realize. Sometimes, those who have been sick feel almost guilty bringing it up, because they aren't looking for sympathy or pity. They simply want to talk about it. They don't want to feel strange or alien discussing these things. They may just be looking for understanding.

I'm not saying that these issues are life-long, but in some small way, I do still deal with their effects every day. I know I'll never be who I once was, and now my task comes to putting together the two parts inside of me, mentally, from before and after my sickness. This may sound strange to people, but I think that there are those who can relate to certain parts of it. I guess I'm hoping that this will be a tool for some folks, something to measure their own experience against. I feel like it would have been helpful for myself to have something to relate to. To not feel so alone.



PROSTITIS

BY STEVE HART

About two years, I started to feel a lot of pain in my, uh, groin area. Just sitting down was painful, taking a crap was murder, and walking became out of the question. I was studying at the University of Hawaii at the time, so I went in between classes to the health clinic to see if they could figure out what was wrong.

I sat down on the thinly papered exam table, waiting for the doctor to show. She walked in the tiny room and I told her what was wrong. She requested that I take my shorts off and to roll on my side. I panicked — I wasn't prepared for this! When she hit my prostate, a bolt of pure electric shock went through my entire body and I became nauseous, dizzy, and pretty embarrassed. Next, we discussed my sex life, which was non-existent at the time. However, she either didn't believe me, or didn't care. She pulled out a large q-tip, about eight inches long, and said, "I used to be a doctor in the Navy. Most guys who I've given this exam to have passed out."

I grabbed my penis and she buried the q-tip deep down my urethra. It hurt really badly, but I didn't pass out. I wanted to die, instead. My penis was kind of burning after that, and after a few more tests, I was sent to the pharmacy for some antibiotics. I was diagnosed as having prostitis, or an inflammation of my prostate. After discovering this wonderful news, I went to my English class and moaned my way through class for two and a half hours.

For over a year, four different doctors prescribed more and more antibiotics. And of course, the antibiotics didn't take away any of the pain. Then, after being prescribed Cipro, my body had enough and I developed a bad yeast infection. Now, on top of the pain in my groin, I was itchy and uncomfortable. So, four doctors and four rectal exams later, I found a new doctor on Oahu that seemed pretty cool. He wasn't interested in my butt. Unfortunately, I had moved back to Maui by this time, so I've been flying back and forth, or scheduling visits if my band White Rose had a show on Oahu that weekend. We tried a variety of treatments, but nothing seemed to work.

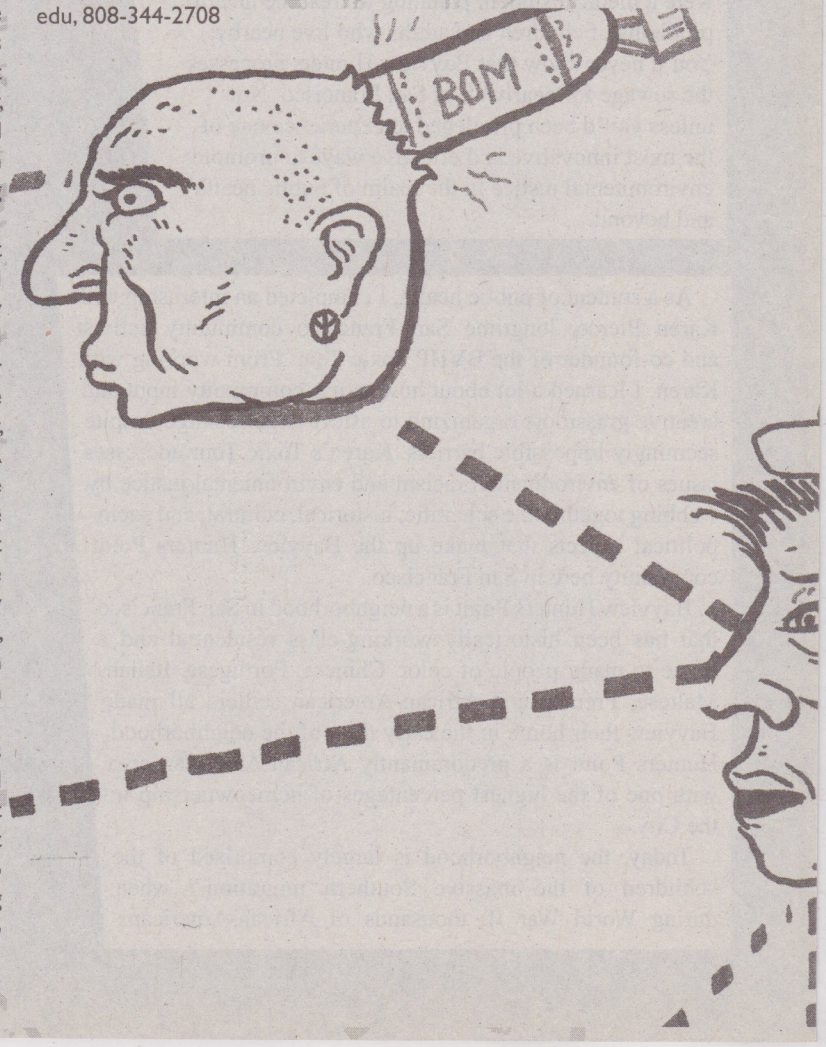
After further examinations, we discovered the problem wasn't in my prostate. All those antibiotics had been for nothing, and I was stoked when my new doctor said I didn't have to take any more. However, by this time, my immune system was shot, and I started getting colds all the time. White Rose toured this summer and on the plane ride to California, I caught the flu and spent the next two weeks in misery, coughing and hacking to death. Anyway, when I got home, we tried to do a "cord block" on my varicosele. A varicosele is essentially a varicose vein in my balls. He injected me with a large needle and then for the next week, I had to determine if the procedure had worked or not. It didn't. Then, for the next nine months, I went to physical therapy to see if I could manage the pain and strengthen my "core." Most of the therapy was pretty embarrassing. I had to spend an hour on my back, holding my balls, or as she described, "my tissue," while she used a sonic wand on my leg and groin area. This treatment went on for about fifteen minutes. Afterwards, I felt guilty.

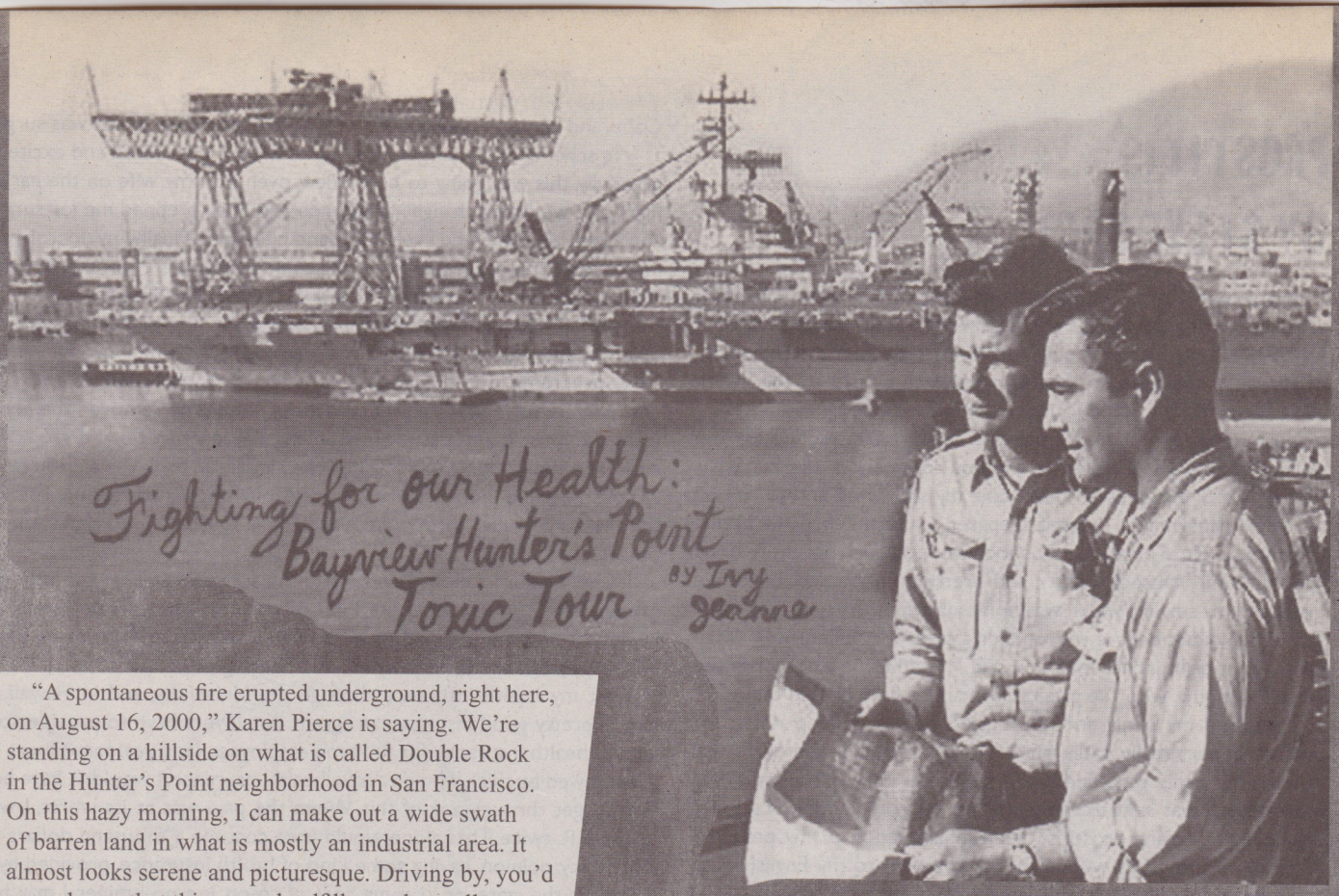
The pain never really decreased, despite doing breathing exercises and everything else that was prescribed. By this time, I had spiraled into a deep depression. I hated the painkillers and the dullness that I felt. It had been two years since the pain started and there wasn't any sign that it was going away. I went back to Oahu and talked to my doctor. We decided to try one more pharmaceutical cure, using Lyrica. I took that for two weeks and felt no relief. I flew back to Oahu, and we both decided to move to the next step, which was surgery.

We scheduled the surgery for July of 2008. I was scared and excited—hopefully, this was going to help. I flew over with my wife on the earliest flight and we drove straight to the hospital. They prepped me for surgery and asked what seemed like a thousand questions. Finally, my doctor came in and signed my groin. I asked him if I could tattoo it later on as a keepsake. They wheeled me into the surgical room, which was freezing cold. I liked that part (Hawaii is pretty warm, ya know). My doctor performed three different procedures. He snipped my varicosele, and then my vas deferens (the vasectomy was completely voluntary and unrelated to the pain). Lastly, he performed a "radical cord strip," where he removed the nerves from the muscle and tissue surrounding the left testicle and groin area. Afterwards, my wife and I returned the rental car, took the shuttle to the airport, and flew home. On the way to our house, I threw up. This was the first time I had thrown up since I was fourteen—it wasn't fun this time, either.

It's been about a month since I had the surgery. I still have to ice down my balls from time to time, but I got off the painkillers about a week ago. I went through a pretty bad withdrawal period, but I'm doing much better now. My spirits are up and my mind is clearing.

I get my health insurance through the University, and in Hawaii, we have a pretty good insurance program. Employers have to provide some kind of health insurance for full-time employees (and yes, part-timers can get screwed by this). If I didn't have health insurance, I wouldn't have been able to get through any of this. When the pain was at its worst, I went to the E.R. twice. That alone would have cost me a thousand dollars per visit. In my opinion, having some kind of health insurance, provided by an employer, the state, or in some sort of co-op, is a no-brainer. I may have lost a couple of years to chronic pain and misery, but if this had happened five years prior, when I was homeless, I don't think I would have made it. —Steve Hart, Order of the White Rose, Maui, Hawaii, harts@hawaii.edu, 808-344-2708





Fighting for our Health: Bayview Hunter's Point Toxic Tour

BY Ivy Jeanne

"A spontaneous fire erupted underground, right here, on August 16, 2000," Karen Pierce is saying. We're standing on a hillside on what is called Double Rock in the Hunter's Point neighborhood in San Francisco. On this hazy morning, I can make out a wide swath of barren land in what is mostly an industrial area. It almost looks serene and picturesque. Driving by, you'd never know that this was a landfill, or what pollutants combined to cause the landfill fire here only a few years ago. You'd never know if, for example, you were a medical student planning to treat the health problems of children and adults who live nearby. You'd never know that Bayview Hunters processes the sewage for nearly all of San Francisco. Not unless you'd been privileged to experience one of the most innovative and effective ways to promote environmental justice in the realm of public health and beyond.

As a student of public health, I completed an internship with Karen Pierce, longtime San Francisco community activist and co-founder of the BVHP Toxic Tour. From working with Karen, I learned a lot about how to use community input and creative grassroots organizing to affect larger change despite seemingly impossible barriers. Karen's Toxic Tour addresses issues of environmental racism and environmental justice by webbing together the scientific, historical, cultural, and socio-political aspects that make up the Bayview Hunters Point community here in San Francisco.

Bayview Hunters Point is a neighborhood in San Francisco that has been historically working-class residential and a home to many people of color. Chinese, Portugese, Italian, Maltese, French, and African-American settlers all made Bayview their home in the early days of the neighborhood. Hunters Point is a predominantly African-American area with one of the highest percentages of homeownership in the City.

Today, the neighborhood is largely comprised of the "children of the massive Southern migration," when during World War II, thousands of African-Americans migrated west to work for the Department of Defense, manufacturing weaponry and building warships in places such as the Hunter's Point Naval Shipyard.

Environmental Racism, Environmental Justice

Bayview Hunters Point has historically served as a dumping ground for nearly one-third of San Francisco's toxic waste sites. This predominately low to very-low income community suffers from chronic health problems as a direct result of the toxic environment. Within BVHP's built environment, residents experience numerous barriers to overall health and well-being.

Environmental racism is defined as environmental practices and policies that negatively affect communities of color, such as the dumping of toxic waste or placement of polluting facilities in communities of color. Environmental justice is defined as, "the right to a safe, healthy, productive, and sustainable environment for all, where 'environment' is considered in its totality to include the ecological (biological), physical (natural and built), social, political, aesthetic, and economic environments" (University of Michigan website).

The Toxic Tour raises an over-arching question: how can we create more cohesive and environmentally just zoning measures and redevelopment plans for our communities?

Despite the barriers, BVHP residents and community organizations have effectively organized numerous environmental justice campaigns over the years. The closure of the polluting PG&E power plant in the neighborhood is a shining example. Karen Pierce's Toxic Tour is designed using an environmental justice approach.

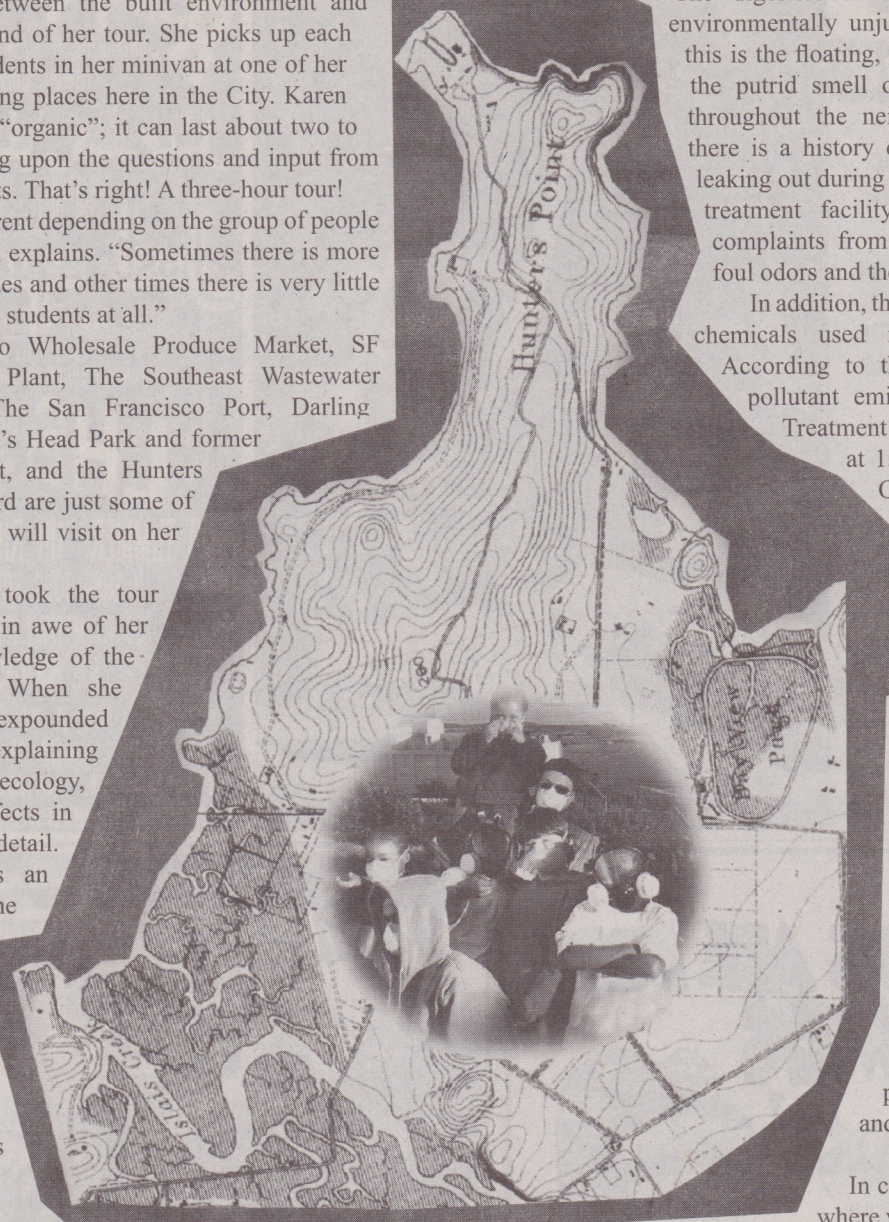
The Toxic Tour

Currently, Karen provides a tour for UCSF medical students, with the intention of each student being able to make connections between the built environment and public health at the end of her tour. She picks up each group of medical students in her minivan at one of her two designated meeting places here in the City. Karen describes the tour as "organic"; it can last about two to three hours depending upon the questions and input from each group of students. That's right! A three-hour tour!

"Every tour is different depending on the group of people I am driving," Karen explains. "Sometimes there is more focus on the homicides and other times there is very little questioning from the students at all."

The San Francisco Wholesale Produce Market, SF Municipal Asphalt Plant, The Southeast Wastewater Treatment Plant, The San Francisco Port, Darling International, Heron's Head Park and former PG&E Power Plant, and the Hunters Point Naval Shipyard are just some of the locations Karen will visit on her Toxic Tour.

The first time I took the tour with Karen, I was in awe of her encyclopedic knowledge of the sites we visited. When she pulled up, she expounded on the site, fully explaining the history, the ecology, and the health effects in well researched detail. The following is an excerpt from the curriculum I developed for her and example of her approach to the sites on the Toxic Tour:



The Southeast Wastewater Treatment Plant

The Wastewater Treatment plant, located near Third Street and Jerrold Avenue, treats 80 percent of the City's sewage and 100 percent of the storm water from San Francisco's combined sewer system, in addition to 100 percent of the wastewaters of Brisbane, South San Francisco, and Daly City.

This facility is one of the only wastewater facilities in the nation to sit directly across the street from residents without a physical barrier in place. Most of the residents who live directly across the street from the facility are immigrant families who rent their homes.

There are five digesters (large vats water with bacteria additive useful in breaking down solid waste) that process sewage and storm water. Once the bacteria have "digested" the solids, the water is siphoned off and piped across the street. The remaining solids are dug out and trucked to a waste facility located in Merced, California.

The digesters have an old, out-dated, and environmentally unjust design. One reason for this is the floating, unsealed top, which allows the putrid smell of the sewage to emanate throughout the neighborhood. What's more, there is a history of partially treated sewage leaking out during the rainy season. The waste treatment facility has received numerous complaints from the community about the foul odors and the sewage overflows.

In addition, there are numerous hazardous chemicals used in the cleaning process. According to the US EPA the principal pollutant emitted from the South East Treatment Plant are Nitrogen Oxides at 15.9 tons per year. Nitrogen Oxides exposure can cause respiratory illness in humans and is harmful to vegetation.

Questions for the Southeast Water Treatment Plant:

1. Is it just for the City to rely on only one neighborhood for cleanup of almost all of the sewage produced within its borders?

2. Should the digesters be moved to a location that provides a barrier between it and where people live?

In contrast to the barren landfill where we started the tour, the place we finish is lush and green. "I remember when this was a dumping site filled with weeds," Karen explains. "I used to climb through a hole in the fence to take my children dirt biking. It was popular for families and fishermen."

Now there are signs at the front of Heron's Head Park describing the native plants that were put in when the park was officially sanctioned, thanks in part to Karen's environmental activism.

The Toxic Tour provides an inspiring model for anyone to use, whether it be for very local community organizing or even large-scale demonstrations. With the ever- increasing war on the poor and people of color, the free trade and globalization disasters, and wartime culture, using imaginative and culturally relevant strategies in our activism can help us in turning oppressive tides.

For more info email me at: ivyjeanne@gmail.com

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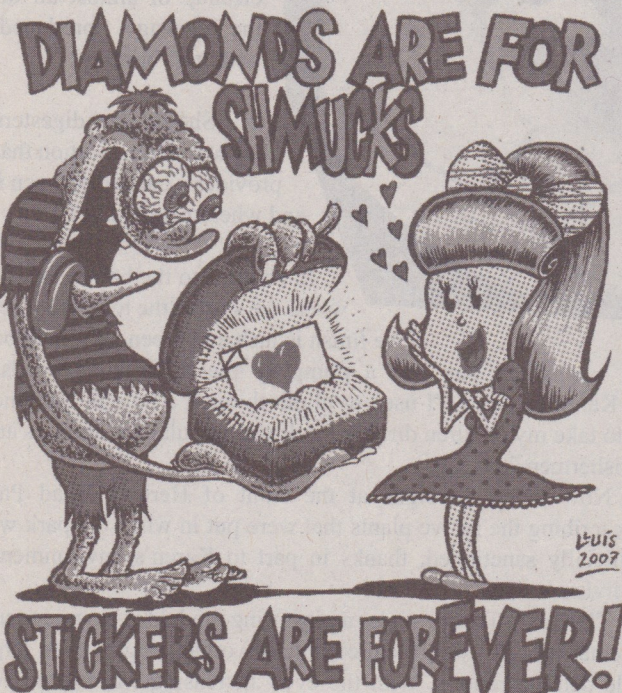

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BOOKS

Discographie Vinyl du Rock Francais 1977-2000
Compiled by David 1904
192 pages • 30 EUR
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euthanasie.records.free.fr

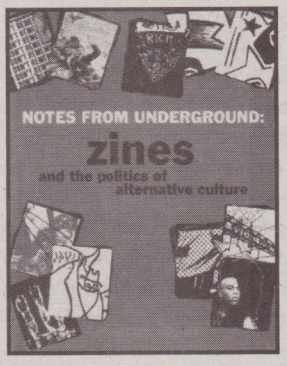
In case someone out there can't guess it, the title translates to *Discography of French Rock Vinyl 1977-2000.* Basically, that's all the information the average person needs when deciding whether or not to track this down—you either want to own a book cataloging every single vinyl release by French bands from that period, or you don't—but I'll go a little more in-depth for my record nerd brethren and sistren out there.

First off, *Discographie* seems to me to be centered on punk rock and is very comprehensive in terms of punk releases. The bands? It's got all of 'em, from the obvious big ones like Metal Urbain, Les Thugs, or... uh—trying to think of well-known French punk bands here... Telephone? Kidnap?—to the obscure, forgotten groups that only ever had one track on a comp. While the specific details aren't as complete as, say, *45 Revolutions*, the book does have the label name, catalog number, year of release, and track list for just about every record entry, and most have a color image of the cover as well. Also, many of the band listings give the style of music, regional location, years active, and/or band members. I'm less familiar with non-punk French bands, so I can't say how complete the listings are in that regard, but *Discographie* does include rock/new wave/metal/rockabilly/reggae/etc. bands, too. (In fact, as most of the punk music that interests me these days comes from the margins of the genre, what makes this book useful is that it surely includes many lesser-known, weird, cool, marginally punk records for me to discover.) I did notice that some of the discographies have post-2000 releases (e.g. the two-volume Trotskids reissue that came out last year). There's also a section for compilations at the end, including foreign comps that have French bands.

The main criticism I have of *Discographie* is that the information is formatted in such a way that it's sometimes difficult to browse or find a specific release. Everything is just kind of squished together, rather than being separated by easily discernable headers. Further complicating things that split releases are listed in a way that makes them look like regular single-band ones. It would also have been cool to include exclusively cassette and CD releases, but admittedly this is a *vinyl* discography. Ya can't have it all.

Technically, this book is written in French, but there's so little actual text besides the record info that anyone fluent in the international language of record collecting will have no problems. A final, somewhat amusing note is that the last page of the book lists bands associated with the "Rock Against Communism" (read: white power) movement. The page has a dotted line along the part of it that connects with the spine of the book, indicating that the reader has the choice to cut the page out if he or she wants those nazi punks to fuck off.

—Chris Hubbard



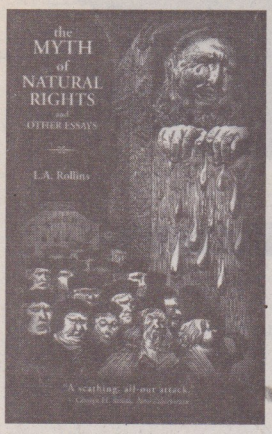
Notes from Underground: Zines and the Politics of Alternative Culture
Stephen Duncombe
256 pages • $12.95
Microcosm Publishing
222 S. Rogers Street
Bloomington, IN 47404
www.microcosmpublishing.com

Notes from Underground: Zines and the Politics of Alternative Culture is not only a history of zines, but an attempt to theorize the existence and meaning of zines throughout this history. Originally released in 1997 by Verso, it has been re-released in a new edition for 2008 by Microcosm Publishing. Stephen Duncombe traces the zine movement back to sci-fi fanzines of the 1930s, and even the early political pamphleteers. This is not a zine collection, nor is it a primer on zines. I've never come across a book quite like this, as zines are primarily self-contained, and most literature about zines does not analyze the zine world itself. Here, Stephen Duncombe takes zines and places them in their social context: the underground, and extrapolates on why they are such a necessary tool in this network.

Duncombe draws his analyses directly from zines and their authors, as well as his own experience as a zinester, and his social and political observations of the underground community, with a scholarly lens. For folks who are interested in resistance (sub)-culture, *Notes from Underground* illustrates the radical act of self-publishing and why zines have been so instrumental to people on the margins. The book strikes me as something a liberal arts college professor who has no experience with youth culture would eat up with a spoon. This comes as no surprise, as Duncombe is a professor himself. Regardless of, and in concurrence with its appeal to the academic sphere, *Notes from Underground* is quite helpful in analyzing the underground print world, and enthusiastically illustrating the pros and cons of its existence. Duncombe's approach is unique – an academic analysis through the eyes of an insider. This perspective guides his observation.

Duncombe does not only cover the motives, cultures, and purposes behind zines, but also points out the intricacies of their humor, their unique style, and quite often, their biting sarcasm. Closing on the note that zines *do* in fact still matter, Duncombe makes the case that zines are not merely publications—and Do It Yourself ethics not just a practice —but, "an entire way of thinking, being and creating; a shared ideal of what culture, community, and creativity could be." Creating even a non-linear history and analysis of zines is no easy task, yet Duncombe does so with enthusiasm and insight.

—Kate Wadkins



The Myth of Natural Rights
L.A. Rollins
304 pages • $13
Nine-Banded Books
600 Virginia Street West
Charleston, WV 25302
www.ninebandedbooks.com

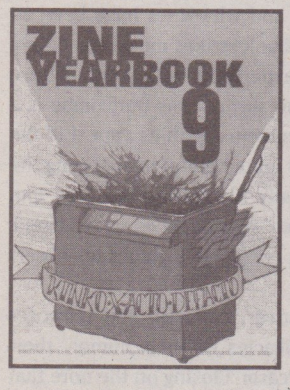
Wow. What a waste of ink and paper. The warning bells were going off as soon as I flipped through this one. Previously printed by Loompanics? Check. Blurb of endorsement by Bob Black? You bet. I'm not a fan of this brand of contrarian bullshit, because it just isn't backed up by smarts or worthwhile content. Being a disagreeable asshole doesn't make you radical. This book reminds me of those libertarians who I avoid in social situations because they are by turns boring and obnoxiously obtuse.

As far as Rollins' argument against the existence of natural rights goes, it's not that I disagree, it's just that his take on it is supremely uninteresting to me. This is not new territory. So there's no such thing as natural rights, so what? Yeah, we get it, morality isn't dictated by nature, or a higher power, so what's next? There's nothing particularly insightful about his stance. I'm interested in what follows the realization that natural rights are a myth. This book sheds no light on anything beyond how to be sophomoric, antipathetic, and snarky. It's tedious.

What's next, you ask? Ooh boy. Holocaust revisionism. Really? I don't even think this section of Rollins' book warrants a response. How much of a willfully stupid idiot do you have to be to even peddle this kind of garbage? If he honestly believes what he's saying, he's an ignorant ass. If he's simply trying to demonstrate how insubordinate he is to the establishment, then all I can say is what a dick.

Rollins' wraps this package up with a satirical lexicon, a letter to Allah, and a poem about Bush. As far as the dictionary goes, it's childish at best. Oooh, I get it, everyone is a target! And as far as Bush and Allah, can you find easier targets to write cranky letters to and bad poetry about? So, to sum up, I can't recommend The Myth of Natural rights to anyone.

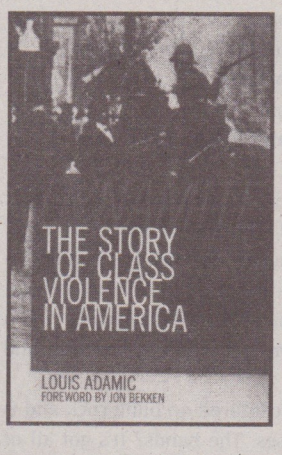
—Tress



Zine Yearbook #9
Brittney Willis, Dillon Vrana, Sparky Taylor, Steven Stothard and Joe Biel, eds.
240 pgs • $10
Microcosm Publishing
222 S. Rogers Street
Bloomington, IN 47404
www.microcosompublishing.com

The Zine Yearbook was around from 1996 - 2004, and recently came back and is now published by Microcosm. This is issue nine, which gives an overview of some of the "best" zines of 2007, so it's maybe not the most up to date collection. As a sampling of zines, the yearbook is kind of like flipping channels – you get little snippets of some interesting stuff (*Hack This Zine, The Book Bindery, Abort!, Shotgun Seamstress, Biff*) some classics (*East Village Inky, Paping, Urban Hermit, Doris*) and some things you maybe weren't expecting (instructions on how to make an Easter bunny out of (unused) tampons). Each zine has about a page devoted to it – so maybe one short story, or article or comics, which was enough to make me interested in some of the zines, but not enough to actually get me to remember the names of the zines when I try to talk to my friends about them. I guess it's a pretty good resource, and I did find out about some zines I hadn't heard of before, but overall I found it kind of annoying because there just isn't enough space devoted to each zine. Also, there is an honorable mention list in the back of some other good zines from 2007. If this came out in a more timely manner, I would be more stoked about it. Nonetheless, if you don't live near a zine library or a well stocked infoshop, this would probably be useful to look through, since there is a bunch of cool writing included. Plus it's cheap, so you'll still have money leftover to actually buy the zines.

—Thera Webb



Dynamite: The Story of Class Violence in America
Louis Adamic
380 pages • $19.95
AK Press
674-A 23rd Street
Oakland, CA 94612
www.akpress.org

Louis Adamic's *Dynamite* was originally published in 1931 and stands as the first popular history of the American labor movement. It was not intended to be, and isn't, a thorough history of class struggle in America, rather it focuses only on the use of violence both by and against the working class in the USA. This book is not a discussion of whether or not violence is an acceptable means of struggle; Adamic views it as a natural and inevitable aspect of the tensions caused by capitalism. He does go into the development of racketeering within the labor movement, a result that he also views as inevitable; "if the capitalists can organize trusts and monopolies (legalized racketeering, essentially,) why shouldn't the organizations of the working class?" is his argument.

Dynamite is actually a pretty enjoyable book to read. It reads a bit like a tabloid, lots of exclamation points and vivid descriptions. It is certainly a dramatic book. From its inception through the 1930's, when this book was written, the American labor movement was certainly violent. Bosses killing workers, workers killing bosses, strikes, bombings, etc. In case you couldn't tell, the working class lost most of the time, which is the all too frequent end to the events Adamic recounts: workers either lose on the streets, in court, or both.

Jon Bekken's foreword is pretty boring. Bekken really loves the Industrial Workers of the World and thinks they're still a relevant organization. (They're not really, call the Teamsters, SEIU, CWA, etc. if you want help on the job). This book is definitely interesting, and is valuable because of its status as the first American book of its kind, it serves as a reminder that class struggle in the USA has not always been as tame as it is today. Maybe it'll be dynamic in the future, but right now we need to focus on building working class organizations that have real power, and like it or not, the mainstream labor movement is probably on the best places for that to happen.

—Isaac Pirie

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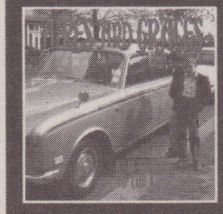

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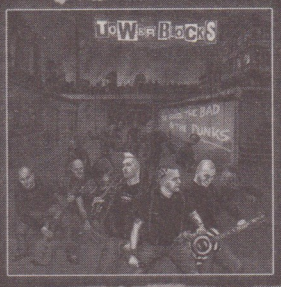

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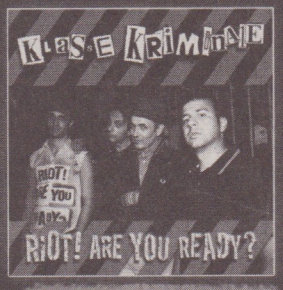

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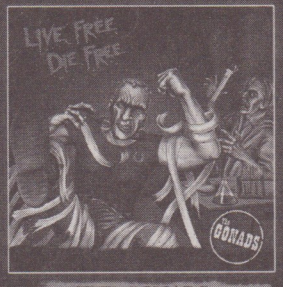

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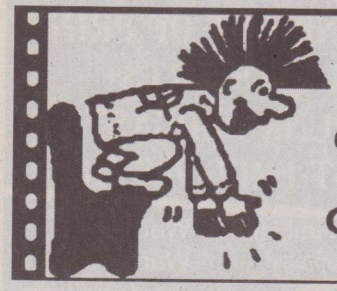

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

7 AND 7 IS

Should the band Love have been as big as or even bigger than the Doors? Could that have happened? That's the question that sticks out most in my mind after watching **Love Story**, a documentary about Arthur Lee and Love. Imagine instead of all those annoying ubiquitous Doors songs floating around in your head, you had a bunch of Love songs in there. I don't think it would work. Even if they did everything the Doors did—tours, television, interviews, indecent exposures, etc.—I still think it is completely random who becomes a star and who gets saddled with obscurity. In 1989, at the same club within a month of each other, I saw a high anticipated, sold out Mudhoney show and a more modestly hyped and attended Nirvana show. Look how that turned out. You just can never tell who people are going to latch on to, no matter how hard record label executives try.

The story of Love starts when Johnny Echols brought a guitar to school for show and tell. Arthur Lee picked it up and immediately liked it. Plus the girls started paying attention to them when they played. They started playing at frat parties and worked their way up to clubs performing as the Grass Roots. When another band released a record as the Grass Roots, the band changed their name to Love.

Love played in clubs around Hollywood and was signed to Elektra records by Jac Holzman. Holzman was looking for another rock group instead of the label's usual folk singers after the label's band Paul Butterfield Blues Band were backed up Bob Dylan when he went electric at the Newport Folk Festival. Arthur Lee suggested that Holzman also see his friends' band the Doors who as a result also signed with Elecktra. Lee took the $5000.00 advance for Love's first album and bought himself a two-seater sports car for $4500.00, and then gave the band members $100.00 each. Lee's egocentric attitude continued to annoy the original band members even though they hadn't played with him for many years.

Arthur Lee was the band's main songwriter as well as manager. He booked all the gigs. Although they played in San Francisco as well as LA, they never toured or played on the East Coast. As a result Holzman feels it was the band's fault they were never more popular. People didn't get to see them. Doors' drummer John Densmore agrees stating that the Doors were flying around on weekends to play in other cities. The members of Love blame the label for not promoting their records. It's a bit of a conundrum.

When Love began recording their third album, the masterpiece *Forever Changes*, the band was unpracticed and using drugs. When they couldn't perform the complex songs within a few takes, they were fired. They were replaced with studio musicians who, although they could play the songs better than the band, were too squeaky clean. Since the sound of Love was very unique, Lee and producer were forced to rehire the band. That isn't the typical rock 'n' roll story. You always hear of studio musicians getting the credit deserved or not for many very famous songs. But to have to concede that it isn't just musical ability that makes a song sound good is an excellent lesson for all record labels and musicians to learn.

Love Story gets all the essential interviews: Arthur Lee, Johnny Echols, Bryan MacLean, Ken Forssi, Alban "Snoopy" Pfisterer, Michael Stuart-Ware, Jac Holzman, record producer Bruce Botnick, John Densmore of the Doors, and *Forever Changes* arranger David Angel. Each person gives his recollections of what was happening at the time. Some events are contradicted by others, such as when the string arrangements were to be added to *Forever Changes*. Lee and Nichols contend that it was always the intention to add them, but producer Botnick recalls that the was no initial plan to put strings on the record.

Fortunately, the majority of **Love Story** is dedicated to the early years of the band and the recording of the first three albums. Lee's attempts to form a new Love, his years in jail, and his tours after his release are slightly touched upon. Just enough to let you know what happened, but not enough to bring the film down. (www.startproductions.co.uk)

Following last year's release of the documentary about the New York cable show *TV Party* comes a full episode of the show **TV Party: The Heavy Metal Show**. *TV Party* was "the TV show that's a party!" hosted by Glenn O'Brien in the late '70s, early '80s. This episode was filmed on February 24, 1981 and had the singular vision of focusing on the guitar solo. It starts out with eight guitarists and a drummer. Wigs are donned and everyone is doing his own interpretation of the heavy metal guitar shredding. Even though the soundman doesn't seem to pick up all the guitar noise and one person is playing a cardboard guitar, it all looks completely silly and entertaining. At one point Jean-Michel Basquiat and Fab Five Freddy get in a child-like fight over one of the guitars. It's a wild, fun mess.

I particularly like the shots of the audience who mostly look really bored. The musicians are having a ball, but those watching would rather be somewhere else. One guy is holding his head up with his hand, his elbow propped up on the chair arm. Others are just staring into space. Cookie Mueller also attempts to explain her recent test of heavy metals in her body, but doesn't manage to do it too well. Phone calls are taken from the home audience. I wish there were more of this type of reality on TV nowadays. We could use it.

The DVD has extra interviews from other episodes of the show and a Blondie tour video. More episodes are due out soon and I'll be devouring them all. (www.brink.com)

I have had an inexplicable fascination with Lee Ving lately. It is a combination of my *New Wave Theatre* obsession and his entertaining overmachoness. So when Michael asked me if I had ever seen **Get Crazy** and I hadn't, it was followed by watching nine minutes of the film on YouTube and then we were off to find a copy of it. It is not on DVD, so off to the video store. I have abandoned Netflix (again) for the more pleasurable experience of the video store. I am sick of waiting, then not getting what I want when I want it. The video store delivers instant gratification and still carries VHS tapes. **Get Crazy** was found at the best video store in San Francisco, Lost Weekend (1034 Valencia St.). Support them and rent a VHS tape today.

Get Crazy is the story of the New Year's Eve show at the Saturn Theater. An evil music promoter Colin Beverly is looking to buy out the independent promoter/music fan Max Wolfe who runs the space. He's not interested in selling, but when he suddenly becomes ill before the New Year's Eve show, his nephew Sammy is ready to make a deal. He even makes lame attempts at sabotaging the show as the staff steps up to keep things running smoothly.

The show is an odd collection of different musical styles: King Blues playing the blues, Nada doing a glammy-punk-new wave thing with special guest the wild punk Piggy played by Lee Ving, and headliner Reggie Wanker is a Mick Jagger-esque full-on rock star. The hippie music collective Captain Cloud and the Rainbow Telegraph show up uninvited thinking it is 1969, but Wolfe is a fan so he invites them to join the show. Also on his way to perform is reclusive folk singer Auden played by Lou Reed who comes out of hiding when Wolfe asks him to play.

Get Crazy has so many ridiculous rock 'n' roll in-jokes that make it particularly enjoyable. Allan Arkush who also made **Rock 'n' Roll High School** directs it. So get crazy. And say goodbye to your brain!

Farewell to the Parkway Theatre in Oakland. In a startling and much unexpected e-mail they announced their sudden closure and closed their doors on March 22.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area, let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it.

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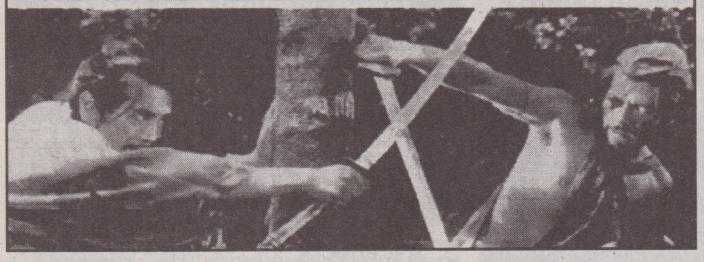
FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI



THE GODFATHER, REVISTED

Most moviegoers have come to accept the poetic unrealities of the classic Italian gangster film, led by **The Godfather** saga and its ilk. The saga is a familiar presence on cable TV, many viewers can recall the characters by name, or even view it as a history of sorts. Director Matteo Garrone takes the genre into the twenty-first century with **Gomorra**, a portrait of organized crime so real that its makers have reason to feel nervous.

It's the most high-profile film of Garrone's career so far, adapting a book by investigative journalist Roberto Saviano, which racked up best-seller numbers and a publishing award. (A security detail frequently secures the author against snipers, even to this day). **Gomorra** offers an unsentimental portrait of organized crime in Naples, stripping away its tourist's image to reveal a city gripped in dysfunction, with no way out.

The film juggles a tangle of narratives, which move forward rather resolutely, at least at the beginning. On one hand, we have two young punks, Ciro and Marco (Ciro Petrone, Marco Macor), who are so captivated by the Hollywood image of the mob that they find a way to snatch a cache of weapons from the local mafia. They promise that someday soon, they'll wrest power from the town's limp-wristed bosses. (Their vision of gangsters is certain to appeal only to overheated teens with lots of spare time on their hands). They don't do anything to alter the power structure of the Naples scene, but do spend lots of time discharging machine guns and explosives in the local mud flats. Finally, the boys do some low-scale burglaries to sustain their new lifestyle— a bad decision that will seal their fate.

A few other characters live less exciting lives, but their contributions to organized crime are more important. Toto (Salvatore Abruzzese) is a gangling boy just into his teens; he delivers groceries to various mothers in the area whose husbands have likely been sent to prison. Don Ciro (Gianfelice Imparato) meticulously counts and recounts cash reserved for the same reason. Both of then keep the system going, but haven't yet been admitted into the violent underground of Naples.

Franco (Toni Servillo) negotiates the purchase of a worthless mine, and with his young assistant, has found a way to store truckloads of toxic waste while pocketing the profit. Capable and good-looking, he runs into a problem when a dump truck driver ends up soaked in waste. His fellow drivers refuse to work until the health issues are addressed. Left without an option, Franco hires a cadre of local school kids—a few of whom can't see above the dashboard.

Sometimes, the mob's fiscal control is all that matters. Meek, balding Pasquale (Savatore Cantalupo) is a genius with textiles, and he's has been courted by the Chinese to design a wedding ensemble. In order to reach the factory, he must be driven back and forth in the back of a car. The project finishes brilliantly, but the local bosses dislike the idea of exporting local talent. Nobody makes money without the bosses taking their cut.

Naples' real-life problems result from a trio of factors. The area is an epicenter of unemployment, which fuels interest in mob activity and the thirst for easy cash. Drugs are the source of nearly all mob money, outstripping nearly every other revenue stream. And needless to say, this ugly drama plays out in a municipality that refuses to rebuild and change, where drab tenements and a depressed local economy almost invites organized crime…It's a familiar pattern mirrored by a variety of relatively impoverished cultures, thriving on weakness; once started, it's difficult to root out.

Gomorra contains only a smattering of music, with acting that's at times strikingly real. The six screenwriters take considerable care that the details of organized crime are rendered without the ersatz romanticism found in typical mafia dramas. In fact, the first twenty minutes or so are filmed with the sparest of plot, using a narrative that really doesn't begin to make sense until the film is well established. The cast is packed with unknowns, providing an almost documentary quality. Director Garrone strips the story of the kind of glamour some would use to validate the gangster world.

An Italian audience is already very aware of the Camorra. The plot, like the book on which it is based, simply relates incidents that are a part of Naples' civic consciousness. **Gomorra** defines a list of excesses suggesting entrenched corruption and its frequent partner: murder. Killing is the preferred solution for the Camorra; it's easy, and instills the proper measure of fear to keep the public submissive.

Director Garrone's career will be enhanced by the film's high-profile, but it's unlikely that writer Saviano will escape unscathed. Too many people have lost face, and the mechanisms of a criminal underground have never been rendered so naked.

Gamorra is nothing if not scrupulously accurate—sometimes almost to a fault. Prolific director Takashi Miike (whose credits include **Dead or Alive** and **Sukiyaki Western Django**, the latter reviewed here) has built his career on quirky yazuka yarns, most tinged with a satiric anime spirit. **Like a Dragon** is classic summer entertainment; you'll find a bounty of gangsters, guns, and blood, somehow managing to make gangster life seem almost, well, fun.

The mercury has hit ninety degrees, with the humidity off the charts. Goro Majima (Goro Kishitani) is a yakuza boss bursting with swagger. He has a bone to pick with former associate Kazuma Kiryu (Kazuki Kiramura), who has nobly promised to turn a street-smart cutie to her mother. The whole drama takes place over a single night, set in a Tokyo as bright and loud as a pachinko machine.

On the way, a young couple discovers a bag of mob loot, which fuels their worst temptations for larceny and greed. At the same time, a bank robber has broken into a vault only to discover that all of the money's vanished before they can steal anything. Of course, the two pieces of action fit together in a way neither would have imagined.

Majima and Kiryu are just what you'd expect in a Takashi Miike film: fierce, peerless martial artists who are just about invincible, brushing granite dust and debris from their shoulders after a fight. It's no wonder that real-life yakuza have been known to regard Takashi's films with such affection.

Like a Dragon has a tangential relation to reality, sometimes with a broad, cartoonish flavor; it's in ultra-wide screen, sharp focus, bright as day, and crackling with action; it's also as guilty as pleasure comes. Escape from reality? That's probably the point. Miike Takashi probably wouldn't recognize Roberto Saviano's version of the mob, but Saviano is there for instruction. Takashi just wants you to have a good time.

SIX TWO FIVE

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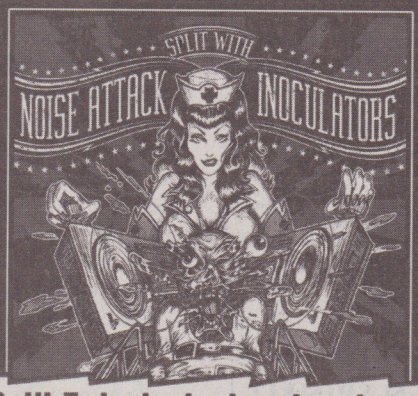

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2-KOMPONENTZ – "Stuff It" EP

2-KOMPONENTZ means it when they say "DIY," so it's hard to believe that they've been around for over a decade. This UK band specializes in gruff, riff-laden HC with tuneage that sounds like it was recorded in a few hours, tops, with minimal studio reworking. All that said, the songwriting (and production) is fairly plain, a familiar style with vocals following the guitar riffs. "Stuff It" is a good example for their style: aggressive, but lacking in a certain finesse. One cool thing about the band: log onto their web page and download 20 songs for free! (SS)
(Skithohl)

29TH STREET DISCIPLES – CD

Gnarly, fast rock 'n' roll with a metal influence that reminds me of THE HOOKERS, or even maybe THE DIDJITS. They're not really my cup of tea but this is pretty well done. It's totally relentless—one track leads off where the last left and the riffs keep coming fast and furious. From Denver, these guys could have been on Man's Ruin Records ten years ago. (AD)
(Zodiac Killer)

63 HIGH / BAD TRIP – split EP

Not to be confused with any of the numerous hardcore and punk bands with the same name, this BAD TRIP is an instrumental post-rock/shoegazer band from Thessaloniki, Greece. Their side of the record is one meandering seven-and-a-half-minute track. It's not bad, but it's not particularly memorable either—it just doesn't go anywhere. I'd need to hear more of their music to make a final judgment. On the flip side, another Greek band called 63 HIGH plays one song of bad '90s-style ska punk. Apparently they've been at it for 12 years, so they should really know better. I'll pass. (VX)
(self-released)

ABADDON – LP

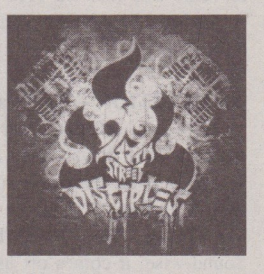
Brutal fucking metalcrust from the Midwest. If you are still reading after you saw the word "metalcrust," then this record should be required listening for your black clad ears. Everything you could want is in these six songs—burly-ass rampaging crust riffs will bowl you over without leaving so much as a 7-10 split in their wake while the high/low dual vocals command every ounce of your attention. The metal parts that make up about half of every song are what really surprise me. This is where bands usually lose my interest, but ABADDON never sacrifice good rocking songs in favor of just grinding for grind's sake, and they never lose momentum while playing fretboard gymnastics; they just fucking crush you. There are a few breathers, quieter interludes that merely lull you into thinking that the record might mellow out a touch, but the best you will get is about 45 seconds of doom before "Nerve Damage" kicks back in and the songs wraps up with an out-of-this-world solo and a double-bass fade-out that is near perfect. Flip the slab over, and side two simply burns—an onslaught. The lyrics are bleak as hell, sometimes abstract, but mostly just a grim analysis of life the way that so many in the middle of this country live it. If it's not obvious by now, this comes highly recommended. (WN)
(Sacred Plague)

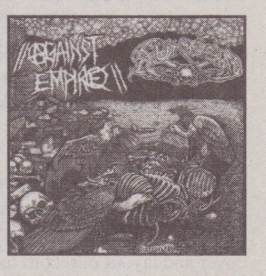
ABIGAIL / SYPHLITIC VAGINAS – split LP

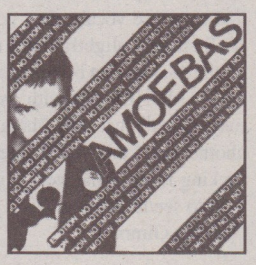
Japan's ABIGAIL worship at the altar of NME, a Seattle-based band from the early '80s whose guitarist went to prison for killing his mother with a pair of scissors and a hatchet. On their side of this split of metal brutality, ABIGAIL pays homage to the early days of black metal by ripping out two originals of VENOM/NME/early BATHORY-influenced satanic biker ugliness, with "High School Metal Bitch" and "Alcoholic Highway Star." They follow this with covers of BATHORY and NUN SLAUGHTER. SYPHILITIC VAGINAS kill it again on their side of this split. I love his ability to blend influences of motörpunk, early black metal, NWOBHM, and speed metal, tying it all together with distorted and twisted GISM-style vocals. The first two tracks "Benzadrine & Gasoline," and "Magwheels of Mayhem" are perfect fist-banging motörcharged metallic bulldozers. "Motorfire Hellwire" sounds like it fell off of an AGENT STEEL album, but with SYPHILITIC VAGINAS' signature vocal style. The five songs on their side will pulverize your brain. (SE)
(Rescued From Life)

ACTIVE SLAUGHTER – "4T2ude" CD

The ad for this CD says "more CONFLICT than CONFLICT." I'm sure that this means that CONFLICT have really stepped it down in the past years because although this is really punk rock, the music really doesn't stand up to the classics like "It's Time to See Who's Who" or "The Ungovernable Force." It is really great to see punx actually giving a fuck for a change. The lyric book is chock-full of useful info and good political ideas, and the music is pretty bouncy punk rock that is a bit scrappy. That is no slag though—I like the raw shit. There is a certain element of the songs that touch on greatness. I also think that it is possible to write great lyrics without an explanation after the song. It doesn't always have to rhyme. The band often steps into this territory on this album, which is too bad. ACTIVE SLAUGHTER plays very heartfelt songs that take a stand and I'm sure that a lot of people will definitely grasp onto that. I wish the recording was a bit better, but I can't wait to hear where they go from here. (WK)
(Active)







ADHESIVES / GONE DRINKIN' – split EP

A split between two newish Eastern Canadian bands—THE ADHESIVES (New Brunswick) and GONE DRINKIN' (Halifax, Nova Scotia)—that both bring a very similar style of pogo-inducing 1-2-1-2 street punk to the table. Nothing groundbreaking, and I really wish GONE DRINKIN' could pick up the pace a bit more. As it is, it kinda drags a bit. (JU)
(self-released)

AGAINST EMPIRE / AUKTION – split EP

AGAINST EMPIRE from Los Angeles, CA do fairly straight-ahead hardcore with a big, heavy sound and vocals you can understand. There are melodic moments, crusty TRAGEDY moments, straight rock moments, and they are pissed off. "Blank Thoughts" got my attention. What's with the punk rock jam at the end of "Time for Change"? AUKTION from Sweden make a sort of D-beat punk'n'roll, with nice trade-off female/male vocals. I like the way they mix the styles. (MH)
(Threat to Existence)

ALTARBOYS – "Got Wolves for Brothers" CD

I'm having a hard time pinpointing what this band is about, which is either a good thing or a bad thing. Kinda hardcore, kinda ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT, kinda DANZIG/MISFITS, kinda roots, and kinda garage. Dare I say drunk punk or in the Roehrs vein? For fans of THE CANDYSNATCHERS, ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN, and fighting. (RL)
(Horns Up)

AMMUNITION – "Unity and Rebellion" CD

Hardcore, left class-war loving street punk/Oi! from the land down under. AMMUNITION takes a strong-guns-for-the-revolutionary vanguard stance that according to the note accompanying the CD has alienated them somewhat in the leftist scene. Sound-wise, it comes off as a mix between CHAS AND DAVE and ANTISEEN. It's way too basic for my complicated palate, and the production sort of sucks—guitars way too loud in order to drown out the shitty drum machine. (SD)
(Class War)

THE AMOEBAS – "Gimme a Fix / No Emotion"

Four dudes from Grand Rapids with a serious boner for THE CARBONAS. From the font on the cover and layout of record to the snotty, barking, call-and-response vocals, they got it down. THE AMOEBAS strike a slightly more melodic tone (especially on the A-side) that brings to mind a brilliantly amped-up RAMONES but with ass-blistering guitars. But maybe that's just their liberal use of "Gimme," "Psychotherapy," and the leather jackets. Maybe I'm a fucking idiot. Whatever—totally killer record. Can't wait to see/hear more. (IS)
(Gimme Gimme)

ANAL THUNDER – "4 AM Illusion" CD

In Versailles they planted orange trees to cover the stench of their own shit. Growing up as a teenager in California's central valley I sought out punk music to cover the shit stench. GUTTERMOUTH frequented the Central Valley (and seemingly accosted underage girls) with a regularity usually only reserved for people with panel minivans or those with a strange unwavering sexual partiality for the cows and chickens of Chowchilla. This lead to my familiarity with the GUTTERMOUTH sound and is pretty good evidence of why I would want to leave the valley. This band occupies previously unchartered territory, somewhere between GUTTERMOUTH and any number of Fat Wreck Chords or Epitaph bands. I'm thinking GOOD RIDDANCE or HOT WATER MUSIC. Listening to this record may seem like a totally unappealing proposition to many of you. But if you're into early GUTTERMOUTH then you'll want to get up on this because the songs are all well played, ridiculous, and surprisingly palatable. (P$)
(Fullhouse)

ANDALUSIANS – "Do the Work" EP

Funny, I wouldn't have thought this was a Dischord release if it wasn't for the logo: low-budget packaging, limited to 500… back to their DIY roots. It makes sense though; these are the realities of the record biz these days. I'd hoped in vain that the packaging signaled a return their musical roots too. ANDALUSIANS aren't bad, but for the most part, it's pretty middle-of-the-road indie rock. I'm getting a big LIZ PHAIR meets SLANT 6 vibe. Now I loved SLANT 6 and I have a soft spot for some early LIZ, so you might conceivably be into this. The songwriting is solid, but the edge is pretty dull. (AM)
(Dischord)

THE ANGEL SLUTS – "Designer Heat" CD

Fuck yeah!! This is fuzzed-out, lo-fi rock 'n' roll the way I like it!! Thumping bass and drums and howling guitars abound on this, with slightly overdriven/distorted vocals covering all the requisite rock 'n' roll subject matter. This is highly recommended to all you garage rock 'n' rollers out there who are into bands like THE MAKERS, THE DRAGONS, ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN, LITTLE KILLERS, etc., etc. (ML)
(Wrecked'em)

ANTARES – "Start Your Engines" CD

So the cover of this CD has a quote on it that says, "They sound like you wake up from a coma and kill yourself a half second after!!" After trying to figure out what the hell that actually means, I listened to it, and figured out it doesn't matter, 'cause it completely sucks. (PL)
(Zodiac Killer)

ANTILLECTUAL – "Silencing Civilization" CD

After a slow opener, this CD really grew on me. Originally released in 2005, *Silencing Civilization* is a re-mastered version of this Dutch band's debut album. ANTILLECTUAL play highly political punk, with a sound influenced by later PROPAGANDHI, FUEL, and HOT WATER MUSIC. Well-written and thought-out lyrics run throughout this ten-song disc. Dual vocalists (screamo and regular) are supported by tight musicianship with some really cool guitar playing here and there. My favorite tracks were "Bad Company (No Globalisation Without Representation)" and "No Government Needed." I think this CD is an import but fans of the above-mentioned bands should check it out. (RK)
(Shield)

ANTISEEN / BRODY'S MILITIA – split EP

One cannot comprehend how fucking fortunate you punks and skins are! Two of the true powerhouses of American rock 'n' roll have teamed up for a split EP on Haunted Hotel Records out of Yonkers, New York. ANTISEEN begins the carnage on side A with a short spoken introduction taken from the last LP. It goes like this: "Glory be to the bomb and the holy fallout." Then Mr. Clayton and Mr. Young tear a new asshole in the old BLACK FLAG classic "Fix Me." I guarantee you have never heard this nugget performed like this!! For the next two songs on side A you are treated to the live versions of "Nothing's Cool" and "I Don't Ask You for Nothing" from Slims in Raleigh, NC. Fucking great! Side B of this Haunted Hotel EP will hold your attention from start to finish! BRODY'S MILITIA from Ohio comes out of their corner swingin'! In "Won't Change a Thing," BRODY'S MILITIA sings: "You think that all your words hold the weight of your ego / A mental bully with the drop on us all… All you inspire is disgust." Yes! We then slam through "Carry on Mumbling" and "Same Shit Different Dress Code" and finally get the brilliant "Far Away from Here," and I quote: "The relentless choir of mindless voices… / I know there's more to life than this / I wash my hands of all this shit / I've gotta get away from here / Far away from all of you." These four songs are excellent! You need this ANTISEEN / BRODY'S MILITIA split! (BR)
(Haunted Hotel)

ANTI-SOCIAL DEGENERATES – "Democracy Reloaded" EP

To be honest, these guys are way too old to be this bad. I mean, this would be a bad record even if all the members of the band were high school freshmen, but given that these dudes claim to have been a band off and on for twenty years…woof. First song is basic 1-2 punk until the middle when it changes to early-'90s grunge. Second song is a terrible NOFX-style number. The third song is called "I Dropped Out." Yeah, it shows. If there were something nice to say about this record, I'd say it. There isn't. (AU)
(Obnoxious)

ASHTRAY – "The Power of Positive Drinking" CD

I'm sure they're sick of hearing it, but the BLATZ vocal comparisons are inevitable. But the resemblance ends there, because those Anna/Annie-esque vocals are paired with some gruffer dude vocals over some energetic pop punk that is catchy and anthemic. Recurring themes of getting wasted, riding bikes, their friend Cardboard Dan, hangovers, staying punk, and wreaking general punk havoc play out over the course of the CD. Gets a little grating by the end, and it lacks the bizzaro freak-out sound factor that made BLATZ great, but whatevs. (AA)
(Silver Sprocket Bicycle Club)

A.V.O. – "Domestic Violence Kept the Neighborhood Quiet" LP

Australian hardcore is going to take over the world! These angry tracks will bring out your dark side, especially if you dig on bands like HEIST and CITIZENS ARREST. OK, there might be a little too much of a metal crossover influence for me to give this my highest honors, but it comes pretty damn close. And when I say crossover, I mean just a slight metal guitar influence à la the first SUICIDAL LP or ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT. The lyrics are rants on

all things ridiculous in this world. And if you need any further convincing about this band, just check out the two fantastic labels that are putting this out. (BG)
(Even Worse / Kangaroo)

BAD BRAINS – "Live at the 9:30 Club 29/4/82" LP

In 1982, BAD BRAINS was greatest band in the world. The fact that they still sound awesome on this terrible-sounding bootleg that you'll probably pay way too much money for is proof enough. Just listen to the world-stopping guitar sound and earth-shattering drums at the beginning of "FVK," and you'll probably feel the same way. I dare you to try and find a tougher sounding riff in '82 than the one in the breakdown of "Right Brigade" (maybe DISCHARGE comes close). Another great moment is when some punk from the crowd (sounds like Ian MacKaye) grabs the mic and asks if anyone has seen "his rabbit feet" and then the band busts into "We Will Not." The last highlight is a rare performance of "12XU." This record is what it is—a shitty live bootleg—but it's fucking awesome. (PL)
(bootleg)

BECAUSE THEY KNOW – "Invincible Spirit" CD

When I threw this on, it was as if I had heard it before. Not because I actually have, but because it's straightforward punk hardcore with guitar riffs you've heard 1000 times. This is the second album from this Japanese hardcore band, but a lot of the sounds remind me of American bands. Catchy, some rage, gruff understandable vocals, gang vocals—all in all, a standard punk sound. Nothing really wrong with this release, it just didn't grab me. (MH)
(Death Blow Music)

BENEATH OBLIVION – "One Year of Deprivation / No Ma or Deity"

Slow, heavy, slightly psychedelic doom. Two songs, one on each side of a translucent red/white swirl 10". They're from Cincinnati, OH but have the sound of Southern hate and despair, like BUZZOV-EN and EYEHATEGOD. That and more contemporary doom bands like GRAVES AT SEA. The production is great and you can hear the prominent bass on both tracks. The songs never speed and you can understand the vocals. Side A is a song of misery caused by another human, and side B has a "no gods, no masters" theme. This is good shit if you like it slow and miserable. (MH)
(The Mylene Sheath)

BEYOND THE IMPLODE – "This Atmosphere" EP

Four songs of DIY bedroom pop from 1979. BEYOND THE IMPLODE was a sort of Scouse DESPERATE BICYCLES, and sound like a combination of that band and THE HOMOSEXUALS fronted by the guy from HALF MAN HALF BISCUIT. This limited 7" on Siltbreeze combines two tracks from their first self-released 7" plus two unreleased numbers. Excellent stuff. (AM)
(Siltbreeze)

THE BLACKOUT BRIGADE – "Death and Dishonesty" CD

Right on! Another solid release from Canada's premier street punk rock 'n' roll label out of Toronto! Insurgence has been consistently putting out top-notch material from some of the world's finest and best known left-leaning bands including ANGELIC UPSTARTS and THE OPPRESSED, and THE BLACKOUT BRIGADE fits right in quite nicely for being relative newcomers. The music is tight and melodic with lots of chugga-chugga guitars layered with catchy leads and there are loads of big chanting/sing-along choruses! Highly recommended for any fan of really aggressive and melodic street punk. (ML)
(Insurgence)

BLACKOUT SHOPPERS – "Pass Out" CD

NYC's BLACKOUT SHOPPERS deliver 20 tracks of workmanlike hardcore punk rock on their debut full-length CD. Based on the cover art depicting an unconscious punker clutching a nearly empty 40-oz, I was not looking forward to the prospect of listening to this album, but fortunately it's *not* sub-moronic drunk punk garbage. These guys are sharper; their sound mixes various styles ranging from the simple 1-2-1-2 sing-along punk of THE PIST (or even the early CASUALTIES), the thick, catchy hardcore of KILL YOUR IDOLS, and the no-frills, belligerent attack of first-wave NYHC like early AGNOSTIC FRONT. No lyrics included, but plenty of photos (and a big thanks list). Of course, it's a bit of a chore to slog through all 20 tracks in one sitting, but if BLACKOUT SHOPPERS keep writing songs as good as "No Decision," their next one will be worth picking up for sure. (CS)
(self-released)

BLACK PANDA – "Shake Me" EP

Four tracks of solid punk rock 'n' roll. A touch of seventies rock, a helping of vintage garage, a hint of hardcore, and a heap of punk rock attitude and energy. It ain't gonna break any ground but it's got enough punch and kick to have me headbanging over the keyboard. Tight and rocking, with a slight dark, off-kilter feel. (SD)
(Super Secret)

BLACK RANDY AND THE METROSQUAD – "Pass the Dust I Think I'm Bowie" 2xLP

He had no teeth, he had no brain, he had no voice, he had no cock, he had six balls, he had a band, he had horns, he had soul, man—*soul*. He wuz born an N but mommy wouldn't let him, so he was white and he stayed white until he hit college age, and then it *snapped*. He got some pals a' his together and started the blackest band since the m'f'g'n MC5 (*ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh*), and then he proceeded to make the best records of the '70s and beyond. I don't care if you're a thumb-sucking tribal crust creep or a goddamn cop—if you enjoy anything at all, ever, that has to do with music, you buy this fucking record (compiling his LP and Dangerhouse singles) and you listen to it day in and day out. I don't fucking care how expensive it is. He sucked little boy's dicks and he thought he was a _____ (men don't know, but the little boys *unnnnerstand*), and his toes fell off and he died of AIDS, and he was, is, and shall forever be my goddamn hero. (BB)
(Vinyl Countdown)

BOB LOG III – "My Shit Is Perfect" CD

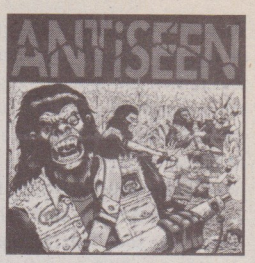
Do you like that foot-stompin' jam on *Led Zeppelin III* called "Celebration Song"? The one that's sort of a swamp blues, moonshine-soaked rocker with a distorted acoustic and bass? Anyway, if you dig that then you will dig this. BOB LOG III is a one-man phenomenon that rips up the Delta Blues, singing through a microphone-rigged helmet and playing guitar while his feet stomp out drumbeats. To see him is to believe him. This stuff is surprisingly good considering how limited he is and how many releases he's done so far. I wish I had half his talent. (BG)
(Birdman or Voodoo Rhythm)

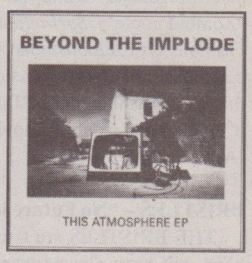
BOMBUS – "Bring Me the Head of Your Dog / Deep River"

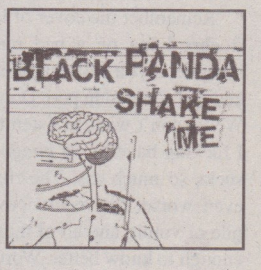
Two tracks that cross post-punk with dirgy punk. I was reminded of FUGAZI playing covers of '90s MELVINS' songs. Oddly enough, this features a member of THE PARTISANS. Overall, pretty interesting stuff—very catchy and cool songs, but only two so can't make too strong of a judgment or call. Send us more! (VL)
(Mourningwood)

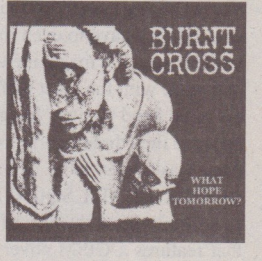
THE BRATS – "The Lost Tapes" LP

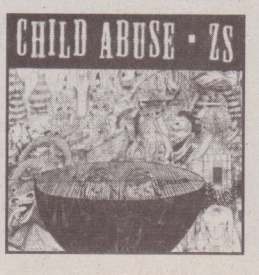
Total boner-pumping, inhalant-sniffing, 1-2 stomp your feet, beer-drinking, angst-ridden, sloppy jammers galore. This is the type of record you put onto cassette, and then walk down the











street knocking over trashcans and shit while sneering at yuppies. Makes you wanna freak out the squares and fall on the ground and writhe around. Some of these songs are so glued-out literally (they state in the liner notes poppers were the drug of choice), and in the sense that I feel like there is a swamp in my head. Other songs have total RAMONES fist-in-the-air back-up chorus shout-along moments, and then there is the song "Mr. Normal," which sounds as if it should be on *Chipmunk Punk*. Even if you have *Pære Punk* (songs: "Dreams," "I Do What I Wanna Do," and "Magazine," which on this record is redone as "Zombi People"), *Springtime in Belsen* (song: "Punk Fashion"), or *Bloodstains Across Denmark*, which contain some different versions, I highly recommend this brain-bashing rager! "But don't take my word for it" ba duh dad a duh I'm lovin' it. (RR)
(Arg!)

BRISTLES – "No Future in the Past" LP

THE BRISTLES are a truly veteran Swedish Oi! band, but have always taken great care to preserve their musical style (and British accent)—despite an initial similarity to NONCENS. But what set this band apart are their hardcore numbers, as exemplified in classic anthems like "Don't Give Up" and "That's Life"; a reggae back-beat adds variety to a couple of other tracks. This is the first of two "best and the rest" compilations, containing most of the essential rarities that have long been out of print in authorized pressings. Diehard BRISTLES fans might want to seek out the double-CD that's been released separately, containing a mix of studio and live material. (SS)
(Noise and Distortion)

BUREK DEATH SQUAT / PATARENI – split EP

Remember the cover of last month's *MRR*? Bruce Roehrs lying on a bed reading old zines? Now... imagine, if you will, that same photo, but Bruce is naked and covered in poo. Do you want to see that? No? Well I don't want to listen to this record, either, but I fucking have to, so *imagine it... now!!* This record sucks so much ass. The riffs suck, the vocals suck even worse, the record cover looks like a fucking pile of vomit, and all of these people are fucking old enough to know better. Worthless waste of resources; these people should be fined by the punks for releasing this fucking shit shit shit shit. I'm not even mad like when I get a record that pisses me off, I'm disgusted that I have to even mention this piece of anus in the pages of a magazine that I respect. Fourth-rate pop punk with the most awful vocals from the shittiest grind band you can image on one side (PATARENI), and then three-quarters of the members from that band waste even more of my time on the other side (BUREK DEATH SQUAT) with a shitty ska song (the highlight of the record, actually) and a medley that features a GISM cover that by all rights should get their asses nailed to the ceiling if they ever enter Japan. But they won't. Because they suck. Suck suck suck. Fuck this is fucking horrible shit. (WN)
(Haunted Hotel)

BURNT CROSS – "What Hope Tomorrow" EP

This is fucking great anarcho-punk. It has loads of power due to the nature of the recording. The sound is fuzzy and distorted, yet accompanied by great hooks. What makes BURNT CROSS interesting is that the vocalist sounds angry and he is backing up his lyrics with bite. Can't stand bands that don't sound like they mean it and BURNT CROSS are not guilty of this. Four tracks on this disc that are well worth searching out. (MS)
(Tadpole / Active Rebellion / Opiate)

THE BUTTHOLE SURFERS – "1983 Demos" LP

I'm a huge fan of this band and I am glad to see the material committed to vinyl, but this irritates me. Typical cheap, bullshit packaging bootleg job. Flimsy cover, shoddy sound quality…*ugh*. With that past us, musically this is more in tune with R.E.M. than, say, THROBBING GRISTLE. At times it has a very early English punk sound to it. Guitarist Paul Leary's playing is great on these tracks. Only two of the songs ("Barbecue Pope" and "Something") are represented later in the band's impressive catalog. Cool material, but save your time and money and download the MP3s. (VL)
(bootleg)

BUZZCRUSHER – CD

Combine POISON IDEA, NASHVILLE PUSSY, and SPAZM 151 and make 'em rednecks, and you've hit BUZZCRUSHER right on the head. Well-produced, beefy punk rock 'n' roll, with lyrics about drinkin', guns, being from Texas, and drinkin'. There are raging punk parts, but they are tempered by bar rock, double-bass-laden riffs that sound like speed metal on valium, and what I would guess is an affinity for ANTISEEN, so you can be sure that these are not your typical studded vest punx. Songs here are from their 1996 EP and splits with COCKNOOSE and SEDUCER, and the front cover is confusing: it looks like they photoshopped the WOLFBRIGADE logo and the morphed it into the COCKSPARRER logo and superimposed it over a Texas flag. Weird. (WN)
(Zodiac Killer)

CHILD ABUSE / ZS – split EP

Zum Records '09 sounds like Load '99 with this single. ZS have been making records for almost a decade and they contribute a song here as a trio. I believe they began as a duo, grew rapidly in size, and have shrunk with old age. Their new song sounds pretty cool and not unlike their previous material, or at least you won't be surprised with this one. CHILD ABUSE offer two spankings, including a cover of an ERIC DOLPHY tune. Both songs are heavy, prog (I hate saying math) rockin', non-conformist, ear-blistering pieces. (MU)
(Zum)

CHINESE TELEPHONES – "Democracy" CD

A collection of CHINESE TELEPHONES EPs plus their tracks from the split LP with THE POTENTIAL JOHNS. CHINESE TELEPHONES play a style of upbeat pop punk that's reminiscent of the heydays of the early '90s, with plenty of hooks and enough spunk to make it work in a genre that can be sometimes boring and wimpy. Like a cross between THE MARKED MEN and SCREECHING WEASEL, these guys do it right, with a mix of melody, speed, and energy. Very good. (AD)
(Sandwich Man)

THE CLASH – "100 Club Punk Rock Festival" LP

Another CLASH bootleg adds to punk rock's carbon footprint. I think I had a tape of this about two dozen years ago; thankfully someone has seen fit to release it on vinyl (for probably the tenth time), so I can hear it again. The sound quality isn't that great—surprise, surprise—and it's on vinyl so thin you could spit through it. Contains two songs I'm not immediately familiar with… "How Can I Understand the Flies," and "Deadly Serious," so I guess this does have some redeeming qualities. But really, I'm a big CLASH fan and this is nothing essential. (AD)
(bootleg)

THE CLASH – "1976-1977 Demos" LP

Most of the CLASH bootlegs I've heard feature some seriously poor-quality live shit. As the title suggests, this one's got early demos—three, to be precise—plus a pair of studio outtakes. The quality on the first demo, from November 1976, is surprisingly decent and not too far from the sound of their first LP. I quickly realized that the rest of the material on here basically recycles the same five or six songs. Like, there are *four* versions of "White Riot" among the eighteen tracks. Not the worst bootleg I've heard, but this definitely could've been an EP. (CS)
(bootleg)

THE CLASH – "Don't Touch That Dial" LP

Another CLASH bootleg, this one's a recording of an early show (August 31, 1976) at London's famous 100 Club. Containing tunes never committed to vinyl ("I Know What to Think About," "I Never Did It," "How Can I Explain the Flies," "Deadly Serious," and "Mark Me Absent"), but unfortunately a patient ear is required due to the crap quality. Do you really need this? (SD)
(bootleg)

COBRA SKULLS – "Draw Muhammad" CD

A quick little seven-song EP that was originally released in 2006 by this Reno trio. Strong personal and political lyrics take no prisoners while musically the band draws on many different influences. It is punk blended with hints of world folk of Latin and Eastern varieties (similar to the way THE CLASH would incorporate those influences into their music), ska, cow-punk (does anyone remember that genre?), and flashes of BAD RELIGION and early OFFSPRING. Raspy vocals and some tight playing make for a fun little EP. I'm willing to be that COBRA SKULLS are a blast to see live, so keep an eye out for these three Nevadans. (RK)
(Red Scare)

CREATURES / DOWNPRESSER – split EP

Fuck yeah, this DOWNPRESSER shit is pretty cool. Heavy, metallic thug-core that reminds me of *Satisfaction Is the Death of Desire*-era HATEBREED or a *slightly* less hip-hop (although that cadence is still there) COLD WORLD—two things I love. I'll definitely be peepin' out more shit from these doggs. Goddamn, the CREATURES side is a monster, too! They also have that metallic thug-core edge but CREATURES is way faster. Imagine a mix of every era of INTEGRITY and you'd be close to the ferocity of CREATURES. Too bad they only sent one copy—now I gotta hunt this down on my own. (JU)
(Fine Print)

THE CREEPS – "These Walls" CD

THE CREEPS from Ottawa, Canada have a style

that is reminiscent of Bay Area pop punk, with sounds similar to PINHEAD GUNNPOWDER and THE DESCENDENTS. Five short, catchy songs with great melodies that will have you listening over and over. Every track on this is solid. (PL)
(Black Pint)

CRUCIAL SECTION / THRASHINGTON DC – split EP

Now this is more like it. A great international split here with killer thrashing hardcore on both sides. Japan's CRUCIAL SECTION should already be familiar to many *MRR* readers—they stick to a tried-and-true formula of circle pits and sing-alongs, and they kick ass. The sound quality could be a little bit better, but for this type of music it's good to keep the production a bit dirty. I'd never heard of THRASHINGTON DC before, but I love ridiculous band names and good hardcore, so they get points on both. Hailing from France, they play straightahead early-'80s hardcore à la MINOR THREAT or GOVERNMENT ISSUE, with lyrics against racism and the state, and pro-Jägermeister. Good shit. My review copy is on bright yellow vinyl and numbered 124/500. (VX)
(One Person Party)

CULT RITUAL – "Guiltless" EP

Not to be "that guy," but I've been singing the praises of CULT RITUAL since their demo and it's good to see folks finally picking up on their greatness. This EP is a fury of noise and string-bends and feedback and madness. Weird hardcore seems to be the new "in" thing with hipsters—*Vice* magazine is eating it up and I'm fucking sick of it. But it's good to see that people are doing it right. Live it or leave it, posers. Bands like WALLS and SEX/VID and now CULT RITUAL are fucking forces, and no matter what, will still bring the rage and kill it with every record. Fuck the hype. (JU)
(Drugged Conscience)

DAYLIGHT ROBBERY – "Red Tape" EP

I wasn't holding out too much hope for this, as it had the No Idea written font, so I was expecting some Southern-fried HOT WATER MUSIC deal. Instead I got super catchy punk rock with male/female interplay vocals that sounds undeniably like X in the best possible way—or maybe even GORILLA ANGREB for a more recent comparison. The A is a straight-up Dangerhouse rocker, the B? Epic atmospheric, almost gothic… and fan-fucking-tastic. This EP is a total keeper. (TB)
(Residue)

DEAD INSTRUMENT – "Maksimal Destroktion" LP

Wow, grindcore from Denmark. Definitely not the first country I think of when I think of grind, given the kind of bands coming out of there lately. This is really fucking tight. Some of the stereotypical elements of grind are present (high/gutteral vocals, super-ringy snare sound), but with enough breaks and atypical guitar chaos to sound fresh. Ooooh, extra points for the piano outro. That part sounds like KEITH JARRETT, everything else is more comparable to RETALIATION. (AU)
(Splid Af Vinyl)

DEATH IS EASY / METALIAN – split EP

Fuck! Here's something fresh for you goddamn headbangers! DEATH IS EASY from the Albany/Troy region of New York State has some good heavy metal shit for you! These Hessians started in August of 2007 and had some earlier demos. The music is full-fledged metal/punk with forceful guitar and good gruff vocals mixed underneath. The songs have lots of power and intelligent lyrics. In "Trained," DEATH IS EASY sings: "Rich bastards in our government / Their greed kills us / Working class troops sent to die for shit / War oil…" The strong guitar display with the bitter vocals conveys a lot of anger. The venom continues to flow in "Walk Through the Wasteland" where the "overlords harvest the fruits of our labor." Great!! On side two, METALIAN from Montreal, Quebec, Canada drops a heap of metal bombast on you little punks! The lead guitar player is most accomplished and in unison with rhythm guitar, drums and pounding bass, METALIAN fucking crushes your skull! The dramatic singing is right on the money with considerable reverence paid to JUDAS PRIEST. This is a good split! (BR)
(Work 'n' Stiff)

DECEIVING SOCIETY – "Detonation Cruster" CD

Fuck, what a pleasure to get to review one of my favorite records. Along with GLOOM and COLLAPSE SOCIETY, these guys were the best of the Japanese "crasher crust" bands. The basic formula for crasher: tons of distortion + chaotic playing + boombox recording = total fucking musical destruction. This sounds like it's been re-mastered for CD, which isn't necessarily to my liking, but it's still a beautiful frantic mess of speed and noise, vicious and raw in every aspect. The inserts are a perfect reproduction of the original vinyl layout, which is a definite plus. Based on the new mix, I'd recommend purists track down the original LP on Crust War but I'm stoked as fuck to see this album reissued. Now go get it. (AU)
(MCR)

DEFEATER – "Travels" LP

Yawwwwn. This is way too melodic, typical/predictable to be enjoyable. DEFEATER ape the "emotive" hardcore style, neglecting traditional hardcore substance, instead drawing from their extensive mall cruising and failed art school experiences to produce an album that reeks of contrived ideas, in an attempt to impress people with their involvement in hardcore. To their credit, the band comes off with a half-listenable album—excluding the acoustic jam about train hoppin' at the end of the A-side, of course. This Bridge Nine release plays in the mighty, benthic stylistic shadow of MODERN LIFE IS WAR (and THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB, apparently), and they screw both genres up wonderfully. I can't wait for this fad to pass—leave it to the sincere, jerks. Fuck your pose. (RM)
(Bridge Nine)

DIRTYARD – "Displeasure" EP

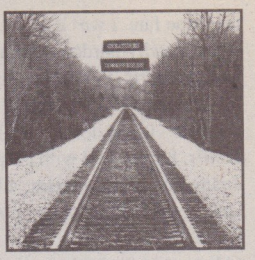
Just from seeing this, I could tell it was from Minneapolis. Upon listening, I can't tell you what kind of music it is. There's reggae, there's an obnoxious guitar lead, there's boy/girl singing, there's reggae, there's a reggae song, there's a reggae song. Listen, I never got along with these types of people here and I certainly don't care for them elsewhere. I don't care if you started a band with your friends and made a cute zine with the lyrics and screen-printed the covers, you're not a punk just because you have overalls and a smile. You're a punk if you have a leather jacket and smoke cigarettes, so I suggest you steal fifty dollars from the Food Not Bombs fund and get it fucking together. (BB)
(Desert Planet)

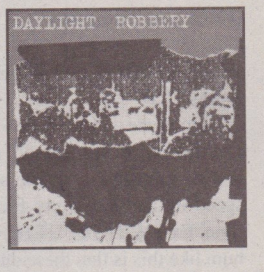
DIRTY CHINESE THIEVES – "Über Alles" 12"

The name alone has got me loving this one. Otherwise, I'm left a little indecisive. This is pretty straightforward, faster-paced punk rock with the sort of screaming vocals that don't do much for me. And, as is often the case, the screaming vocals come with a little too much guitar work. Still, it's got enough energy that it's difficult not to like. They don't include much info on the band. A quick internet search leads me to believe they're Canadian. (KK)
(self-released)

DISASTER STRIKES – "The Interrogation Sessions" EP

I'm going to start by saying that while I enjoy DISASTER STRIKES live, I felt that their full-length was a letdown—it didn't capture the energy of the band's live performance and ended up falling a bit flat. Fortunately this 7" doesn't suffer from





the same fate. I was hooked from the first song. Awesome, catchy hardcore with a mixture of heavy and melodic parts, this record reminds me a lot of recent PROPAGANDHI, which in my book is a huge compliment—it just doesn't get better than *Potemkin City Limits*. Lyrics deal with corporate power, blind patriotism, and consumerism, all from a left perspective. One of the best releases on Alternative Tentacles in a while. (VX)
(Alternative Tentacles)

DISGUST – "Flashback to Trashback" LP

Mid-'80s Euro trash hardcore punk out of Holland. DISGUST played their own style of heavy Dutch insanity that parallels some of their contemporaries from way back when. You can hear the noise elements that PANDEMONIUM, LÄRM, or MURDER INC. III have discharged in our faces, but DISGUST occasionally dive into a pool of heaviness à la NOG WATT. Apologies for all the territorial comparisons but I can't help but notice the link. Great stuff here. This record is for those who can't get enough of the reissue craziness. Includes the two studio tapes, the *The Last Blast* EP, and the live tape as well. (MS)
(Noise and Distortion)

DRUGLORDS OF THE AVENUES – "Sing Songs" CD

It took me a little while to warm up to this CD, but I'm digging it. It starts off a little slow; songs three and six are solid, and then seven to twelve generally speed up and are pretty fucking catchy at the same time. Ex-SWINGIN UTTERS. The thing with an album like this is that these dudes aren't really treading any new ground musically, so the charm lies entirely in how catchy or solid (as opposed to groundbreaking or creative) the songwriting is. In this case, most of the songwriting is solid. If you were way into the SWINGIN UTTERS or you're into melodic punk in general, this should be something worth looking into, 'cause there are a couple hits on here. (P$)
(Red Scare)

THE EMOS – "Quicker than Khan" CD

This kind of sounds like the bad high school band that played at all your assemblies. I mean, they named their band THE EMOS. The music also fails to impress. Fourth-rate RANCID with layout and lyrics that look and sound like they were an afterthought to this god-awful mall-punk bullshit. (PL)
(Padded Cell)

THE ERGS! – "That's It… Bye" 12"

Everybody's favorite nerd-core trio from New Jersey is back with their final three songs. I'd be willing to bet that if you're into pop punk, you already know these guys and what they're all about. If you're new to this stuff, imagine all the best parts of the poppier/later-era DESCENDENTS songs and none of the blandness. That's THE ERGS. There's even a little homage paid to pop punk legends SCREECHING WEASEL here. I like this record, I just can't understand why it's pressed on twelve-inch format—it's just three songs for cryin' out-loud! Sure, the sound quality is great, but I just don't get it. I hear these guys are super geniuses, maybe they can explain it to you. (BD)
(Don Giovanni)

THE FLICKS – "Motherfucker" EP

Here is a posthumous release of some lo-fi garage punk with a neat adaptation of "Fix Me," turned into "Flix Me." Songs are catchy and fun, with strong dancey beats. Alas, there's not more where this came from. (AA)
(self-released)

FRESH ONLYS – "Imaginary Friends" EP

Offbeat pop, at times sort of like a twee version of the third VELVET UNDERGROUND album, at others it sounds like bedroom recordings emulating TELEVISION PERSONALITIES. Not my cup of tea, but at least it's better than THE BRIAN JONESTOWN MASSACRE (got to give 'em something for a pull quote). (DD)
(Chuffed)

FRANCE HAS THE BOMB – "Invisible Angle / Grim Trigger"

Ex-SOVIETTES and SWEET J.A.P. are a surprising choice for the weirdo world of HoZac, but I'm digging. I was a fan of this lot's first 7, and these two tracks are no let-down. FRANCE HAS THE BOMB has a real early WIRE-meets-the-pop-of-THE-CLEAN sound. Sharp guitars with rolling bass-lines and hooky choruses is all I need. Keep yer peepers peeled…this one is hot. (TB)
(HoZac)

FUCKLAND – CD

After listening to a couple of the tracks on this CD and reading the song titles, I was brimming with excitement to read the lyrics, but the jagbags in FUCKLAND didn't include a lyric sheet. Bummer. I really wanted some insight into "Fuckland," "Power of the Pussy," and "Drunk by the Face." The music is almost hardcore—fast and vaguely rawking, with monotone straightforward vocals—and is broken up by an occasional, brief solo. Believe it or not, FUCKLAND lacks any personality, but they're not the worst band I've ever heard by any stretch. If they had a decent aesthetic, songs that were a bit more dynamic, and a singer with an ounce of charisma, I'd compare them to later POISON IDEA, but FUCKLAND's a bit too same-y to warrant that comparison, and they lose mucho points by blatantly ripping off a P.I. riff. So forget everything I just said, because FUCKLAND is not anywhere near the echelon of Oregon's most formidable export. Actually, I'll bet this is what ZEKE sounds like, even though I've never heard them. (CI)
(Zodiac Killer)

THEE GENERATORS – "Inside Outside" CD

Guernsey's THEE JENERATORS' third release to date takes in the garage they are known for, whilst mixing in some power pop and ska. Unfortunately they've opted to fall in to the trap that their '80s predecessors tumbled right into: over-production. It's garage for Christ's sake! Don't fucken STING it, keep it raw; don't polish that soul to a nub, cut the edges off those guitars, and turn the drums into a Casio keyboard. The energy has been sucked clean out of this record by over-sanitizing the sound and letting some nob fiddle the knobs. Boring. (SD)
(Twist)

GG KING – "Adult Rock / In the Terminal"

This is a great 7"! So fucking catchy and punk—so catchy in fact that I am unable to stop flipping the fuckin' thing over and listening to it on repeat. It's some sort of transmutation of THE CARBONAS, in that it features a selection of those gents Jesse, Chris, and Greg, with the latter on vocals. Both sides are killer; the B-side, "In the Terminal," slugs you like a *Bloodstains Across* THE WIPERS mutation. You know, perfect doom-toned punk that'll make you wanna punch your parents. It's not weighty like a WIPERS song, but maybe I could mention THE CARBONAS and you would remember how capable they are of writing perfect punk songs? "Adult Rock" makes me think of THE EYES—that total bratty puke-punk style, with songwriting skills that would make your parents thank you for punching 'em before. Anyway, I have not much else to say about this, except you should send off for it, and start a band that's as good. I gotta give it another listen… (LG)
(Douchemaster)

KEPI GHOULIE – "Hanging Out/American Gothic" 2xLP

This here is a double-LP of two completely different albums. KEPI GHOULIE is, as many of you know, the singer/guitar player of Sacramento's GROOVIE GHOULIES. The first record of this set, *Hanging Out*, is like the GROOVIE GHOULIES album that never came out. Total RAMONES worship from beginning to end. If you liked any old GROOVIE GHOULIES, you'll love this record. Then you get to the second LP, *American Gothic*, and he gets all BOB DYLAN on us. *American Gothic* is a completely solo acoustic guitar album with some guest appearances on drums and piano for a song or two. Wasn't feeling the acoustic stuff that much, but he does a rad DANIEL JOHNSTON cover. (FS)
(Asian Man)

GIANT HAYSTACKS / YOUNG OFFENDERS – "Sale" LP

It's always nice to get to review a record that you've been listening to recently. As you may already know, GIANT HAYSTACKS are a now-defunct SF band that played up-beat punk in the vein of GANG OF FOUR. If you missed these guys when they were around, you'll be happy to hear that the Al(l)ans are currently playing in AIRFIX KITS, who are very similar. The guitar here seems to be less on the forefront than the noodly bass lines that carry the songs along nice and fluently. YOUNG OFFENDERS play different style of punk—more along the lines of BLITZ, but with less of a street vibe. These four songs are probably their best material so far. Fortunately enough, YOUNG OFFENDERS are a current SF band, but they don't play very often, so it's always something to look forward to when they do. Both bands on this record are great, so I consider myself lucky that one of the first shows I saw when I moved here was GIANT HAYSTACKS' last show with YOUNG OFFENDERS opening. (BD)
(625 Thrash)

GLASS TEETH — "As the World Turns You Down" CD

Ten years ago these dudes would have been in a band that sounded like ORCHID or THE LOCUST, but it's 2009, and it would seem PISSED JEANS are the sound for young men to ape. This has trails of the Amphetamine Reptile and Touch and Go Records of

my early teens, when I was first getting into music. They probably are big David Yow fans, and while the music isn't cheesy or embarrassing, it's just not grabbing me right now. (LG)
(self-released)

GOLDEN TRIANGLE – "Prize Fighter" 12"

GOLDEN TRIANGLE is a Brooklyn-based female-fronted band that has released a cassette, two singles, and now this 12" EP that was intended to be tour-only item. Their sound is neither normal nor inaccessible, so add everything up and you will see 2009's next hip thing. I'm not familiar with their other recordings nor have I seen them live, but this record is quite boring. Much like the artwork, there's not anything wrong with the music but there's nothing particularly intriguing about it either. (MU)
(Mexican Summer)

THE GONADS – "Live Free Die Free" 2xLP

I feel kinda bad for ripping on Gary Bushell—the guy was slagged off in print and song by everyone from THE 4-SKINS and THE EXPLOITED to the original *MRR* crew back in the day. Maybe THE GONADS had a couple decent tracks over 25 years ago, but a double-LP (!) in 2009 is a dubious prospect to say the least. Even so, I was honestly not prepared for how hard this blows. A mind-numbingly plodding trek through eighteen torturous tracks (including not one but two acoustic ballads and *way* too many wah-pedal solos) that marks a new low in bottom-of-the-barrel, irrelevant, washed-up rocker antics. Literally quite possibly the worst record I've reviewed in my four years at *MRR*. (CS)
(Joe Pogo)

GORDON GANO'S ARMY – LP

I like the fact the Art of the Underground keeps the indie rock in punk, and I'm always happy to get the Singles Club records. This UK band has elements of GET UP KIDS, which I'm not feeling, but they have enough MEGA CITY FOUR, BLOCKO, and ANNALISE in 'em to keep me interested. I think the cheeky English accents keep this firmly in the punk world, though it gets pretty '90s indie rock (or emo, as we called it back then). But just when it starts slipping away, they kick out the jams. For fans of wimp-rock, this is a pretty decent disc. (TB)
(Art of the Underground)

THE GROUCHO MARXISTS – "Manifesto!" LP

Speedy melodic punk that brings SINKHOLE to mind, and that's no surprise as the group contains an ex-member of that band. Pop punk that's closer to SUPERCHUNK than THE RAMONES, it zooms along and is kinda catchy, but doesn't really deliver the hooks. For fans of MODERN MACHINES and THE ERGS! (AD)
(Don Giovanni)

GRUPO SUB-1 – "Rebelde Wave" EP

So, I really wanted to like this because all the songs are references to different dystopian stories (*Soylent Green, Fahrenheit 451*) and as of late this has been a major obsession of mine (culture references, dystopias), but it was a little too theatrical. It's fast and screechy/screamy—all things I really like—but it's heavy on keyboards and something about it is too dramatic, like those weird pop punk bands that are more like cartoons then anything else. Yes, there is a Theremin. But it's closer to THE MISFITS then THE AQUABATS. And then they met THE REZILLOS. And it's in Spanish, which is neat. Oh, and there's a DISHRAGS cover. (MM)
(La Vida Es Un Mus)

GUN CLUB – "Ahmed's Wild Dream" LP

I kinda think of them as the American version of THE SCIENTISTS. There's something very real about this band, and I don't mean that in some cheesy way, but if you take it like that, then fine, I stand by it. This is actual music, pretty much the polar opposite of the worst band ever, CHRIST ON PARADE. I can't really tell you what they sound like. There's real singing, and it's a little bit pretentious, and the musicians are all good and don't sound like shit, so buy it. It's a double live LP, real well recorded and showcases the band as they should be heard. Cool that's it's on a Basque label, too. (BB)
(Bang!)

HAPPY BURGER – "Pizza All Around" EP

DMR is one of my favorite labels; the folks there rarely disappoint, so I hope I'm in for a treat with this one. Oh yeah, yeah. Yeah. If you are a fan of super lo-fi, three-piece punk 'n' pop 'n' folk 'n' roll, you will love this one. Recorded in Paris? Uh, people that live in Paris record in Paris, dumbass. If you like your burgers medium-well, look elsewhere, because this one's raw. Get it? From the title track, "I really like a cheeseburger, but I think I like you better." That's genius. (KK)
(Douchemaster)

HC MINDS – "The Beginning of the End" LP

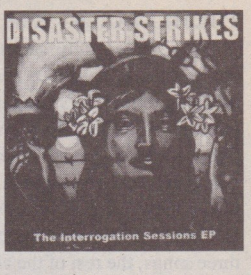
I really can't excuse the artwork on this album—it sucks and it's visually offensive. I have seen a lot (and I do mean *a lot*) of stupid, shitty cover art that totally misrepresents the music in the sleeve, but this one may take the cake. Horrible computer-generated slop, exposing the viewer to futuristic astronauts being assaulted by nasty three-eyed, mohawked alien sperm, complete with flying saucer ambush. As cool as it may sound (?), it looks fucking stoopid. The music is not stoopid; it is filled with *thick* sludge guitar, which I really, really like. The record is very droney, very stoney, and doom-laden. This is not punk or hardcore by any stretch, just an ugly fucking record with great guitar tone. The band is a YOB side project, which warrants mention. (RM)
(Blind Date)

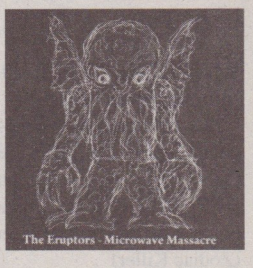
HERE COMES A BIG BLACK CLOUD – "Black Mold / Psychic Violence"

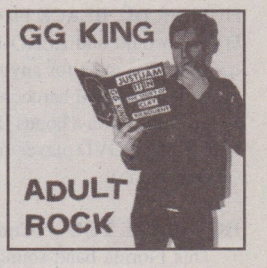
The debut release from this Portland band is totally bitchin'!! At its root, it's just lo-fi rock, but it's catchy as hell and other influences filter through the fuzz. Each member of the band seems to have their own style that blends together perfectly to give them their distinctive sound. The B-side is a psychedelic post-punk dance-jam gem! This single is packaged with 3-D glasses that make the seahorse float off the cover, and for a second it seems like it might give you a kiss. (MU)
(Stankhouse)

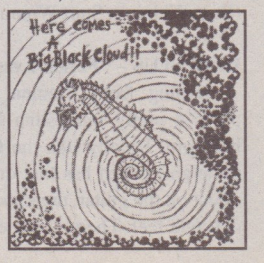
HEVN – "Extended Plays" CD

21-song CD from this now-defunct (?) Norwegian band that featured current and former members of KORT PROSESS and SUMMON THE CROWS. *Extended Plays* compiles a nine-track studio session (from which the band culled their two vinyl EPs) and a twelve-track demo tape. Cool modern-sounding political hardcore with driving, BORN DEAD ICONS/HIS HERO IS GONE (though not as heavy) riffs and tempos combined with a *Death Church*-era RUDIMENTARY PENI influence. Yeah, it's not as great as any of the aforementioned bands, but it's above average nonetheless. Cool band logo, too. The vocalist has a snotty, nasal delivery reminiscent of a particular band whose name I'm sure I will recall after this issue goes to print but can't for the life of me think of at the moment. Lyrically the band tends somewhat towards cliché anarcho fare—their most interesting songs are the more personal or more ambiguous ones like "Heartattack" or "Mad Surgeon"—but it seems like their hearts are in the right place. (CS)
(Ruin Nation)









THE HEXTALLS – "Call It a Comeback" LP

Wow, this totally sucks. It's probably the most boring, unoriginal piece of dog shit I've listened to in a long time. Every song is a direct rip-off of a pre-existing SCREECHING WEASEL song. And the lyrics—where to start? There's the song where they talk about how awesome at sex they are, or the song where they call girls bitches, or the song where they call Michael Myers a "homo." And that's just the first three songs; the rest of the album is just a long stream of tired pop-culture references. This is terrible. Avoid this band at all costs. (FS)
(House Party)

HITCHHIKERS – "Intellectual Properties of the Minimal Mind" CD

Ex-HUMPERS by-the-numbers SoCal beach punk. It's totally legit, but *sooooo* ten years ago. Older dudes with neck tattoos sounding like THE STITCHES. I've got a bunch of records like this at home; I definitely don't need another!! (TB)
(Zodiac Killer)

HOSTAGES OF AYATOLLAH – "AntHOAlogy" CD+DVD

This is a discography CD of an '80s German hardcore band who, I'm embarrassed to admit, I'd never even heard of before getting this to review. I still don't know much about them, since the in-depth 35-page band history in the booklet is entirely in German, but according to the one page in English they were around from 1982 to 1989 and released an EP, a split LP, an LP, and two demo tapes, all of which are collected here. They played gigs with a ton of German bands as well as international acts including DOA and AMEBIX, and they list as their influences HÜSKER DÜ, BLACK FLAG, and DEAD KENNEDYS. I would add ZERO BOYS and MDC to that list. This is a must for anyone who's truly interested in the international hardcore scene of the early '80s. It also comes with a bonus DVD, which I couldn't get to play in my DVD player due to region coding. (VX)
(Plastic Bomb)

HOW DARE YOU – "Comfort Road" CD

This Florida band sounds like a kinder PROPAGHANDI mixed with HOT WATER MUSIC. A solid full-length, with strong tunes in the anthemic mode. A good debut. (RL)
(Fail Safe)

HOW WE ARE – "To Teach a Hundred and One" LP

Upstate New York's HOW WE ARE plays a modern hardcore style in the vein of STRIFE, AMERICAN NIGHTMARE, and VERSE. They do that STRIFE-esque guitar melody as intro before every other song, and the singer is desperately trying to be deep and meaningful in his lyrics, producing just more of the same boring and unexciting modern hardcore. (PL)
(Stop Whining, Start Winning)

IN IRATUS – "Fallen Lassen" CD

Hailing from Bremen, Germany, IN IRATUS plays a pretty interesting blend of melodic crusty hardcore. I really like the first song, the longest of the eight, which has that drum-driven, chorus-pedal effect on the guitar, dreadlocks-blowing-in-the-wind, desolate feel. There is something that seems slightly Norwegian in their sound. I think that it may be the vocal delivery and some of the melody in the guitars. A few of the songs are just straightforward and fast; others meander slightly and create a mood. I tend to like the latter. This is a benefit for the German Anarchist Black Cross, which provides support for political prisoners. All the songs are sung in German, but have explanations in English. The lyrical content is of the political nature, dealing with so-called democracy and the ills of the capitalist society. (SE)
(Ruin Nation)

INOCULATORS / NOISE ATTACK – split EP

I'm always a fan of split 7" vinyl, and overall this one works for me. My biggest complaint with splits is when they just don't make sense and the two bands are so completely different that one side rocks and the other side is a write-off. Not so on this one! Both bands are from Southern California and play a hi-energy, kick-ass rock 'n' roll with a heavy dose of '90s punk influence and a dash of metal (nothing wrong with a bit of metal in punk rock—it helps make for some ripping guitar riffs!!). The winner on this one for me is NOISE ATTACK with their more straight-ahead sonic barrage, but INOCULATORS come in a very, very close second... (ML)
(self-released)

THE JETTY BOYS – "Let It Go / 1%"

Another one from Art of the Underground, this time a melodic lo-fi effort from THE JETTY BOYS. The A side sounds a little like later period HÜSKER DÜ, with maybe a touch of early-'90s pop punk like the HAPPY HATE-ME-NOTS, or even CRINGER. The flipside is a little rockier and reminded me of the late, great RADIO WENDY. (AD)
(Art of the Underground)

JOHNNY THROTTLE – "Stukas Über Shoreditch" EP

Great to hear from Wrench Records again after a brief hiatus, and even better that their latest release is definitely worth hearing!! JOHNNY THROTTLE is a new band from London with former members of the JACKOFFS and URBAN SHOCK and they play a pretty stereotypical style of English punk rock, which is definitely a compliment! These guys ooze with snotty punk rock attitude and back it up with swaggering '70s rock 'n' roll. If you're a fan of SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS and old-school English punk in general, then check these guys out for sure!! (ML)
(Wrench)

KID CONGO & THE PINK MONKEY BIRDS – "Dracula Boots" LP

KID CONGO POWERS (ex-GUN CLUB, CRAMPS, and KNOXVILLE GIRLS, among others, for those who haven't been paying attention) has a new LP, and I couldn't be happier. There's all kindsa rootsiness, mixed up with enough artiness that the whole thing's reminiscent of various aspects of his past work, but ultimately it ain't like nothing else. "La Llarona" is not the traditional "La Llorona," but it's almost as good a take on that legend, which is a neat trick, as is managing to bring something fresh to a rendition of THEE MIDNITERS' genius "I Found a Peanut." This is good and strange (i.e. rich and funny, with some touches worthy of THE BONZO DOG BAND) enough that I could easily go on at much greater length, but I'm already exceeding the *MRR* space limitations. Go KID CONGO! (DD)
(In The Red)

KLASSE KRIMINALE – "Riot! Are You Ready?" LP

Alright all you punks and skins, get off your asses and run to your nearest record store (or for you computer savvy people, get on-line) immediately, and get your copy of this new collection of classic KLASSE KRIMINALE songs, all re-recorded and better than ever!! Originally released on CD in Japan, this is a limited, numbered pressing on color vinyl from this seminal Italian Oi! band, including "Faccia a Faccia," "Goal!," the title track, and a brand new one called "Anti-Police Hooligan." Even though most of the vocals are sung in Italian, you'll still be singing along at the top of your lungs and pogoing all over the place!! This is the real deal, kids—authentic working class Oi! with heart and soul. (ML)
(Joe Pogo)

KYLESA – "Static Tensions" LP

It's been awhile since I have listened to KYLESA, which means that I missed the last LP at least. At this point, I'm in the mood to listen to their very distinct vision of sludgecore/crust, though. It seems that the two-drummer band is finding a foothold that is really working for them. I wouldn't say that it meets the expectations of those looking for another *To Walk the Middle Course,* which is their pentacle so far for me, but this definitely has all the mood and heavy riffage you need in this style of music. KYLESA is really in a league of their own when it comes down to quantifying them. This is what you want in music like this—it never gets boring because they are always re-writing the rules. I miss some of the Cory (old bassist) rager parts on bass, and they have become a bit more stoner rock. Other than that, this record is well worth more than a few listens and does not disappoint in the least. Also, the guitar work has really stepped up with a better tone than on the last albums I listened to. The artwork for this record is really top-notch; no label could ever get the same effect with a CD in their wildest dreams. John Baizley has been no slouch when it comes to great art in the last couple years with his memorable epics adorning both record covers and screen-printed posters everywhere you turn. (WK)
(20 Buck Spin)

LANDLORD – "Lifers" LP

I saw these dudes play in a basement in Oakland not too long ago, and while I won't say I didn't like them, I wasn't struck with any "Holy shit, this band rules!" feelings. Looking back, I can pretty much conclude that that lack of positive feeling was merely because I wasn't familiar with their songs. This is a pretty solid record, and knowing the material would have definitely helped me get more into the show. There are generally mid-tempo rock songs (that's *rock*, not *rock'n'roll*!) that remind me a lot of fellow Indianans THE DOOR KEYS. I really like the layout of the insert here, too. One side is handwritten lyrics and a thanks list, then the other side has contact and band info, all surrounded by fliers of what look like some pretty awesome shows these guys have played in the past. (BD)
(Houseplant)

THE LANTERNS – "Postcard Picture" CD

A poppy rock and roll band here with a strong gal front-person. This six-song EP follows up their debut LP. I'm thinking JOAN JETT, early LONE JUSTICE, and X. A little twang with SOCIAL D-esque guitars, too. A good release. (RL)
(Cheapskate)

LE FACE – "Isolation" LP

Think garagey, kinda trashy *Killed by Death* sounds with clean guitars and vocals that are reminiscent of THE CONTAMINATORS. Instead of pulling from the JOHNNY THUNDERS end of the *KBD* spectrum, it sounds like these dudes are pulling from THE URINALS and (this is a stretch) maybe THE ADVERTS. (P$)
(Dead Beat)

LETS GROW – "Disease of Modern Times" LP

Rad. Ignoring the god-awful cover art of a zombie hardcore kid staring at a computer screen, this is a solid record. Serbia's LETS GROW aren't covering any new ground, but they play thrashing youth crew-inspired hardcore like it means everything in the world to them. If you lived in the same town, this is the band you would go nuts for and learn all the lyrics to every one of their songs so you could scream your fucking heart out at every show. This is ten times better than most of what Bridge Nine and similar labels are selling as "hardcore" these days. My review copy came on nifty grey marbled vinyl. (VX)
(Know)

LIVING DEAD LIGHTS – CD

This fucking sux ballz. A mix of cock-rock, arena pop punk, and THE DEFTONES played by assclowns in makeup, fingerless gloves, and FLOCK OF SEAGULLS hair. If this is what punk sounds like, I'll eat my hat. If I wanna listen to music for norm teenage girls, I'll listen to KATY PERRY. (And I will. Frequently.) Shame on me though, I'm kinda liking the second song. My taste is wholly embarrassing. (JU)
(self-released)

LIVING WITH LIONS – "Dude Manor" CD

This six-song CDEP by the Vancouver quintet LIVING WITH LIONS is pretty good. The band has a contemporary melodic "hardcore" sound that falls somewhere between HOT WATER MUSIC and WESTON. The track "Colors" has a cool OUTFIELD-meets-KID DYNAMITE intro before kicking into high gear, and proved to be my favorite of the disc. Good stuff. Fans of the current melodic hardcore sound should check out these guys' MySpace page. (RK)
(Black Box)

THE LONDON DIRTHOLE COMPANY – "The Stanley Hall Session" LP

I seem to be the appointed reviewer for THE LONDON DIRTHOLE COMPANY, perhaps because no one else knows what to make of "London's premier garage noise super group." They're garage-y, ja, but with an emphasis on repetitive mid-tempo riffs (or would that be "grooves," given the prominence of the distorted bass?) that don't wear out their welcome by virtue of most of the tracks being more short sketches than songs. SEXTON MING appears on a couple of tracks, as does a HEADCOATEE, upping the super-ness of the group, I reckon. (DD)
(Radiowave)

LOST CONTROLS – "American Action" EP

Wow. This is really a great record. LOST CONTROLS is very hardcore on the one hand, but very catchy and melodic on the other. (And, yes, I realize that those things aren't mutually exclusive.) Don't get me wrong—this absolutely is not bubblegum-core. I'm going in for an immediate second listen. Man. This is faster-paced and raw, but still catchy as all hell. It looks like this EP is limited to 500 copies, all on marble vinyl. Highest recommendation. You need to find this one, somehow. (KK)
(Thou Shalt)

THE LOVED ONES – "Distraction" LP

Sweet and sickly pop-punk that brings to mind GET UP KIDS, but with more edge; LAGWAGON, but not as fast; and LOVE SONGS, but less edge and add an organ or a piano on some songs. These songs are all well done, well played, and well recorded, including the BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN and JOE STRUMMER covers, and I think each could be the soundtrack to an MTV2 television show. (VL)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

THE MANGES – "Duck and Cover / Bad Brain"

Fuck yeah! Why have I not heard of this band before? THE MANGES are really freakin' good! This is simple, straightahead, driving punk rock that sounds to me like a cross between THE SPITS (the *original* ones from Seattle, *not* the latecomers from Boston!) and CRIMINAL DAMAGE, almost! They have a sound that reminds me of "Now I Wanna Sniff Some Glue" by THE RAMONES, which is obviously a great thing, right!! My only complaint is that with these Art of the Underground Singles Series there is no insert or liner notes at all… Oh well, I guess I'll be googling THE MANGES as soon as I'm done this, and you should too! (ML)
(Art of the Underground)

THE MARX – CD

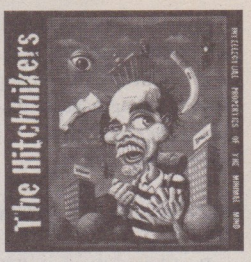
This CD is shit. Douchebag zero-energy garage punk with lyrics on the "not getting it" scale ranging from "Sexist? What's wrong with being sexy?" cluelessness, to outright misogyny, all the way to full-on rape fantasy. The funny thing is the guys in THE MARX all look like the tech support grunt from your office. Maybe they hate their female boss and call her a bitch behind her back, getting their revenge in song. I'm not one to tell anyone what they can or can't write about, I just don't get it. (AM)
(Zodiac Killer)

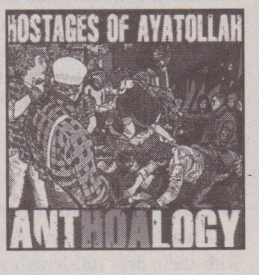
MASTERS OF PUNK ROCK – "Fuck Reagan" EP

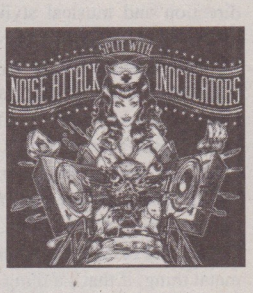
You know, fuck this band. Vinyl is made out oil or some shit like that, and this is a goddamn waste of it, a goddamn waste of my time, a goddamn waste of electricity. Look at you, retard, you're making an '80s hardcore parody record. It's 2009. You're painfully unfamiliar with hardcore (and playing drums and singing like a human being) considering you think people say "Oi!" all the time and sing about… Fuck it, I'm not going to finish this review; this guy will probably post this on his MySpace page saying how he "pissed off the punkers" or something. He brags about having a guy from DESCENDENTS/ALL as a "guest" on a track. Make fun of something that deserves it, like your actual pathetic reality, you fucking simp. I'm Jewish, I know what's funny and what's not funny—you're the fucking Dane Cook of parody records. Overt bullshit like this is stupid, and plus, ANARCHY 6 already did the quintessential (and *only* necessary) '80s hardcore joke record, and that was in the '80s when '80s hardcore was still around. I don't care if this review is rambling, I hope they print this in its entirety and I hope you get hit by a bus. Find me and fight me. (BB)
(self-released)

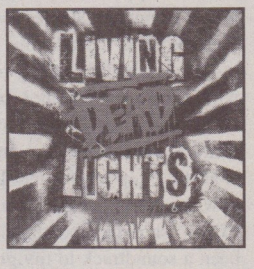
THE MAYNARDS – "Date and Destroy" CD

With a few exceptions, the songs on this CD are pretty twee post-punk, like a lo-fi B-52s, or maybe CUB, with harmonized vocals that are reminiscent of SLEATER-KINNEY. The exceptions are the songs where the guy in the band sings lead vocals: these numbers are a little heavier on the garage, and he comes close to emulating the singer of THE SONICS. On the whole it's









an enjoyable listen despite (or maybe because of) the lack of cohesiveness. I can't help feeling the whole thing is a bit too '90s Olympia; pictures of hearts and people holding hands... It's cute, but is there such a thing as *too* cute? (AM)
(self-released)

MEN OF UNITUS – "Gland of Hope and Glory" CD

Real interesting one. This CD has a cool production that gives an almost industrial feel to everything. Musically I'm reminded of TITWRENCH, but this features an actual entire band. It's like a HC version of early-'90s alt-rock bands. I can imagine MEN OF UNITUS playing live and being unbelievably fucking loud. Fans of UNSANE, HAMMERHEAD, MELVINS…take note! (VL)
(No Lite)

MILLIONS – "Gather Scatter" CD

Chicago metal band MILLIONS shows up here with their first full-length release on guitarist Scott Flaster's own Seventh Rule Recordings. Sharing art direction and musical styling with one-time labelmates AKIMBO, MILLIONS drops a fairly well developed record that kept my attention for most of the duration. It certainly has its "gems" hidden in some less enjoyable "ruff." Aside from the above-mentioned band, names like DOOMRIDERS and PELICAN pop into mind, in terms of feeling more than sound. These guys would fit in well with the Kentucky scene (LORDS, COLISEUM, YOUNG WIDOWS), and certainly seem to be going for the hipster metal thing, if that's a thing. I also get a DEAD AND GONE feel, which is random but it's there. All in all, a pretty good release, not exceptional by any means, but a good listen. (RM)
(Seventh Rule)

THE MOB – "Let the Tribe Increase" CD

Along with ZOUNDS, THE MOB is my favorite anarcho band. Unlike CONFLICT and CRASS, who had a very aggressive musical attack, the aforementioned bands had as much in common with many of the goth bands of the time, with their doomy hypnotic sounds...the soundtrack to the end of the world. They were archetypal anarchists, playing free festivals and squatting in South London. THE MOB released a bunch of singles (one of which was on Crass Records) and the all-time classic LP *Let the Tribe Increase*, which is seeing reissue on this CD (along with a couple of demos tacked on the end). THE MOB discography came out a few years back, so it's weird to see this, but I'm not complaining, as this LP is all-time top-ten for me. It's hard to really sum up how important *Let the Tribe Increase* is to the history of English punk, and anarcho punk in general. It has been a soundtrack to my growing up, so it is totally intertwined with my outlook on the world. To say that it is essential would be an understatement. One thing that this release has that the other one didn't is an in-depth booklet with great photos, flyers, and a history of the band, which is worth the price of admission. Mandatory purchase. (TB)
(Overground)

THE MOST – "Minimum R&B" EP

These cats are from the Bay and I didn't even know it! Sick Hammond-driven psych with an almost blues/R&B edge. It sorta sounds like early-'70s STONES or a laid-back DIRTBOMBS. I'm not sure how THE MOST will sit with the hardcore punkers out there, but the '60s heads will eat this shit up. These are total party jams, and I am 100% going to be front and center next time they hit the city. (TB)
(self-released)

MUTATING MELTDOWN – "Fantasy / Six Minutes Underground"

"Fantasy" is like a sultrier SLANT 6 meets some imaginary early-'80s Lower East Side Y-PANTS-versus-LIZZY MERCIER DESCLOUX band. It's not "funky," which is maybe the worst word—that's why I said Y-PANTS and not just LIZZY. There's something that reminds me of those fucked-up, keyboard-driven artpunkers of olden times, like San Francisco's PINK SECTION or Chicago's ALGEBRA SUICIDE, maybe even FAMILY FODDER! At any rate, this features Erin and Veronica from FINALLY PUNK and a kid called Chad, and obviously if the above-referenced band names didn't already make you aware of the fact, it's a pretty dreamy 7". Way less freeform than anything FINALLY PUNK did, but I think each of them sing a song, in the style of FINALLY PUNK change-it-ups. Anyway, they already broke up, or at least live in other towns, and someone should send me a tape of all their unreleased stuff because this is awesome. I think the PINK SECTION comparison is apt, because FINALLY PUNK is more fucked-up sounding than MUTATING MELTDOWN—kind of like INFLATABLE BOY CLAMS, who featured members of the more in-control PINK SECTION, whom this record brings to mind… I have a feeling this 7" is another one of those deals where the label only made five copies and is already sold out, so you'll have to hunt distro copies if you wanna hear it. (LG)
(M'Lady's)

MY NEW VICE – "Blood in the Water" CD

I assume this hard-rawkin' CD came my way out of a lack of anyone qualified to review it. I'd call it metal except that I understand that metal has evolved to a point where this would probably be more akin to a modern STEPPENWOLF, with some DANZIG (especially comes to mind given some of the vocalist's mannerisms). Further ruling out my qualifications to make a proper evaluation is that I find ultra-gated drum sounds distracting and annoying. Includes an obligatory acoustic number to display that they don't have to rely on the shock and awe of slabs of guitar and bass. All you DANZIG fans, by all means check this out: there's my good deed for the day. (DD)
(Horns Up)

NADA X LIBERAR / WORST CASE SCENARIO – split LP

Spain's NADA X LIBERAR and Sweden's WORST CASE SCENARIO both knock out solid LP sides of modern Euro-crust with bursts of charging, guitar-driven hardcore tempered with dark and epic lumbering heaviness, intricate and moody leads and screamed vocals—here both are similar to UNION OF URANUS' vocals in their delivery, holding the screams longer than typical hardcore rapid fire singing. There's a bit more dynamism to the WORST CASE SCENARIO side, in both the music and the female vocals, which dole out personal lyrics relating to the greater society and politics. NADA X LIBERAR sings entirely in Spanish with no translation, and while their seven tracks are solid, they could use just more bombastic heft or a chaotic mix, similar to tracks towards the end of their side, to push the point home. Cool split! (KS)
(Contraszt)

NECKTIES MAKE ME NERVOUS – "This Ship Is Fucked" EP

An OK bit of pop punk mixed with spots of '80s hardcore. Nothing unique but certainly not bad. The record starts with two straight-up trashy pop punk jams. The first song is super similar to that CLEVELAND BOUND DEATH SENTENCE song "Rumble Seats," which I think was also the first song on their CD. The second track continues with the pop before skating into hardcore territory for the last three songs. At the same time, the singer's voice deteriorates into a steady scream. Y'know, that kind where it sounds like they're really straining their voice. I was just listening to MAN AFRAID, and it reminded me of his singing style, but less brutal than Mike's. All in all, a solid 7". (FS)
(Code of Ethics)

NEVER BUILT RUINS – "Schutt & Asche" EP

NEVER BUILT RUINS plays really hectic hardcore with a dab of melody that shines through like FROM ASHES RISE. They have characteristics of neo-crust and also a really driving Germanic delivery. I actually like this. The lyrics are Deutsche and English intermingled, but from what I gather this is pretty direct political music with a lot of rage. I bet this band is really good live. They have parts that lend themselves to lots of stage antics. I would actually compare this to ACTS OF SEDITION more than FROM ASHES RISE, so you can base comparisons off that. Of course, no two bands ever sound exactly the same. NEVER BUILT RUINS actually pulls together a really good dose of current hardcore and doesn't come off contrived or weak. Check them out. (WK)
(Rinderherz)

NIKSON – "So Far from Home" CD

A mix of melodic hardcore and BLINK here. In the range of average to bad, this Hungarian band sounds way too copycat to impress. The worst thing about NIKSON is they are all wearing various "Famous Stars and Straps" T-shirts. Well, I'm glad they got over their "No Fear" or "Hurley" phase. (RL)
(Bite Me)

NOBUNNY – "Give It to Me / Motorhead with Me"

The Bay Area's #1 masked party band/dude. NOBUNNY's latest on HoZac keeps up the sing-along-y, hand-clapping, head-bopping vibe, but is maybe toned down just a notch. Less frantic and frenzied than the NOBUNNY you've come to know in his sweaty, nudey live show, but (almost) every bit as fun. Two infectiously melodic tunes delivered tight and right (like his undies). (IS)
(HoZac)

NO SLOGAN – "Aversion Therapy" LP

These Chicago dudes play straight-up punk with political lyrics. It's mid-tempo with an over-abundance of palm-muting and catchy vocal melodies

sung through gruff vocal cords. They've got complicated riffs that sound pretty epic at times, particularly at the end of side B, as well as vocals and lyrics that remind me of CRIMINAL DAMAGE, and a more melodic punk sound that is reminiscent of other Chicago punk bands like PEDESTRIANS. It's a pretty solid recording and I bet they've got a pretty kickin' live show. (DA)
(Residue)

O PIONEERS!!! – "Neon Creeps" LP

That band you've seen on a dozen split releases finally has a new album all of its own. Although they're technically from Houston, TX, O PIONEERS!!! has a distinctly Floridian feel to them. Think HOT WATER MUSIC, AGAINST ME!, or any number of No Idea types or bands with punctuated names. (Triple exclamation points means three times as good as AGAINST ME! maybe?) Apparently the band existed for a period as a guitar and drums two-piece, which I can't imagine upon hearing this album: the bass seems integral to their sound, to the point where they remind me of FUGAZI in places. Ten songs, driving bass, meaty guitars, hoarse basement-show sing-alongs, morose lyrics? Check! Oh, and apparently the record is available for free online, but I'll let you figure that out for yourself. If you get it for free and enjoy it, send the band some money! (P.S. Not to be mistaken for (YOUNG) PIONEERS.) (AM)
(Kiss of Death)

OSK / SCUM BELLY – split EP

Two great bands from BC, Canada. SCUM BELLY's first track is sort of powerviolence, a little like LACK OF INTEREST. Their second track starts slow and pained then kicks into heavy hardcore. And most of their other tracks mix it up between grindcore, fast hardcore, and slow heavy sounds. I love the mix of fast and slow. OSK rips through a few speedy hardcore tracks that border on grindcore. They do slow down every once in a while and remind me of THE ENDLESS BLOCKADE in that way. As they say, "grinding powerviolence sludge." Get this. (MH)
(Killbomb)

O VOIDS – LP

Maybe it's all the drugs I didn't do, but as soon as I set the needle on this I started having serious fucking mid-'90s flashbacks. Totally off-key vocals, mid-tempo, meandering songs with guitars playing off each—one twinkling, noodling on the high end, the other more solid, strolling with the bass. Think Dischord, East Coast emo-ish intellectualistic music that aims for the brains more than the gut. (IS)
(Troubleman)

OH SHIT THEY'RE GOING TO KILL US – "They Love the Bomb / Do the Blitzkrieg"

Big-time crossover feel to the record, and I liked it a lot more than I thought I could. These dudes packed this two-song single with tons of sick leads, massive shredding, tight execution, and clean-as-a-whistle production. That last point being one of high importance, considering that although the songs are simple in nature, these guys can really play their instruments. The drums are certainly a treat to hear—dude is showing off some sick, simple fills and on-point bass pedal work, which compliments the songs tremendously. Both tracks tend to run a little long for my taste, with each over the three-and-a-half minute mark, and I would say they would benefit greatly by trimming the fat. Otherwise a solid release, except...I would never fucking dream of picking this record up out of a bin due to the artwork. It is horrid, ugly, and stupid. The lyrics fall in that category as well, but I think they get a pass cuz the dude sounds exactly like RKL (exactly). (RM)
(Dear Skull)

PAINTBOX – "Raw Ore" EP

On this release recorded before the death of legendary guitar virtuoso Chelsea, Japan's PAINTBOX offers up a jaw-dropping EP of absurdity. Just as they have always incorporated insane instruments such as trumpets, bongos, recorders, and harmonica into their high energy, catchy Japcore and made it work, they pull out the mid-tempo, radio-friendly, melodic "Raw Ore" that turns out to be an extremely catchy summer jam that I would proudly blast out of my IROC-Z. Imagine if *That '70s Show* was a Japanese sitcom and that "We're All Alright" song was replaced by "Raw Ore." They pick up the pace for the last minute of this already epic "single version," and throw in a saxophone solo that just sort of collapses into a pile of noise. As if you weren't confused enough by the A-side, on the B-Side is "Thorn in My Side (Plastic Pump)" which is a medley of POISON IDEA riffs with "Plastic Pump" sung as the chorus to the tune of P.I.'s "Plastic Bomb." So your mind is already blown, right, but wait...there is also a fucked-up cover of SLADE'S "Cum on Feel the Noize." This record is utterly ridiculous. Don't expect to play it over and over again dancing around your room as if it were *The Door / Provided Railroad* or *Earth Ball Sports Tournament*, but go for it if you are a fan of PAINTBOX. (SE)
(H:G Fact)

PANSY DIVISION – "That's So Gay" CD

For almost 20 years, PANSY DIVISION has been playing their brand of queer-positive pop punk. Of all the old Lookout! bands that I found through reading various thanks lists and whatnot, this is one I never really got into. It's too poppy for my likes. Sure, they've got some good songs here and there, but on the whole, I'm just not into the super poppy sound they go for. Devoted fans will most likely enjoy this disc. Look for special guest vocals by Jello Biafra on one of the songs. (BD)
(Alternative Tentacles)

PERDITION – "Freedom in Death" EP

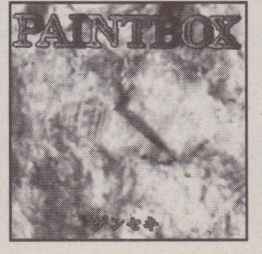
I've always said originality is overrated. Seriously. Some of the best bands going today make no secret about their influences and PERDITION is definitely among them. From the classic passed-out punk cartoon cover to the MODERAT LIKVIDATION logo rip-off on the A-side label to the unabashed Scandiworship on the record itself, PERDITION is following in some mighty footsteps and holding their own. Yeah, they're not breaking any new ground, but they're fucking good at what they do. There's a lot of early TOTALITÄR in the mix but with an undercurrent of UK82 melody at times. "Hangover" is my favorite track because of the gloriously sloppy solo. Killer. (AU)
(Mountains of Madness)

THE PHANTOM LIMBS – "Accept the Juice / Whole Loto Love" CD

So, this is death rock-ish (death rock lite?) with sinister, carnival-esque keys. It's almost as though THE PHANTOM LIMBS wants to be terrifying, but it's just kind of spooky. You know the part in *Beetlejuice* where they're in the afterlife? Not the part with the sandworm, the part with the waiting room and stuff? These guys are in the corner playing. Or maybe in the haunted mansion at Disneyland. Kind of kitschy, but too serious to be kidding. Somewhere between BAUHAUS and GROOVIE GHOULIES. There's definitely some heavy theatrics going on here. This is a comp of all the 7"s, unreleased tracks, comp tracks, and such, and it comes with a live DVD. The footage for the most part is kind of shitastic but it still manages to entertain. Kind of. All and all, THE PHANTOMS LIMBS eventually started to grow on me minus the fucking carnival organ. (MM)
(Alternative Tentacles)

PILLOW TALK – "Down Town Unga Wunga" EP

Aggressive new wave stuff in a SUICIDE (minimalist drum machine stylings) meets a way more punk GRAVY TRAIN (pre-HUNX AND HIS PUNX) vein. Basically it sounds like the dude



from HUNX trying to do hardcore vocals over some aggressive lo-fi new wave. I'm not really digging the way the keyboards are coming across. If you listen to a band like SUICIDE, the keyboards on a song like "Ghost Rider" totally drive the song and in "Cheree" the keyboards get all expansive—in both songs the keyboards either push the song or totally evoke something and their shit blends really well with the limited drum machine sound. While PILLOW TALK is way more (probably intentionally) lo-fi, and even though it's totally not fair to compare this to SUICIDE, I'm doing it anyway. The keyboard sounds that they're working with are way less evocative than I would like them to be. They sound more basic and distinct from the drum sounds. The two don't really blend well together. To put it simply, I'm not totally digging the keyboard. (P$)
(Columbus Discount)

PINK RAZORS – "Leave Alive" LP

PINK RAZORS plays as poppy as you can get. Their music comes across somewhere between LEMURIA and THE ERGS!. They seem to take influences from all over the place—in their song "Nights Like Yours," they could pass for spastic version of THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB, then the very next song, "Geometric Park," sounds like it could be a MEASURE [SA] cover. All the while there is a distinct Bloomington, IN vibe to the whole album (but without any kind of political message). Sometimes the vocals are a bit heavy on the male/female harmonizing, but the songwriting is good. No real message coming from the lyrics, but maybe there doesn't have to be. Definitely recommended for fans of the super pop. (FS)
(Houseplant)

PREGNANT – "Wanna See My Gun?" EP

Do I want to see your gun? The answer is a definite and resounding no, and I don't want to hear you ask me if I want to see your gun in song. It's not that PREGNANT doesn't have potential. They do (see the pretty spot-on and way poppy BURMA-meets-SHINOBU sounds of their *Help!* demo). It's just that these songs are not good. For what it's worth, they aren't bad either. If I were to try to describe what I'm hearing, I'd drop a modern-day-era MISSION OF BURMA reference and round it out with a nod to something else post-punkish like SONIC YOUTH. The real dilemma lies in trying to get a bearing on how much I've let the lameness of the promo sheet effect my impartiality. It's off-base and misguided, and so poorly written at times that I can't tell if the label is trying to intentionally bullshit me or if they're just really uninformed. The VOID reference they drop is unequivocally atrocious and in a better world the "raging vocals" would in fact be "so intoxicating (that they) send chills up my spine." Ultimately this is a not-good record from a not-bad band. (P$)
(Don Giovanni)

PROJECT MAYHEM – "Go Gonzo" CDEP

Huge guitar punk from Perth, Australia that has more in common with '80s metal rock than anything else. Well, then again, I can hear a huge MC5 influence here, sort of like the *High Time*-era stuff, but I also hear Sammy Hagar or something as well. Wait, maybe I'm being unfair. TURBONEGRO? I can see a crowd full of burly dudes throwing the devil horns and slamming Fosters at gigs played by these dudes. Aww man, I'm undecided if I like this or not. If there was only a little less metal and a bit more rock and roll... (BG)
(self-released)

PUNK AS A DOORNAIL – "Flogging the Punk Horse" CD

This is some weird-ass experimental stuff played on some sort of homemade guitar constructed from an old skateboard and a drum/percussionist for a rhythm section. The songs here seem to be poking fun at many aspects of punk rock, from personal hygiene (or the lack thereof), to beer, skateboarding, and so on. Quirky vocals and topics remind me a lot of that DEAD MILKMEN song "The Monster That Only Eats Hippies." I dunno, I like the concept of homemade instruments and such, but I can't get past the weirdness of this. (BD)
(Zodiac Killer)

THE RADIO FACES – "Party at the Bushwick Hotel" LP

Without going into details, I will say that the packaging for this record is brilliant. It's a regular old LP cover/sleeve, but funnier than hell. Seriously. And the music? If you're fan of late-'70s power-pop, as I am, this will be right up your alley. It's mid-tempo, extremely catchy, and comes with a healthy dose of twangy guitar and power-chords. If you do a genre well enough, you don't necessarily have to be different. Oh, and the title track has a sort of DEAD MILKMEN tribute intro. Very cool. (KK)
(Art of the Underground)

REIGNING SOUND – "Live at Goner Records" CD

REIGNING SOUND has to be one of most solid garage bands playing today. They combine catchy '60s garage with country, soul, and R&B, all with the intensity and urgency of punk rock. Imagine if SAM COOKE was alive today and had a rock band; this is the kind of stuff that would come out. REIGNING SOUND is super recommended for any fan garage rock. This particular album though is not the first thing you should pick up if you've never heard them. Start with *Time Bomb High School*—that album is amazing. *Live at Goner Records* is a good live album; it is well recorded and they play some of their best songs along with some fairly good covers. This was originally released three years ago on vinyl only, and apparently is just now seeing release on CD. Definitely worth seeking out if you've already checked out REIGNING SOUND's other stuff and dig it. I sure do. (FS)
(Goner)

RE-VOLTS – "Piles" 10"

Yet another band I saw live without having heard any recorded material. RE-VOLTS is a newer Bay Area band made-up of members of SWINGIN' UTTERS, ONE MAN ARMY, and BOTTLES AND SKULLS. Again, after seeing them, I thought they were good, but nothing special. Their sound doesn't stray *too* far from their other bands, retaining somewhat of a street punk feel while incorporating some poppy undertones and hooks. If you liked anything these guys have been involved with in the past, you'll definitely like this. (BD)
(Pirates Press)

REVOLUTIONARY YOUTH – "Bleed / Decay" LP

Holy shit, I got assigned this slab of woe because I was so dismayed at the fact that these inept hippies reused a beautiful TAV FALCO LP sleeve to make their shitty crust emo dirge. Man, you shoulda used, like, a OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN LP or something, then someone who actually digs shit like this would have gotten it for review, I wouldn't be writing this mean-spirited bile, and more importantly I would never have had to listen to it. I saw too many bands like this in dreary '90s squats and basements, and I find it hard to give a shit at this point. It's definitely Old Glory/Ebullition Records style, and I can already picture a million dudes in either big shorts or tight pants doing that fervent back 'n' forth dance whilst holding onto the straps of their backpacks. This comes with a dumpster diving guide, a patch, and a sewn-together lyric book. The personal is political, yo. If only this was *HeartattaCk* circa '95! (LG)
(No Breaks)

ROSES ARE RED – " Can't Understand / Your Love Is Like a Ballistic Missile"

Two reissued tracks of lo-fi punk rock all the way from London, 1979. Side one takes in some BUDDY HOLLY-inspired rock 'n' roll while mixing it up with the hard glam of THE JOOKS. Side two definitely falls right into the punk rock camp, coming off as THE UK SUBS meets THE SKIDS. A slight power-pop influence runs true, which is to be expected considering the era. Good stuff, indeed. (SD)
(Sing Sing)

RUDI – "Big Time/No. 1"

Most bands never approach greatness in their respective genres, but Belfast's RUDI managed to excel at not one but *two* different styles: hook-filled late-'70s punk and, later on, unbeatable (power-) pop. This single, a reissue of their 1978 debut release on the Good Vibrations label (also home at one point or another to basically every good '70s Northern Irish group except STIFF LITTLE FINGERS), captures the band already at a peak. It doesn't get much better than "Big Time"—2 minutes and 44 seconds of absolute punk rock perfection; a track that, more than any other I can think of, exemplifies the raw excitement and teenage innocence of early UK punk. It's also worth mentioning that this reissue nicely replicates the original's foldout sleeve. An essential classic! (CS)
(Sing Sing)

SANITY ASSASSINS – "Speed of Death" LP

Speed of Death compiles recordings from a SANITY ASSASSINS demo and a live-in-the-studio set at MIT University. The shitpunk contained in these songs is barely scratching at mediocrity. It's so unremarkable that I don't know what to say, blah, blah. The processed-sounding guitars burp out some riffs that go nowhere and the vocals are nasally-challenged, semi-sung nonsense about anal sex, killing hippies, and other important topics. The drums are the worst limp and lackluster sounding shit ever. Mostly, I can't figure out why anyone felt the need to reissue this stuff, since SANITY ASSASSINS has been broken up for quite awhile, and everything about the music and artwork seems half-assed. (CI)
(Tornado Ride)

SCIENTISTS – "Swampland" 2xLP

This double-LP set contains random songs from throughout THE SCIENTISTS' post-pop years. The liner notes state that these are the Australian band's most "historically interesting moments." The first LP starts with the song "Swampland," a bona-fide Aussie punk hit that offers brief hints of the band's former sugar-coated sound, and then things get grim. THE SCIENTISTS create a dark, dreary, uninviting mood that permeates every one of these songs. The guitars, sometimes noisy and disjointed, sometimes wading 'round a river of fuzz and reverb, creatively wander over the dark and simple rhythms while the drums pound, and pound, and pound, and pound away 'til hypnosis is achieved. Mood-driven music like this is really hard to describe, but after listening to both of these LPs I'm convinced that it's OK to feel crazy or maybe it's crazy to feel at ease. Much like the songs on this LP, I rarely feel at ease, and I would be satisfied to spend the rest of the night in my room with these records on repeat. Nice packaging with a gatefold and printed inner sleeves, extensive liner notes—great reissue! (CI)
(Bang!)

SCREAMING RED – "Kick in the Face" CD

I always hate to give bad reviews, but sometimes it just has to happen… There's nothing terrible about SCREAMING RED, but there is also nothing great about them, unfortunately. This just seems like a rehash of HOLE or L7 or something like that. If you're a fan of those bands, ignore what I'm writing and check this band out. However, I do have to call SCREAMIND RED out for the tragic attempt at a hidden track on this CD: "Butt Sex." I don't know if they think they're being naughty and/or funny with this song, but it's just lame. Don't get me wrong, I'm not opposed to anal intercourse, but the song is just weak and should have remained a private joke… Sorry, just my opinion. (ML)
(Wrecked All)

SHADOWCOPS – "A Big Pot of Hot" CD

Pretty raging punk rock straight out of the UK, falling somewhere near the more raging REPLACEMENTS and the garage out-of-control-ness of THE CANDY SNATCHERS or the underrated BOTTOM FEEDERS…the guy's vocals are totally that vibe, but the music is much more multi-layered. SHADOWCOPS is hard to pigeonhole and pretty damn good. The band's thanks lists are really funny, my favorite being "thanks to the West Yorkshire Police for being so hospitable and jolly good sports and not pressing charges." Good shit. (TB)
(TNS)

SHORTLIVED – LP

New Zealand's SHORTLIVED rages through this 12" with breakneck speed and intensity. It's thrashcore that seems more intent on a full and dynamic musical experience than just a show of speed. Great sound, great songs, and totally worth checking out. (AA)
(Always Never Fun)

SILENTIST – "Tunnel" EP

Imagine the scene: it's Friday night, and you're at the art show. You just met for cosmos at the Beauty Bar and now you're drinking cheap cab…oh, that's Cabernet Sauvignon, from a plastic cup while examining the very interesting pieces. In the corner is a duo in oh-so grungy clothing, making the most oddly captivating music. Your ear is caught, you wander over and begin a conversation after they've stopped playing their last…well, I guess you could call it a song. Interested, you buy their CD-R that's limited to 25 copies with an intricate, hand-sewn booklet that was weaved from virgin hemp and features drawings by the two men of their interpretations to the songs. Excited, you immediately download it to your iPod, which is plugged into your car, and play it for your friends as you celebrate a week of hard work. Of course, it's never listened to again. Lyrics are included and describe living in a tunnel, the supernatural and the (lack of) movement they inhibit, and paralysis. For fans of THE SLAVES, VSS, CONVOCATION OF, 31G-style bands, etc. (VL)
(Zum)

SMASH THE STATUES – "When Fear Is All Around Us" CD

Political melodic hardcore from the Netherlands. SMASH THE STATUES sounds a lot like GOOD RIDDANCE and STRUNG OUT—catchy and fast, but harder than those bands in places. At times they remind me of PROPAGANDHI, and at others youth crew straight edge. It's a little bit two-dimensional, and although the lyrics are good, it seems to lack real depth. (AD)
(Shield)

SONGS FOR SNAKES – CD

These Bay Area dudes are way into JAWBREAKER. Gone are the '90s drum sounds. SONGS FOR SNAKES also slowed the pace down a little. I enjoyed the faster songs (for example "The Time You Lost Was Mine" or "Paper Sons") a lot more than most of the CD, which is full of slower songs and has a tendency to drag. Not as good as JAWBREAKER, better than JETS TO BRAZIL. (P$)
(Happy Snappy)

SPITTIN' BULLETS / WARCOLA – split EP

First of all, there is no excuse for pixilation. Automatic bummer. The WARCOLA (War And Racism Condemned Only Liters of Alcohol) side of this split is fast hardcore with gritty, dual little-boy vocals and a serious street punk influence. The spiky punk aspect definitely comes through heavily in the lyrics about drunken nights and rowdy punks with no class. SPITTIN' BULLETS is surprisingly not as catchy, though they play a similar style of fast hardcore. Female vocals with serious lyrics about depressing topics are thrown over powerful breakdowns. (DA)
(Life of Strife)

THE STABS – "Split Lips / House of the Peter Gunn"

Brooding garage rock that might seem more like rawk were it not for the fractured and atonal guitar leads (the highlight for me). I don't know if HENRY MANCINI would approve, but FREDDIE KING probably would. (DD)
(Stained Circles)

STAND OUT RIOT – "Carnival Militia" CD

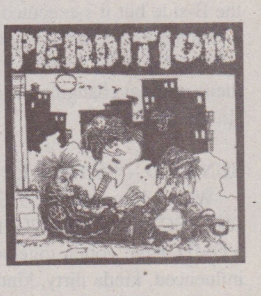
This UK ska punk band looks like your typical group of high school students, but it's four gals and three guys who kick out some good, energetic horn-driven stuff. Heavy guitar in the mix when needed. STAND OUT RIOT is certainly drawing from more recent bands versus UK ska or punk from the '80s. I like this. (RL)
(Big Tone)

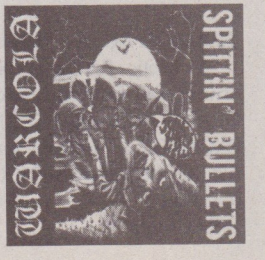
STELLA PEEL – CD

I predicted this would be bad, and it is. It's like bad bar rock that's slightly rockabilly, maybe a little un-fuzzed garage rock. It all sounds calculated and slick. Tough, but sexy lady vocals (the worst kind), clean guitars, boring solos, a drum machine that is trying desperately to be real drums. Yeah…no. (MM)
(Milk & Chocolate)

THE STRANGE BOYS – "...And Girls Club" LP

Great psych-tinged garage from In The Red's new fresh young faces. Sixteen tracks of sweaty basement free-for-alls, stinking of cheap booze, skinny pants, and those unwashed armpits. It's lo-fi, it's drenched in that new slacker attitude, it's got the swagger to slay and the tunes to have ya busting out every forgotten move in your extensive dance catalog. Imagine SYD BARRETT sing-





ing for NOBUNNY whilst backed up by the pre-*Vice* BLACK LIPS. Party record of the month. (SD)
(In The Red)

THE STRANGE BOYS – "Woe Is You and Me / Baby, Please Don't Go"

Austin's STRANGE BOYS do a good job aping early roots rock but add a modern beat and a touch of Texan twang. Simple. Catchy. Pretty. The A-side is also the opening track off the band's new full-length. I was anticipating being turned off by the cover on the B-side but it's executed as it should be—neither a butchering of the song nor an exact clone. THE STRANGE BOYS make "Baby, Please Don't Go" theirs without changing the song whatsoever. (MU)
(In The Red)

SUN GOD – "(S)Pain" EP

Whoa! Members of 9 SHOCKS TERROR, INSURRECT, HOMOSTUPIDS, and SQUIRREL VOMIT have gotten together to play some grunge-influenced, kinda dirty, kinda poppy, and somewhat epic shit that's hard to pin down. This could be compared to any number of early-'90s grunge bands with a heavy stoner rock influence. I'll keep this review short and to the point—this EP fucking rocks. You'll probably want to check this out. (BD)
(Pizza Pants)

SWAMP THING – "In Shame" CD

Maybe I'm getting old before my time, but 99% of "modern hardcore" bands I hear sound the same to me. This isn't to say they're bad, or that what they do is bad, but they just don't move me at all. SWAMP THING is good at this style, although I'm really over the type of negative personal lyrics found here, but they don't do anything for me at all. If you listen to bands like TRASH TALK, CEREMONY, BLACKLISTED, etc., this will probably be right up your alley. (VX)
(6131)

THE TAXPAYERS – "A Rhythm in the Cages" CD

This Portland trio takes the DIY ball and runs with it. While they didn't prink the jacket for this CD themselves (unless they own some big expensive printing press), it seems like THE TAXPAYERS do everything else on their own, right down to handwritten explanations. The music is lo-fi punk very similar to older DEFIANCE, OHIO. The explanations are sometimes lengthy, sometimes brief, but always a nice touch to let you know where they're coming from. THE TAXPAYERS seem like nice folks; they champion "rad, local, environmentally-awesome companies" as they put it. This is the kind of stuff that I think is important to support, whether it's by buying their CD, giving them a few bucks while on tour, or just by spreading the word on to others. Good stuff. (BD)
(Useless State)

TERRIOR BUTE – "Realm Dwellers" CD

A chaotic, fun, indie rock romp. This keyboard-driven band from Milwaukee sounds like a mix of GRAVY TRAIN, GO TEAM, and ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE on a sloppy and amateur yet charming run. Maybe THE CAPRICORNS with a guy singer, too. (RL)
(Vicious Pop)

TRANSIT – "This Will Not Define Us" CD

Mix of melodic HC and mid-to-late-'90s emo. Think STRUNG OUT, NOFX, or LAGWAGON mixed with HOT WATER MUSIC or SMALL BROWN BIKE or...you get the picture. It's fine and I'm sure these guys are very nice and perfect little gentlemen, but this style seems so played out, dragged through the dirt, overdosed...you get the picture. How do all of these bands get the same sound for their kick pedal? It still amazes me. (VL)
(Barret)

THE TVEES – CD

Raw '60s garage that wears its retro-loving heart firmly on its well-tailored sleeves. It's got the flicks, it's got the kicks, and enough hooks to fill up an Olympic sized swimming pool. A nod and a wink to my faves THE KINKS sprinkled with another of the greats THE PRETTY THINGS. Enough raw punk energy and excellent songwriting keep this one well above the average retro worshipping crowd. Stick alongside THE MOJOMATICS and THE SETTING SON as the new leaders of '60s-inspired garage rock. Excellent. (SD)
(Trendsetter)

LA URSS – "Producto" LP

Fucking rad classic-sounding punk from Spain that is setting my ears on fire! LA URSS singer reminds me of Doc Dart of THE CRUCIFUCKS in the bizarre pinched and crazed delivery of the vocals, and with maybe some Jello Biafra thrown in there too? It's also clearly very rooted in the classic Spanish punk we all love like ESKORBUTO and TNT. The off-kilter vocals make for a really interesting record on top of its supreme rocking-ness. *Producto* comes with a big, beautiful printed booklet full of collage and URSS propaganda and lyrics. It's a really striking package taken all together. So awesome! (AA)
(Bowery)

VACANT STATE – "State of Confusion" EP

Oh man, don't bother me right now 'cause I'm playing this sucker loud and reading along with the lyrics, and loving every second of it! This is the kind of shit that keeps me waking up each day believing that there is still something worthwhile in the world. OK, maybe I'm getting a little carried away, but it's the kind of shit that gets me out to the record store at least. VACANT STATE delivers the pure hardcore goods, in attitude, in sound, and in aesthetic, especially if you dig straight up early-'80s USHC. You could file this four-track slab right between the NEGATIVE FX LP and the IMPACT UNIT EP, if you needed a reference. It ain't retro, though, just real hardcore. (BG)
(self-released)

WALLS – "Tread on Me" 12"

While not as oppressive as the LP or 7", it's still discomforting. I've listened to this a bunch, and each time I get a little creeped out and start to think someone is in the room with me when I'm in fact all alone. Like I start having glimpses in my peripheral vision of some person or thing about to attack me as opposed to being personally/psychologically attacked by the self-titled LP. It's an uneasy feeling, yet I keep coming back for more, turning up the volume, and dragging the needle to the beginning of the record. I feel like I'm being wrapped in a shroud and sung a very macabre lullaby. Yet, then again I want to smash the fuck out of everything, even punch myself in the face. The emotions and physical feelings this can invoke are pretty awesome—my eyelids feel heavy and I almost feel stoned. I'm inclined to push the headphones as hard as possible against my ears to soak up the sound and embrace the deafening pleasures enveloping my diseased soul. I'm detonated and ready to explode! This is the world's pleasures/the world's pain, the world's atrocities/the world's humanity, and I haven't and won't even touch on the lyrics... (RR)
(Iron Lung)

WAU Y LOS ARRRGHS!!! – "Viven" CD

More delicious '60s garage slop dished out by a band that understands the importance of not taking themselves too seriously. What's not to like about a band that comes up with a song called "Viva Link Wray!!!" that's even worthy of the title? Muy bien, *muy bien!* (DD)
(Munster)

WEAVE – LP

Minimalist and bored-sounding, much like the post-punk girls of the late '70s—similar to the monotone singing parts of DELTA 5 or THE AU PAIRS matched with the stripped-down funk of ESG with some of the jangle of THE RAINCOATS. The bulk of the second side has songs with duel girl wordless vocals stumbling and swerving past each other, which I'm into. I keep on wishing there was some kind of freak-out scream-out, but really the more I listen, the more I like it. It's exciting sounding even though it kind of lacks any danger. (MM)
(Pacific Reasons)

WHOLE IN THE HEAD – "Reclaim Your Future" EP

UK hate-filled hardcore in the vein of SAWN OFF or EBOLA. The lyrics are uncompromisingly political, a nice switch from what seems to have become the norm. Fast parts switch to faster, and then slow ever-so-briefly to a deafening pace before rocketing back to speed to pummel you. There are elements that will certainly appeal to fans of SoCal heroes like LACK OF INTEREST and NO COMMENT, but I still think UK when I hear this...the raspy vocals, the addresses for anarchist and animal rights literature, and then a DOOM-esque guitar break. Kills. (WN)
(Tadpole)

WOLFBRIGADE – "Comalive" LP

The *fifth* (eighth [!] if you count the WOLFPACK LPs) record from Sweden's WOLFBRIGADE, and their second LP since reforming. *Comalive* churns their classic combination of dark-edged, riff-driven melodic hardcore with sweeping elements from modern permutations of death metal. Taking the stark simplicity of ANTI-CIMEX/DISCHARGE lyrics and harshly barked vocals and applying them over this (comparatively) more baroque, or at least evolved D-beat bashing still makes for a powerful combination. The fourteen tracks here are delivered with their predictably great precision, killer riffs, and some on-point guitar soloing, all even seeming stronger than previous WOLFBRIGADE releases. Ace! (KS)
(Deranged)

YES SENSAI – "3 Songs" EP

Like a rawer UNWOUND with hints of the REACTIONARY 3 (in other words, a lo-fi, buzzed-out MINUTEMEN influence). The music can be pretty cool, but the vocals aren't too interesting. Some of this also reminds me a little of bands like LIFE AT THESE SPEEDS. Sometimes it's herky-jerky and angular and the music has inventive and interesting qualities. The qualms I have with this are all about the vocals. Part of the time they sound like a dude shouting in a way that's loosely affiliated with the music, and that doesn't really flatter the jams or flow with the tunes. (P$)
(Rok Lok)

THE YOUNGER LOVERS – "Newest Romantic LP & The California Love EP" LP

Yeeeeesssssssss! Fast, fuzzed-up power-pop, sloppy, messy, still drunk in the morning? Everything is played and sung by Brontez of GRAVY TRAIN!!!! and that column near the front of this thing. Fully distorted and overdriven, charmingly off-key vocals, two covers (THE RIP-OFFS, THE REPLACEMENTS), and I'm really in love with this record. Seriously, it's pretty much everything perfect, one of those records that you find yourself screaming along to and jumping on your bed, and there's no way to stop. Get it. (MM)
(Raw Sugar)

THE ZIPS – "Take Me Down" EP

This record arrived on the scene in 1979, and although Glasgow's THE ZIPS would consider themselves a punk band, the power-pop hooks and guitar solos betray the their new wave leanings, more akin to what was happening in Northern Ireland. Maybe it's no coincidence that the label that reissued this also put out a couple of RUDI reissues. Four tracks of scratchy period punk goodness. THE ZIPS are actually back at it, having put out a new album in 2006. If you're new to the band, start with this 7", and go from there… (AM)
(Sing Sing)

ZOMBA GREEN – "One" CD

Twelve tracks in fourteen minutes of mayhemic thrash from Japan that boils right under at grind tempos, with dual vocals screeching, bellowing, and caustically spitting out over throttling, curt hardcore blasts. There's an occasional searing riff in the loose recording, with pounding drums blast-beating their way to slower, downbeat double-bass-fueled pummeling, while throaty vocals echo on top of it. Weird, funky breaks punctuate the chaos in tandem with wild screaming vocals. Packaged in a simple slipcase with a color wheel and a pair of lips over a burlap pattern and songs called "Cat & You," "You-dai Is Burning," and titles in Japanese, so your guess is good as mine as far as the lyrics. Overall, ZOMBA GREEN is not quite insane or over the top enough to rate this genre's top marks of "sick," but you should at least get the thermometer, blankets, and cough drops out before playing. (KS)
(MCR)

V/A – "Fists of Fury, Volume 1" CD

This is a comp of grind/thrash/fastcore bands from the world over. Bands of note are MIGRA VIOLENTA, REVUELTA, CATHETER, DESARME, and CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, and with the exception of the CAPITALIST CASUALTIES track, I didn't really find any of the other 44 songs on here to be up my alley. (JU)
(Reformed)

V/A – "Live Fast, Die Drunk" CD

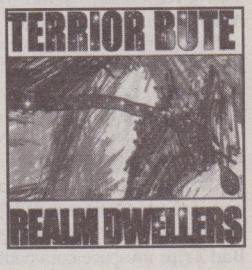
I have to say, this is a cool format for a comp CD, because you get five or six songs from each band, and thus really get a sense of what they sound like. This split features four bands from Perth, Australia that all seem to be of the down and dirty, fast-paced, bar punk variety. THE LUNGS play rockin' punk with a little MOTÖRHEAD going on. I could do without the "don't get pussywhipped" chorus on "Chicks Dig Assholes" though (I'm sure I would disapprove of more if there were some lyrics included in this thing). ZXSPECKY play really catchy, fast, distorted punk, and the songs are great and hard to shake out of the brain. NEW HUSSEINS play similar booze-soaked fast rock 'n' roll to THE LUNGS. SURPRISE SEX ATTACK throws a curve ball in musically at the end with a more reverbed out classic ('77, '82) punk sound. Terrible name though—I mean, really. Standout band by far is ZXSECKY. (AA)
(Live Fast Die Drunk)

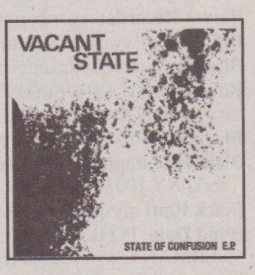
V/A – "Nagoya City Hard Core" CD

For fist-in-the-air rampaging Japanese punk, Nagoya is often overlooked for the Crust War scene in Osaka or the dozens of brilliant bands from Tokyo. But Nagoya fucking rages, and this disc is proof. CLOWN starts off playing some more mid-tempo and typical Japanese hardcore with guitar leads and vocals (not solos) that remind me slightly of PAINTBOX. REALITY CRISIS is likely the best-known Nagoya crust band, and their tracks here are more of the blown-out, distorted chaos that their fans love. Gang choruses and riffing that is just so fucking Japanese…a perfect representation. This was my introduction to ZILEMMA, who delivers more shits with vocals that rival Ishiya (FORWARD) and more fist-in-the-air choruses. D-CLONE takes the distortion to new levels with an assault that makes CONFUSE sound like J-Pop, totally incoherent until the drum breaks, with noise-affected riffs that morph into one another until each song just seems like a movement in a wall of chaos. D-CLONE is my favorite band on the disc—total mayhem. DEMOLITION is from the old guard of Nagoya punks, though perhaps not as well known to the rest of the world until Black Water issued the *Mob of Wolves* LP stateside a few years back. Stories from the late '80s of the vocalist, Kagami, are pretty legendary, and they are still delivering biker punk along the lines of CITY INDIAN/MOTÖRHEAD mixed with POISON IDEA (*Feel The Darkness*-era), and it still fucking rules. Three songs from each band, and if you are a fan of The Japanese Punk, then this is yet another in the fine line of compilations from our friends at MCR Company. (WN)
(MCR)

V/A – "Shiftless Decay" LP

The thing about Detroit "weird punk" is that, if you've spent any time at all in Detroit, it just makes complete fucking sense. Not so weird, or no weirder than anything else in that city, anyway. X! Records comes through with a long overdue compilation of twelve current Detroit-area bands that sticks around mostly in the weird punk campground. The seriously overlooked and fucking amazing TENTACLE LIZARDO kicks off the comp, followed by the always-killer HUMAN EYE. This comp also contains X! Records stalwarts FRUSTRATIONS, TERRIBLE TWOS, and TYVEK, who opens the decidedly more, uh, traditionally punk side of the comp. THE MAHONIES blast a quick hardcore shitter, then you get THE FONTANAS with a song that wouldn't be outta place on one of the US-themed *KBD* comps. LITTLE CLAW belts out a totally noisy, garagey howler, then THTX slows things down, injecting a welcome dose of melodic, psychy bliss—just what you need to get ready for fucking ODD CLOUDS. They take you to the next level. Outerspaceship insanity. Really nice range of bands. All-around great regional comp, of which there should be more. (IS)
(X!)





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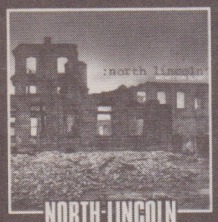

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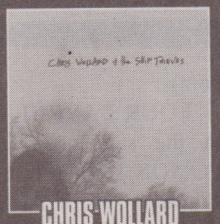

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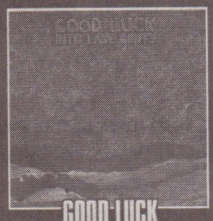

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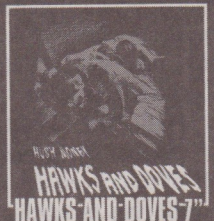

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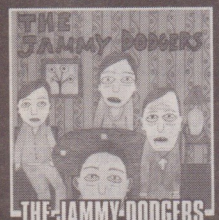

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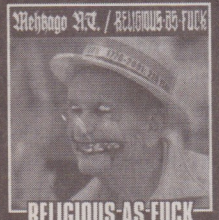

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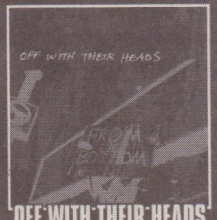

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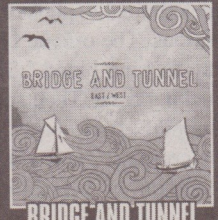

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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Helen Degenerate, Dan Goetz, Vinnie LaRussa and xYosefx.

ATTENTION SPAN – ATTENTION SPAN from Grand Rapids, Michigan play some fast and pissed hardcore with political lyrics; it's a damn shame that the tape hiss is almost louder than the music on this. I hope they can re-record these tracks, because they sound good but just putting this tape on gives me a massive headache. Oh, the tape is called "Left to Lose". (xYosefx) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, $4 ppd to Attention Span c/o Trent, 62 Pockard St., Grand Rapids, MI 49503)

BAD YEAR – Here we have some sweet hardcore from Gainesville, Florida. Thrashing through seven songs in under eight minutes, these kids don't fuck around. The songs here are somewhat comparable to the blistering attack of ASSHOLE PARADE, but maybe I'm just hearing that since they're from the same town. SICK FIX or CULT RITUAL would also be good references. I hope these guys put out some vinyl soon. (xYosefx) (7–song cassette, lyrics included, myspace.com/badyearhc)

BLACK CLOUD – Hell yes. This is some seriously raging dark, heavy hardcore from this British Columbia crew. Think INTEGRITY, RINGWORM, GEHENNA... in terms of current bands, I'd love to see them share the stage with ROT IN HELL, THE SEPARATION or PULLING TEETH. If there's any justice these guys will have some vinyl out soon. (xYosefx) (5–song CDR, lyrics included, myspace.com/blackcloudnw)

THE BOOGIE NAZIS – Pretty over the top, ridiculous name for these guys, but so be it. BOOGIE NAZIS are an instrumental surf-punk band. Think Dick Dale playing lead guitar for NO FX. At times it's much more traditional *surf*, as in slower, heavier surf vibe, and at other times it's pretty damn quick. But what stays constant is the surf riffs and licks. Who ever is playing guitar is doing a pretty good job. Cool shit! (Vinnie, 11–song CD, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/boogienazis)

BRAINWORMS – This is some hardcore/punk-influenced indie rock weirdness from Richmond, Virginia, reminding me at times of BEEFEATER and some of the other, farther-out bands on Dischord. Fittingly, it includes a RITES OF SPRING cover. This collects BRAINWORMS' tracks from three split 7"s as well as some unreleased material. Not really my thing, but well done. (xYosefx) (8–song cassette, lyrics included, The People's Republic of Rock and Roll, www.thepeoplesrepublicofrockandroll.wordpress.com)

ECHOES OF HARPER'S FERRY – YES!!!! I can't help it. I will always love a sad screaming man. A weakness, yes, but you must take pleasure in all that you can. (FIFTEEN x JAWBREAKER) + (ALKALINE TRIO x ADD/C)2 + Ohio = I'm so fucking amped about this band. I know it sounds peculiar, but trust me please. Super reliable and self-involved in such brief songs that I fear they are embarrassed. Please don't be embarrassed. You are true. Man, I bet they're terrible drunks too. (Helen) (5–song CD, no lyrics, myspace.com/echoesofharpersferry)

ENVIRONMENTAL YOUTH CRUNCH – OK, this is the first of two ENVIRONMENTAL YOUTH CRUNCH tapes I'm reviewing right now. This one is called "Let's Ride" and was recorded in 2007. These guys play some incredibly catchy pop punk/folk punk, full of hooks and cheesy lyrics that you want to hate but end up singing beneath your breath later. Fuck, I really don't want to like this, but it's so damn catchy that I can't help bobbing my head to the music. If PINK RAZORS went folky, this is what they'd sound like. (xYosefx) (12–song cassette, lyrics included, The People's Republic of Rock and Roll, www.thepeoplesrepublicofrockandroll.wordpress.com)

ENVIRONMENTAL YOUTH CRUNCH – This is (I believe) their most recent release, from April 2008; this one is called "Vicious Fishes". Some of this has more of a country influence in the playing than the other tape. The production is also a bit better. Unfortunately they chose to cover the song "I'll Be There For You" by THE REMBRRANDTS, probably best know as the theme song to the absolutely insipid sitcom "Friends". Uggggh. (xYosefx) (8–song cassette, no lyrics included, The People's Republic of Rock and Roll, www.thepeoplesrepublicofrockandroll.wordpress.com)

FOUR BARREL GHOST – Very rocking in the same vein as TURBONEGRO or POISON IDEA's most rocking album, *Blank Blackout Vacant*. At times has a bit of twang and almost psychobilly. Recording is very well done—produced very well—and the songs are catchy and played well. (Vinnie, 10–song CD, no lyrics, www.fourbarrelghost.com)

HEXACRON – Very chaotic and noisy screamo, borderline black metal. (The screeched vocals and shearing guitars were what led me to the whole *black metal* thing.) At times the drums play a fast beat, but mostly the driving beat is that breakdown beat, with overly technical guitar parts that are basically spasmatic. Fans of ACME, '90s German HC, etc., take note. (Vinnie, 4–song CD, lyrics included, Hexacron@gmail.com)

THE ID – Fourteen sub-approximations of various '60s garage and proto-punk styles, all of which go on for too long and are as convincing as anything I'd accidentally catch at a bar on a Tuesday night, and there is no reason why anyone needs to cover "I Wanna Be Your Dog" live or on record in 2009. (Dan) (14-song CD, no lyrics included, myspace.com/thebandtheid)

THE ID – Cool demo from Southern California, Ventura to be exact. Think Dangerhouse records style, mostly reminding me of THE EYES. (The first song, "Anything & Everything," greatly reminded me of "Disneyland.") Other times reminded me of AGENT ORANGE. So, definitely strong So-Cal vibe here. Cool, sped up version of "Wanna Be Your Dog." Kind of sloppy at times, but it's punk rock played by punks. Features old-school punk, Bay Area stalwart Bonedog on bass. (Vinnie, 12–song CD, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/thebandtheId)

KILL ANDRADE – Good, sincere, melodramatic punk rock. Super skillful and serious. The official lyric of the demo is "taste my fucking blood." The vocals are extremely fucking great. Their sound is really convincing, jumping from early LA punk to dabbling in crustcore, and sticking to the time-tested tradition of persuading you that everything

actually really sucks a lot, which it definitely sort of does, by whining in an extremely aggressive fashion and talking about guns and blood and isolation. Keep it up. (Helen) (7–song CD, lyrics included, www.myspace.com/killandrade)

LANDLORD – OK, some more pop punk from PRRR, this time from Bloomington, Indiana and featuring members of DEFIANCE, OHIO and other bands. However, there's no folk here, just some very melodic, somewhat melancholy and oh-so-poppy punk(ish) rock. This tape compiles 2 full lengths, one of which was only available on CDR and is (I believe) out of print, so if that's your scene then check this out. (xYosefx) (24-song cassette, no lyrics included, The People's Republic of Rock and Roll, www.thepeoplesrepublicofrockandroll.wordpress.com)

LOCRIAN – Desolate synthesizer landscapes populated by skronking, screeching guitars played like JOHN ZORN plays the saxophone. Droning buzzing hissing noise, feedback layered on feedback, anti-life anti-music. Howls in darkness, the soundtrack to an alien wasteland, at times minimalist and at others utterly overwhelming. Beautiful, soothing and scary. (xYosefx) (2–song cassette, no lyrics needed, Terence, PO Box 220651, Chicago, IL 60622)

MASTER VOLUME – The East Bay never disappoints, except for when the bands break up, and even then, those moments in time when we can soak in the product of all the hard-earned free time that the East Bay punks have are well worth the grieving we will undoubtedly experience next summer when our favorite band no longer exists. That said, MASTER VOLUME excels in the realm of cynical pop punk somewhere along the lines of THE BANANAS. They have the awesome bouncy BEACH BOYS beat and jangly guitars and make me wanna do the twist until I fall into the bay and choke to death on oil, garbage, feces, and seagull carcasses. My favorite track is the last one "Over the Suburbs" wherein Jackson proclaims that "nothing makes you feel more alive than watching entire communities die in the span of a commerical break I get hungry and go fix a snack." I love you. (Helen) (3–song CD, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/mastervolumeequalsloud)

NERVOUS DOGS / FUTURE VIRGINS – OK, a split release this time, so I'll review the two bands separately. For those who care, the tracks were previously released as their first 7"s by both bands. FUTURE VIRGINS features members of ADD/C, SEXY and a ton of other bands playing killer, chaotic pop punk that's strongly reminiscent of CARRIE NATIONS, well-recorded, well-written and just all-around good. NERVOUS DOGS features one dude from GRABASS CHARLESTONS and two from FIYA playing some rocking Gainesville punk rock, poppy but not sweet or overly melodic. Fans of their ex-bands or HOT WATER MUSIC should like this. (xYosefx) (9–song cassette, lyrics included, The People's Republic of Rock and Roll, www.thepeoplesrepublicofrockandroll.wordpress.com)

PYGMY SHREWS – Loud and bombastic, similar to UNSANE, JESUS LIZARD, but possibly noisier than the former, and more chaotic than the latter. Female and males exchange vocal duties, with the female shrieking and the male with a very monotonous, deadpan vocal delivery. Overall, pretty cool! (Vinnie, 4–song cassette, no lyrics, pygmyshews@gmail.com)

RELGIOUS SS DISORDER – Very fancy demo. Spray-painted cover with the "SS," but like how the *Waffen-SS* used to display those letters, info sheet/cover that elaborately folds out into a drawing of Jesus Christ flipping you the bird. Musically the band is all over the place, and the singer has: 1. Double-tracked all of his vocals, 2. Uses a delay pedal, or 3. There are two singers. Whatever he does, it's effective and gives the entire recording a very unique twist, but I digress. Again, all over the place. At times, slow and sludgy, almost drone, and other times, fast HC. Has a thrash-y element to it all in the same way that BLACK FLAG did on their early recordings. Musically, very tight, and I imagine this will not be the last we hear from this band. (Vinnie, 8–song cassette, no lyrics, clairerevenge@riseup.net)

SILENT MAJORITY – This is way too good and actualized to be just a demo. These songs makes me think of the music and themes of EMBRACE and associated bands, ARTICLES OF FAITH, and THE AVENGERS (though the vocalist is male) in different places, though a bit slower and more subdued than any of these, with a feeling that almost sounds torn between defeat and defiance at the same time. A lot of the melodies are carried by the prominent bass-lines that are usually doing something different than the guitar (with plenty of leads of its own), to which the emotive but monotone vocals provide an interesting contrast, and frequent "ohhh" and "whoaa" parts that in this case are not cheesy and definitely add their own element, I'm really excited to see what this band does next. (Dan) (5–song cassette, lyrics included, no address)

SILENT WAY – I really like the way this is recorded, it has a distinctly New Brunswick sound, which maybe you don't know about but is pretty significant: very treble heavy. They seem like a super fun dude band that is obviously heavily influenced by THE MINUTEMEN and the early '90s, which is agreeable to almost anyone. The guitar is repetitive and compelling. Highly recommended. (Helen) (5–song CD, lyrics included, www.myspace.com/silentwaynb)

SUNSHINE SS – Semi-snotty, mostly mid-paced hardcore with a cool obnoxious vibe and riffing that's both catchy and aggressive. This is good and they seem like they'd be great live, but the recording is a bit muddy and uneven and doesn't do these songs justice. (Dan) (9–song cassette, lyrics included, oogleparade@gmail.com, PO Box 1731, Asheville, NC 28802)

TELECOMMANDE – If The Faint wrote vaguely RAMONES-esque punk songs, they might sound like this. If they ditched the drum machine and fucking synth, and the vocals didn't have some bizarre fuzz effect on them, these songs might actually be good. (Dan) (7–song cassette, lyrics not included, alligatorsucks@gmail.com)

THE THING THAT ALWAYS EXPLODES – Fucking sick! Best month ever, all these demos are amazing! TTTAE are a rad three-piece from Little Rock with witty-as-hell lyrics and 16 rad songs that make me feel really excited to freak out and beat up my friends at the show. I want to introduce them to IAMTHELIQUOR. Another highly recommended demo. (Helen) (16–song tape, lyrics included, www.thethingthatalwaysexplodes.com)

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO CANDYLAND – I'm definitely reaching pop punk overload here, my brain is starting to melt... UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO CANDYLAND (kids these days and their wacky, overly-long band names), play some art-damaged punk with nonsensical lyrics. Members of FYP and TOYS THAT KILL, and they have a split with OFF WITH THEIR HEADS, plus this is also out as an LP and a CD, so if you like it you probably have it, but if you want the tape version, here it is. (xYosefx) (11–song cassette, lyrics included, The People's Republic of Rock and Roll, www.thepeoplesrepublicofrockandroll.wordpress.com)

WARSCROLL – Excellent female-fronted crust from San Diego. This isn't some boring D-beat shit, but it's also not of the TRAGEDY school of epic crust either. They remind me a lot of BREAD AND WATER, and at times of SCROTUM GRINDER. Nice screaming lead vocals with growling back-ups a la SCHIFOSI. Recommended. (xYosefx) (4–song CD, lyrics included, myspace.com/warscroll)

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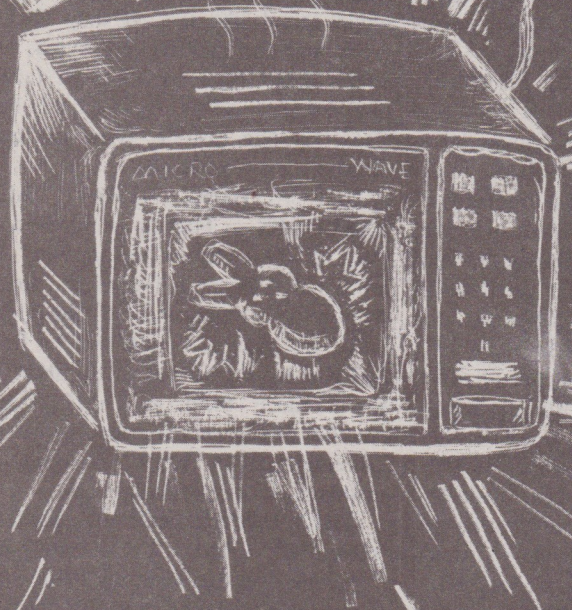

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ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:

(DA) Diane Anastasio	**(JB) Julia Booze**	**(DG) Dan Goetz**	**(MJ) Meredith Jones**	**(CI) Cissie Scurlock**
(JD) Judy Balmin	**(KC) Karoline Collins**	**(BG) Bob Goldie**	**(JM) Jeff Mason**	**(DS) Dionne Stevens**
(BB) Brace Belden	**(LG) Layla Gibbon**	**(CH) Cassie Harwood**	**(CR) Casey Ress**	**(VX) XYosefX**

BARRICATA #18 / 2.5 Euros plus shipping
8.27 x 11.69 – printed – 72 pgs – French
I wish I knew French, but I don't, so this review won't be too detailed. This is a beautifully produced antifascist and anarchist zine from France featuring articles, news, interviews and reviews. It appears to be linked with RASH (Red and Anarchist SkinHeads, for those of you who aren't familiar with the alphabet soup of left and anarchist acronyms). If you're interested in antifa and left anarchist tendencies and can read French, you might want to check this out. (VX)
Barricata / 21 ter rue Voltaire / 75011 Paris / France
Barricata@barricata.org

THE BUCK STOPS HERE #1 / 4$ ppd
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 54 pages
Bloody blimey, The late '90s are alive and well, and living in South Wales (Not England). Where the hell is South Wales? What the hell is South Wales? Wasn't Princess Diana from there? Who cares/knows/wants to hear about that, I guess all these be–spectacled ex–edgers (or so I assumed/made up) want to gab about is Hardcore, capital–H kind (what kind is that????) Real nice articles at the beginning that make good points about things, but this isn't the Cliffs Notes, so get your pud outta your pecker and steal four bucks. Interviews with bands I have never heard of but seem Revelation Records influenced. Overall an exceptionally well–written zine, if sometimes a bit scattered. I like it I like it. (BB)
Bryonyismyname@hotmail.com

DOLL #260 / $?
8.5 x 11– printed – 118 pgs – Japanese
I wanted to assume that this slick, high quality magazine was another one those mall punk lame fucking things that have punk rock gossip columns, and video game ads and whatnot, but what do you know, this baby's packed with the goods! Unfortunately I can't read those goods because it's all in Japanese, but at least I can look at the great photos and record covers and smell the strange chemical scent in the pages. This issue has a cool–looking article on the history of girls in punk called "All About the Girls Next Door Part 2". The article seems a bit short, but the discography of classic punk records that feature female singers totally makes up for it. There are loads of interviews, ranging from the classic No Thanks, Cherry Boys, Nomeansno, to Young Parisian, Orange Sunshine, and a bunch of others. Then there's an article on the movie *This is England* and the music played in it, a slew of gig and music reviews (covering *good* punk), and a couple of strange looking pages that I can only imagine what's being written. I think this thing comes out monthly, too. Unbelievable. (BG)
DOLL / No. 303 Aota Bldg / 3–1–9, Kita, Kohenji / Suginami–Ku, Tokyo / Japan

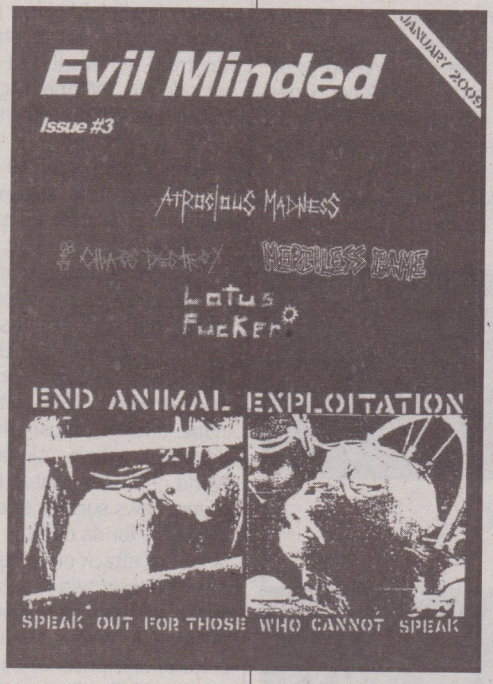
DUSTY HORN #1-4 / $1 or trade
4.5 x 12 – copied – Each issue is about 8 pages
Dusty Horn serves as an introduction to one particular type of sex work. The author calls herself both a professional dominant and a professional submissive—she is a *switch*. She tells how to she came to accept this line of work as a viable option not long after earning a BA in literature. She also tells us in depth about the many charms, beauties, and guile of her posterior, and how her prominent and imposing rump has, to her surprise, proved to be quite the moneymaker. The author shares some anecdotes about her life, brings in a little theory, some literary excerpts, and ends every issue, so far, with a grainy black and white copy of a photo of, what I believe to be, her own ass. My only complaint is that she promises sordid stories from her work, but has yet to deliver any juicy details. Withholding pleasure—typical!(JD)
thedustyhorn@gmail.com

EARTH FIRST Vol. 29 #3 / $4.50
11 x 17 – printed – 31 pages
Reviewing Earth First is probably akin to reviewing MRR itself, in that it's long–running and well–known enough that you know what you're gonna get and whether or not it's what you want. That said, this was my first exposure to it, and I was glad to see the emphasis on reporting current struggles and similar news with a down–to–earth tone, rather than self–righteous inane and/or obtuse theory written by some primitivist who's gonna get drunk and play World of Warcraft later, but I digress. This issue covers news such as efforts to cub development in South Florida and the effects of a local power plant, an attack on a Mexican leather expo, and the killings of two Russian activists There's also some perspectives from parents within the movement, pieces on direct action and security culture, and prisoner support into. (DG)
PO Box 3023 / Tucson, AZ 85702

ENGINEERING AND MASS MARKETING OF AN INDIVIDUAL IDENTITY / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 10 pgs
Well this is a fucking waste of my time. It is so insulting that you sent me this zine. Did you really think that your Church of the Subgenius–style/ripoff "punk marketing plan" zine would elicit a response other than a furrowed brow and a shake of the head? I really hope you're 15 years old for two reasons. 1: Because that is the quality writing/content–wise of this zine and 2: Because if you're 12 and I gave your zine a bad review, you'll resent me, Brace Belden from San Francisco, for the rest of your life. Listen, if you're under 15, this is your free pass. This is it. You can send ONE shitty

zine. That's IT. You're over. If you make another one, it better be the fucking *Brothers Karamazov* or else I'm walking to New Hampshire and shoving my stupid hipster Beatle boot you're your eyeball. (BB)
Jason Roders / PO Box 1683 / Nashua NH 03060

EVIL MINDED #3 / $3 ppd US, $5 ppd international, trades preferred
8.5 x 11 – copied – 24 pgs
I love anarcho-punk zines printed white on black. It's just so stylish. I'm not being facetious; I think it looks great—like all the old Crass Records releases, just a classic look. This one even has a collage on the cover with stencil-font text around it, so you know what you're in for before you even open it to the first page. Pure cut-and-paste layout, a mix of typing and handwriting interspersed with black and white photos. There are interviews here with Atrocious Madness, Chaos Destroy, Merciless Game and Lotus Fucker, a section about Japanese metal, a few band shots, some reviews and a bit of writing from the editor. All in all a great zine. The note that came with this said "this zine comes with a bonus something when mailordered," so if someone out there gets one I'd love to know what it is. Rats. (VX)
Tom Mayhugh / 2864 Winter Garden Unit D / Lexington, KY 40517



INTROVERT #6 / $1.50 ppd US, $2.50 world, or stamps
4 x 5.5 – copied – 32 pgs
My second zine in as many months about dead people, *Introvert* is about a woman's four–month–old nephew passing away. It's really sad stuff to read, but I think dealing with death is such a personal thing that I feel creepy reading about it from a detached perspective. I feel bad dissing it, but this story is not anything I'd ever willingly read. I understand that horrible things happen in people's lives, but to write it down without humor or resolution and then distribute it seems like you're trying to make people feel somehow shamed or guilty. Then again, I tend not to enjoy per–zines, so who am I to say. If reading about other people's worst life tragedies and their subsequent struggle with their quasi–religious beliefs is your thing, then fire a–buck–and–a–half or some stamps to the address below. (CI)
Nicole Introvert / PO Box 35501 / Richmond, VA 23235
nicole.introvert@gmail.com
www.clickclackdistro.com

THE LAZY VEGAN #1 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 26 pages
As a vegan that does a lot of cooking and enjoys the occasional cookzine that's done well, I found this one to be mostly a disappointment. The irritating, sometimes hard to read computer–y layout and cutesy tone gave me a bad taste (ha!) from the get–go, the few recipes in here don't seem that tasty, and the last thing anyone needs is more opinions on meat and dairy analogues or another recipe for "guilt–free" pasta sauce or chocolate chip cookies. That said, this zine isn't totally without it's redeeming qualities: I did enjoy the restaurant reviews and can vouch for a couple of the place I've been (though for being based in Allentown, no review of Vegan Treats??), the piece on selecting cuts of human meat was entertaining, and the "Three Ingredients or Fewer" recipe section has what seem like the more practical and tasty ones. (DG)
PO Box 9077 / Allentown, PA 18105–9077
thelazyvegan@factoriamuzak.com

MAJOR MALFUNCTION #7 / ?
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 48 pgs.
Man, this zine is a huge throwback to the mid- to late-90s, in a really good way. Intelligent, passionate and all about hardcore, it features interviews with Die Young (TX) (one of the 10 best hardcore bands in the world right now for my money), a self-identified Krsnacore (!!!) band from the Phillipines called Divided We Fall, Italian youth crew band Fumbles In Life and Maryland's Show No Mercy, who are the first hardcore band I've heard of since Milhouse with members in the Laveyan Church of Satan. The interviews are all pretty interesting, much better than the usual "how was your tour/when's the new album out/tell me a funny story" crap that a lot of hardcore zines publish. Also featured are a short piece by Adel Souto (of Timescape Zero and the classic *Feast of Hate and Fear* zine), an article by a Bulgarian eco-anarchist and a reply to a previous article on sXe by Robert of Commitment Records. Rounding it out are a bunch of zine and music reviews, almost as many zine reviews as MRR had in our last issue in fact. Impressive to say the least. I'm going to send him an e-mail about back issues right now. (VX)
Walid "Led: Ma'arouf / #11 St. Martin St. / Rosalia Village 2 / Tandang Sora, Quezon City / 1116 Phillipines
xmajormalfunctionx@yahoo.com

MAKE UP YOUR MIND #4 / Free (but you should cover the postage)
A4 (8.27 x 11.69") - copied - 6 pgs
Apparently this zine hasn't come out since 2002, that's quite a lag. This is comprised mostly of a four page interview with Japanese thrash-masters Crucial Section, pretty basic, but worth the five minutes or less it takes to read. The last two pages are taken up by a discography for Crew For Life Records, who just co-released the Crucial Section / Thrashington D.C. split 7" you'll find in the record reviews this issue. If you really like Crucial Section, then this is aimed directly at you. (VX)
Guillaume Mistrot / 6 Allée du Faneur / 77400 St Thibault des Vignes / France
jekiloner@hotmail.fr

MODERN HATE VIBE #2 / 4$ ppd
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 52 Pages
ENGLISH ZINE! WUTS ALL THIS THEN, GUVNAH? A Young Welsh Woman took a bituva break from dancing on Gandhi's Grave to colonize the world of Hardcore Zines, interviewing English Hardcore Legends Mind Eraser (hailing from Shropshire–on–the–Queue), African Zulu Warrior Rock Group Ironclad, a band called Mob Rules (I guess Heaven And Hell was taken), and writes articles about *things*! Most of which are actually interesting, reminds me of some of my earlier zines, when my vitriol was a bit more unfocused. This Bryony character seems to like stuff beyond Beyond and the like, and it mentions those things and I like them too. Especially Poison Idea, especially *Feel The Darkness* (early stuff is for weak–kneed Portland Pukes, shave your head till you're dead). Good zine would read again. (BB)
Bryonyismyname@hotmail.com

MY FAVORITE BAND IS LAMB OF GOD #4 / $1
5.5 x 8 – copied – 12 pgs
Some zines give the impression that they are intended for a small, local audience. I enjoyed the opening rant about a fun show, but the name-dropping of fifteen dudes at the show led me to believe this wouldn't travel far from O Fallon. Some photos are included, which do capture the kids going off. Also, having five pages of filler, and a halfway crappy interview, in one's twelve-page zine makes it seem like expectations are low. The quantity and quality of material in this publication are insufficient. (JM)
1142 Illini Dr. / O Fallon, IL 62269

NICHE HOMO #1 / £1.50 / 2.75 Euro / $4.50
4.25 x 5.5 – copies – 48 pgs
The zine begins with an annoying interview with the British band, MOB RULES, including questions about how many girls the band members get by playing in the band. It's slightly off-putting. This interview coupled with a vapid and mind-numbing review of the female characters in the TV show, *Hollyoaks*, (apparently they're all either bimbos or vacuous hos), makes for an all-around un-enjoyable zine experience. This zine covers bands like the SHITTY LIMITS and PINK REASON, and other bands that reek of scummy hipster pop obsession, so if you're into

that, check out these interviews. (DA)
www.nichehomo.blogspot.com
nichehomo@hotmail.com

THE NIGHT OWL #5 / Free with SASE
8.5 x 11 - copied - 2 pgs
Mediocre little one sheet with an interview with a tattoo artist, a "metalhead rant", a couple of reviews, some YouTube links and "Five Easy Ways to Support Your Local Scene." Not really worth the cost of a stamped envelope. (VX)
Charlie/Night Owl Zine / 636 Mills St. / Hinsdale, IL 60521
kingcobra8291@yahoo.com

NO HOPE #666 / trades preferred or $3
6 x 4 – copied – 72 pgs – French
This is a cool little DIY hardcore effort outta France that I really enjoyed looking through while trying to decipher some meaning with my limited knowledge of the language. Luckily, my wife speaks French pretty well so I had her translating some of the reviews and stuff for me 'cause I wanted to see what this dude was saying about some of my favorite records like the first Kraut album or the *New York Thrash* comp (oddly mixed in with current releases...maybe those albums were reissued again recently? Or maybe recent personal collection acquisitions are thrown in for fun?) Lots of cool photos and writing are packed into these pages, and highlights include an interview with Eyehategod, the interesting Kisses Cause Trouble, and a strange cartoonist named Craoman. Raph, the cat behind this effort, promises to release an English language version soon, so there's no excuse not to check this out!
(BG)
Raphel Kervella / 17 rue d'Aboville / 29200 / Brest, FRANCE / xdahmerx@hotmail.fr
nohopefanzine.blogspot.com

NOISE REDUCTION #1 / $1.95
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 32pgs
The first issue of *Noise Reduction* is short and sweet. I always enjoy flipping through punk zines that a bunch of friends put together. The content here is standard music zine fare, with columns, reviews, and interviews, and most of the coverage falls in the grindcore/powerviolence camp. The interviews include Severe, Hummingbird of Death, Raw Sewage, and Insect Warfare. It seems like Paul, the man behind Give Praise Records and *Noise Reduction,* is doing a lot to build a cohesive scene in his area of Massachusetts and this zine is an extension of that. As with any publication you will probably like this if you're a fan of the bands interviewed or if you live in the greater Cape Cod area. (CI)
Give Praise Records c/o Noise Reduction / PO Box 494 / Barnstable, MA 02630–0494
www.givepraiserecords.com

OX FANZINE #82 / 4.50 Euro
8.5 x 11 – printed – 114 pgs – German
The cover of the February/March issue of OX features a charming graphics collage inside of what appears to be an iPhone, which is becoming an increasingly alluring technological device in the punk world these days. What follows is a slew of brief interviews with a couple of oddball bands, like gypsy punks, GOGOL BORDELLO and Don Bolles of THE GERMS. There is also a pretty cool historical timeline piece about punk in Turkey, from 1978 to the present, though it's not particularly useful unless you've mastered German language skills. And of course, millions of zine and record reviews are packed in alongside the usual columns and lame professional band glamour shots. (DA)
PO Box 11 04 20 / 42664 / Solingen, Germany
www.ox-fanzine.de

PUNK ROCK FUN TIME ACTIVITY BOOK #1 / $9.95
8 x 10 – printed – 52 pgs
I've often seen zines with an activity section– usually a rather poor word search or crossword puzzle, but an entire zine with a slick cover and nothing *but* activities, this is some great shit. How can you resist the temptation to "make your own CBGB'S graffiti!" on the page featuring an illustration of a toilet, or help Milo get to college by figuring out the maze. Top three in this zine for me are: "give Ian Mackaye hair" complete with some suggestions (high top, afro, or mullet?), "apply Siouxsise Sioux's makeup), and the "punk libs" featuring *California Uber Alles.* I see a lot of older punks giving these to their kids and then stealing it away to do themselves. The price may be higher than most zines, but the entertainment value is only limited by your imagination! (CR)
Simon Ware / ECW Press
simon@ecwpress.com

THE RAG #3 / $8 to US
11 x 8.5 – printed – 42 pgs
This is a really cool anarchist/feminist magazine from Dublin that looks and reads like a more professional riot grrl fanzine. While the magazine identifies itself as anarchist, the focus of the magazine seems more feminist than anarchist-in some ways, almost like an alternative, low-budge *Ms. Magazine.* While some of the topics in the articles lean toward more classic topics in feminism (male/female pronouns and linguistic sexism-I really don't need to read about this again) there are still plenty of less formal pieces about how to be a feminist, positive body image, and other relevant issues. While some topics seem heavy, this zine is very approachable and informative. (MJ)
The Rag / PO Box 19785 / Dublin 1
www.ragdublin.blogspot.com
ragdublin@riseup.net

RESISTANCE A GO-GO #3 / $4 or £3, trades accepted
5.5 x 8 – printed – 20 pages – French
Nude woman barfing on a Beatles poster. That's the cover image. You be the judge. This is a French language hardcore cut-and-paste style zine that covers "garage punk from Goner to Bomp." There's an interview with power poppers, Crusaders of Love from Lille, France. There are more interviews and shitloads of record reviews. Among those bands are Black Lips, Cute Lepers, The Not Amused, Heartbeatz, The Toyotas, and many more. I can't read French at all, but it's obvious from the pictures and accompanying note that the author has intentions to offend. He tells us in his own description that *Resistance A Go-Go* is a "dumb and mean piece of shit." That totally makes me wish I could read it. (JD)
89 Rue Du Mont Cenis, 75018 Paris, France
resistanceagogo@gmail.com

REVOLUTIONARY WOMEN STENCILS #1 / 1 pound
8.25 x 5.5 – copied– 36 pgs
Apparently I'm not the only person bored with revolutionary iconography that exclusively celebrates the pantheon of (mostly) white, male revolutionaries. *Revolutionary Women Stencils* is a collection of stencil patterns that focus on women throughout the revolutionary struggles. The usual suspects of Goldman and Angela Davis are presented, but a great deal of the women portrayed in the stencils are less familiar but not less significant in their impact. Palestinian freedom fighter Leila Khaled, French anarchist Louise Michel, and Women's Rights activist Qiu Jin, amongst others are given a brief historical biography accompanying the stencil pattern. The zine also includes tips and tricks on covert stenciling. C'mon we're clever folks, us punks, let's try and illustrate our convictions with something more than the same trite Che stencils and Crass logos. Excellent work! (CR)
In the Spirit of Emma / BM Active / WC1N 3XX, London, UK
www.activedistribution.org

ROCKTOBER #46 /$4
8.5 x 11 – printed – 120 Pages
When I was handed this I was told that if I didn't think it was reviewable to toss it. I guess truck drivers and the hey day of truck driving music, the Chicago version of *Soul Train,* Count Dante and underground wrestling and a general fixation with trashy TV and rock'n'roll seem more up the *MRR* alley circa the '90s garage years... This is a great read though, perfect toi-

let fodder, with more information packed in its pages than I could even begin to describe. *Chipmunks* merchandise from their last disaster of a movie, in 2007? Mid-seventies one hit wonder Joe E? A wrestling musician talking about seeing Black Flag in Palo Alto? This is an encyclopedia of trash culture, with some great articles thrown in. The piece on the low rent local TV version of *Soultrain* that ran in Chicago during the '70s was fascinating. So, in short, is this punk? Um maybe not? But the other zines I got for review this month were compilations of shitty Manga drawings that belonged on the inside of someone's locker. Not punk or entertaining in any way. The best thing about fanzines is the fact that they can be about *anything*, I like the weird mutant culture that emerges sometimes in the ocean of tired, standard zines we get sent. (LG)
1507 E 53rd St. #617, Chicago, IL 60615
www.Rocktober.com

SHOTGUN SEAMSTRESS #3 – "Money is Fake"
7 x 8.5 - copied – 36 pgs
In this third issue of SHOTGUN SEAMSTRESS, Osa focuses on money and capital, particularly as it relates to African Americans and classism in punk culture. She has compiled seven different pieces, including an interview with Mick Collins of the GORIES and the DIRTBOMBS, in which he talks about growing up in Detroit in the late 1970s, when that particular punk scene was far more diverse racially than it is now. She also interviews Kali Boyce of the 70s New York punk band, NASTYFACTS, further resurrecting the important early punk bands of the era. The writings cover everything from traveling for free as a female person of color to collecting royalties from punk record sales to the denial and eventual appropriation of art made by people of color. As always, Osa illuminates a very necessary punk history that has been buried, forgotten or glossed over while delving into the art and politics of contemporary punk culture. Essential stuff. (DA)
www.myspace.com/shotgunseamstress / shotgunseamstress@gmail.com

SLINGSHOT #99 / Free in the Bay Area / $1 elsewhere
11 x 17 – Newsprint – 20 pages
I can't believe that Slingshot is about to hit its 100th issue this summer—fantastic!!! Number 99 is chock full of great reading. Articles include: Food Not Bombs Russia, Alternative to Panic (shaping a new world from the ashes of the old economy), Obama vs. 'Real Change', Unlicensed Radio, Sunflowers Love Heavy Metal (cleaning toxic soil with phytoremediation), an interview with Berkeley radical Osha Neuman, The East Bay Foot, DIY Root Beer and much, much more. Always inspiring, this quarterly publication is highly recommended!!! If you live in the US and send 'em a buck, they will send you a stack of Slingshots to hand out for free. This is a win-win situation folx—get to ordering right now! (KC)
3124 Shattuck Avenue / Berkeley, CA 94705
Slingshot@tao.ca

STANDARD ISSUE #5 and #666 / free
8.5 x 11 – copied – 22 pages (each)
This will be two issues rolled into one review, though I'll focus on #666 because it's a vast improvement over #5. The newsletter–like layout and the "mosh right, morons" piece that begins #5 gave me low expectations, but overall this zine manages the difficult feat of being both funny and informative, with humor that is ridiculous and absurd yet completely pointed. There are a few interviews with individuals in bands on the garage side of things (including the Kids and Brutal Knights), some of which are more "serious" and informative, and others that read more like drunken post–show conversations (or like most low–rent fanzine interviews, I suppose), as well as record reviews that are either funny or informative but never both, and Ottawa scene reports. Aside from the music

stuff, there's various other stuff like a faux advice column which is funny in #666 and worthless in #5, and a couple of horrifying stories about living in China for a year and working in a chicken slaughterhouse that made the writer go vegetarian. I'll probably check out the next one when it sees the light of day. (DG)
jensen_ben@hotmail.com
standardissuemag.com

STUDENT INSURGENT #20.1 / $15 per year or free for prisoners
11 x 14 – printed – 28 pgs
This is one of those journal–size zines that keeps the activist–minded up to date with the latest events, news bits, and articles on just causes around the globe. A lot of these publications are big on prisoners' issues and usually have a letters page dominated by correspondence from behind bars; *Student Insurgent* is no exception. This issue includes articles on censorship in prison, the electoral process, and lots of well–written opinion columns. I seem to come across a lot of these activist journals, and I think this one stands out as being one of the better of the bunch. (BG)
UO STUDENT INSURGENT / Suite One / 1228 U of O / Erb Memorial Union / University of Oregon 97403 / sialtmedia@hotmail.com

SUMMER OF 2008 / $?
2 x 3 – copied – 16 pages
I got anther mini comic by the same artist, and this is even less compelling, it's not a comic strip like the other one, just a series of 'art-works'. A bunch of cheesy Manga warrior princess art that looks like it took the length of third period math to complete. (LG)
zmetrotales@yahoo.com

SUNDOGS #5
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – pgs
I expected to hate this. I don't like Snake Pit, and I figured this was a rip off but set in Japan, and I sat down to shit and read it. Long after the last drop had left my ass, I was still reading it—it's good. Strangely engrossing. Not that funny, but funny enough, and interesting, about an American guy living in Japan teaching English independently (as in, not at a school). I dug it a lot, and I hate to use this word, but it was pretty damn endearing. That's it; I'm not a punk anymore. (BB)
1–42 Namiuchi–Cho, Kita–Ku, Nagoy, Aich 462–0041 JapanBiguglyrobot@gmail.com
www.biguglyrobot.net

SURE 6? #1 / $3.50 for zine, $2 postage
6 x 8.5 – copied – 28 pgs
This zine from Australia has an extremely entertaining premise (for photocopy dorks like myself)-a compilation of interviews of people who make zines about making zines. Questions include "what is your day job?", "what is the best piece of advice you can give about making a zine?", "how did you first find out what a zine was?", etc. While the interviewer came up with a lot of great questions that I believe would make for interesting dialogue, I felt that after reading through them that I didn't really have a feel for what the author's zines were like. Beyond that a lot of the responses were a little bland-maybe the ol' zinesters needed a couple drinks or something before pressing play on the tape recorder.
(MJ)
Sticky / PO Box 310, Flinders lane / Melbourne, Victoria 8009 / Australia
www.stickyinstitute.com
stickyshop@gmail.com

SUSPECT DEVICE #50 b/w ZONKED #11 /
£2 ppd / email for world wide prices
8.5 x 11 – copied – 64 pgs
This isn't your average split zine where you have to turn it upside down to see the other zine. It is a true collaboration, it is hard to tell who did what, even some of the interviews were done by both Pete (of *Zonked*) and Tony

(of *Suspect Device*). These are both long-running UK zines and they put a lot of effort into them. There are tons of cool pictures of bands playing, columns, interviews with No Choice, Career Suicide, and others, and a detailed account of the Olive Harvest in Palestine. (JB)
46 Ashford Rd. / Brighton / BN16LJ / UK
petezonked@btinternet.com / suspectdevice-hq@hotmail.com

THREE RECORDS #2 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 76 pgs
I heard all about this zine from a photographer friend that raved and raved about it so I'm glad to finally see it. It consists of photographs by Chrissy Piper (of the book *The Unheard Music*) of punks, with a list of three records for each punk that inspired them or had an impact on their lives. The pictures are beautiful! Sometimes the punks just list the records and sometimes they go into long explanations of the reasons the records affected them. It seems like most people listed the records that got them into punk, sort of like they divide their life into two parts: before I was a punk and after. I can appreciate this, but it seems like you see a lot of the same records being mentioned page after page. I think this is a perfect zine for reflection and I will probably end up investigating some of the records I don't know anything about, the same way you might go to a friend's house and dig around in their records to find something you haven't heard before. (JB)
seepiper@hotmail.com

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #216 / contact them for price
5.25 x 7.75 – printed – 32 pgs – Finnish
It looks as rad as ever. I wish I could read this, as Sotatila and M:40 are interviewed (Frivolvol as well). There is a column, some news blurbs, and a few ads. The book *The Story of Crass* is reviewed, along with some zines and music. The only thing in English is the *MRR* review—thanks? In my ignorance, I like this zine pretty good. (JM)
PL 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland

YOU/ON WEDNESDAY... /Split Zine / No Price Listed
8.5 x 11 – Copied – 5 pages
I am using the concept of 'Split Zine' sort of loosely in this review, as this particular submission of 'You' and 'On Wednesday...' is essentially two nicely decorated envelopes glued together, with each envelope containing a letter about the day's events. I have never seen either of these efforts before, so perhaps the format changes from time to time. Self described as 'From Melbourne, Australia featuring two free, anonymous, weekly paper zines.' Both writers are describing their reactions to the mix tapes they have made for each other. Initially I felt like I had been reading someone else's mail, but not in a fun 'Found Magazine' way. I would probably find this a bit more interesting if I got into the weekly rhythm of Luke and Melissa's (anonymous?!) writing. Perhaps best if you are local? I don't know—I'm just left with complete indifference after reading these five pages. No price was listed, so write or email these folks if you want to get your own copy.
(KC)
Luke You / PO Box 310 / Flinders Lane / Melbourne / Victoria 8009 / Australia
Melissa / PO Box 41 / Flinders Lane / Melbourne / Victoria 8009 / Australia
stickyshop@hotmail.com

A ZINE FOR THE LADIES #2 / £1
6 x 9 – copied – 42 pages
To start off, I ought to say this issue has a beautiful cover. It kind of looks like it could have been an issue of *Teen Angels*, the cholo lifestyle fanzine from LA in the mid-'80s. Except that there is no drawing of a half nude woman with huge hair weeping over a photo of her incarcerated man. Rather, it's a boat with hands coming out of it and some stuff that's pretty indecipherable. Anyway, this issue features several interviews with women musicians, many of whom play in acoustic, folky projects. A few of those women are Cat McLean, El Morgan, Kelly Kemp, and Gaby De Sena. There's also an interview with a female tattoo artist. There are a few odd, short editorial/memoir styles pieces included also, which both feature unconventional stories and perspectives—one is from a man who was sexually harassed by a woman at work and another is a woman with unclear opinions about "Ladies and Punk Rock". A final note—for any of you who might be concerned, the author explicitly states that men are allowed to read this zine if they so desire. Let it be known. (JD)
xHannahx, PO Box 1398, Southampton, Hampshire, SO16 9WX
southcoastvegan@hotmail.co.uk

ZINEWORLD #27 / $4 US, $5 Canada
8.5 x 11 – copied – 40 pgs
If you have never encountered this publication before, it is a wonderful resource for all zinesters young and old. It reviews as many zines as possible and has tasty tidbits here and there about issues relevant to underground press, like mail rates, classifieds, book fairs, conferences and so on. The vibe of this zine is pretty nerdy, but you can count on these folks to take care of business. This is a great place to send your zine for review and also find out what is happening out there in the land of free speech. (JB)
PO Box 330156 / Murfreesboro, TN37133-0156
wwwundergroundpress.org

Z GUN #3 / $3.50
11 x 17 – printed – 56 pgs
This looks great mostly 'cuz it's so fucking huge. Newsprint is a cheaper medium, and the giant size means the mammoth amount of writing, the amazing photos, and the comic are all easily enjoyed. These dudes (and a lady, in the reviews) are talented writers and critics. They are quite adventurous in terms of the fucked up noise they are listening to. Interviewed are Mattin of Billy Bao (among much else), Dan Melchior, the label Die Stasi, and a roundtable of sorts with Feedtime. I'm not interested in much of this music, but all these pieces, except Feedtime, held my interest at the least. The Mattin talk is great. There is an incredible two-page comic, illustrated by Jeff Heermann, about a guy's trip to score records in black market of Dakar, Senegal. Worth the price of admission right here! A million CDs, cassettes, and records are reviewed. These reviews are long and well-written, but really the better part is the crowd-shot photographs printed alongside. Also, there's an awesome piece on the greatest music of Riot Grrl, '91-'95, and a primer on some international favorites—crazy drumming, chanting and whatever from all over. This publication only partially jibes with my taste in tunes, but it's one of the greatest music zines I've seen in a real long time. (JM)
www.z-gun.org

Z METRO TALES #4.5 /$?
2.25 x 3.5 – copied – 16 pages
A tiny comic book that looks like it was drawn during class by someone who loves Manga. I could not really get into it; it's sort of a rudimentary sci-fi fantasy day in the life thing, and it just didn't hold my interest evean for the five minutes it took me to flip through it. (LG)
zmetrotales@yahoo.com

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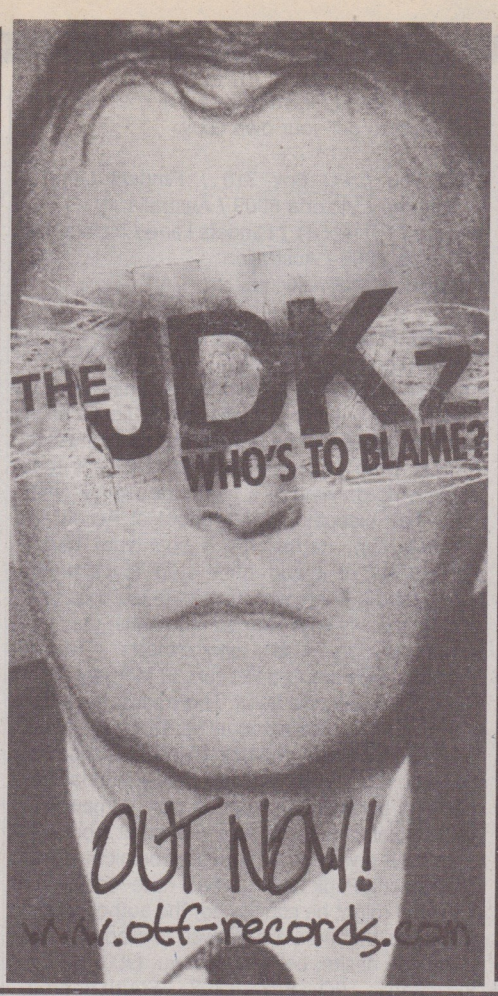

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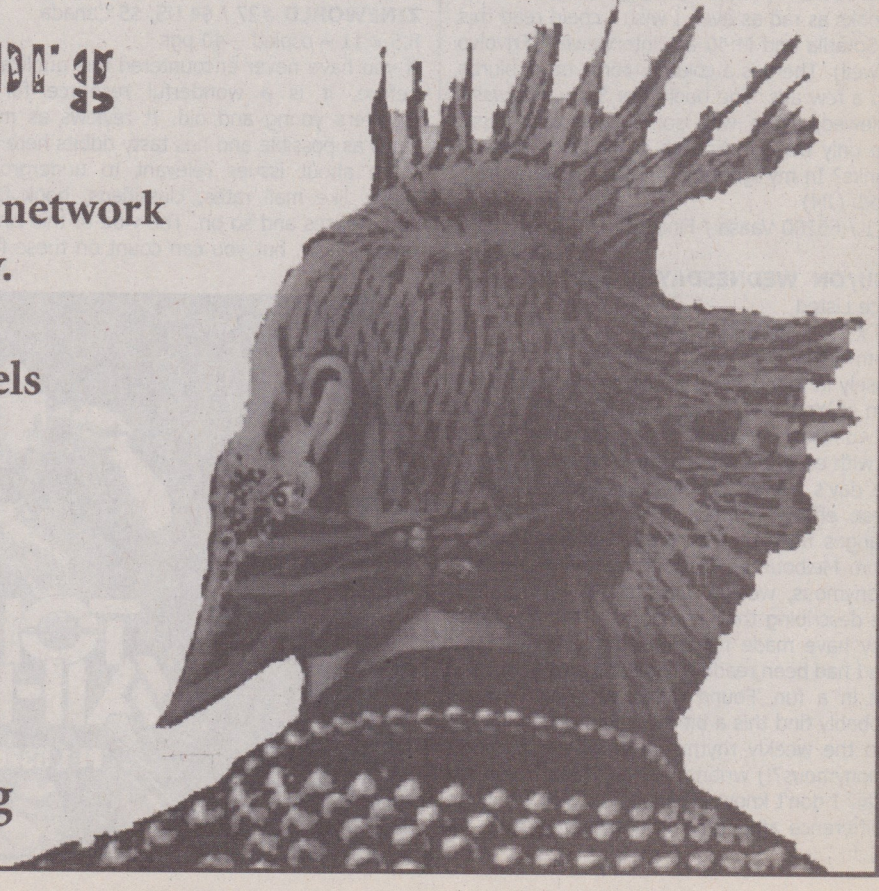

http://www.byofl.org

april-may // nine two four gilman

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Alaric *(ex-Dead And Gone/Noothgrush)*

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+ tba

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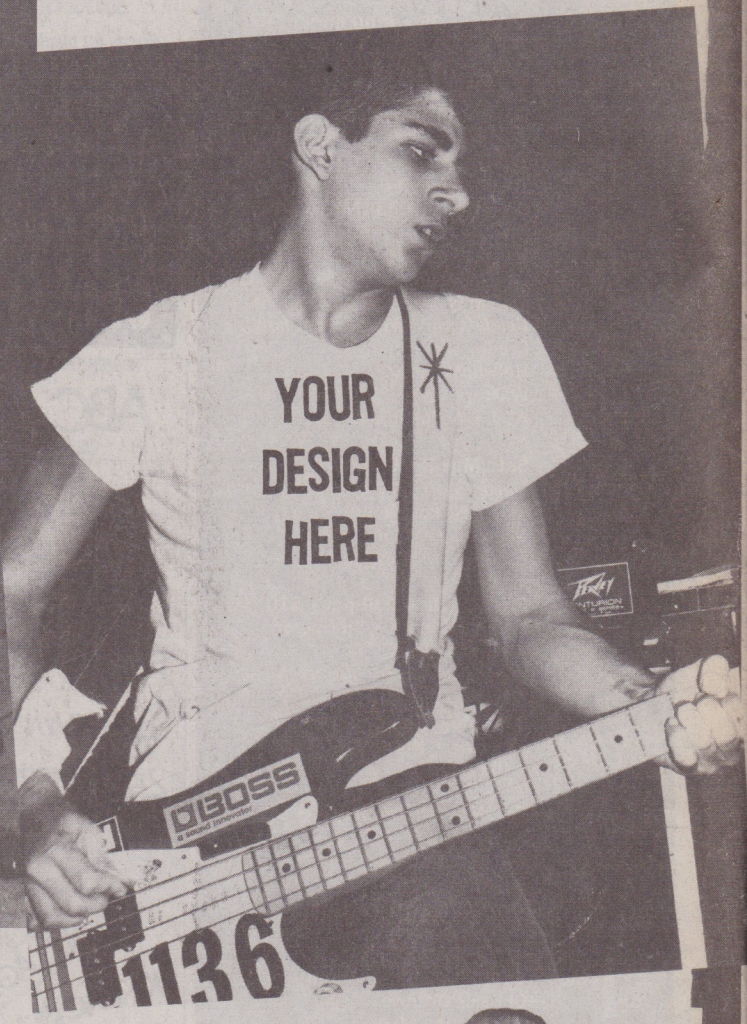

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